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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1982 \$2.50*

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MADAME
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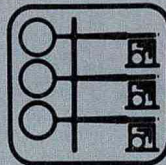


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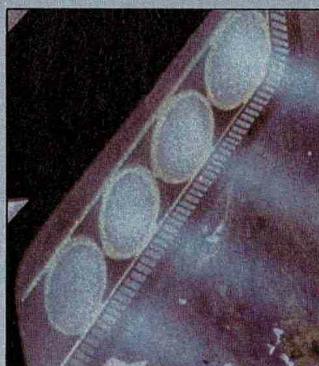


The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 3 No 4/January 1982

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Leunig's Gift Guide



Exploitation of Space



Pet of the Month



Deep Rites

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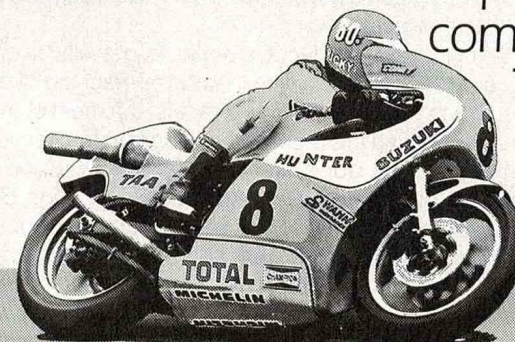
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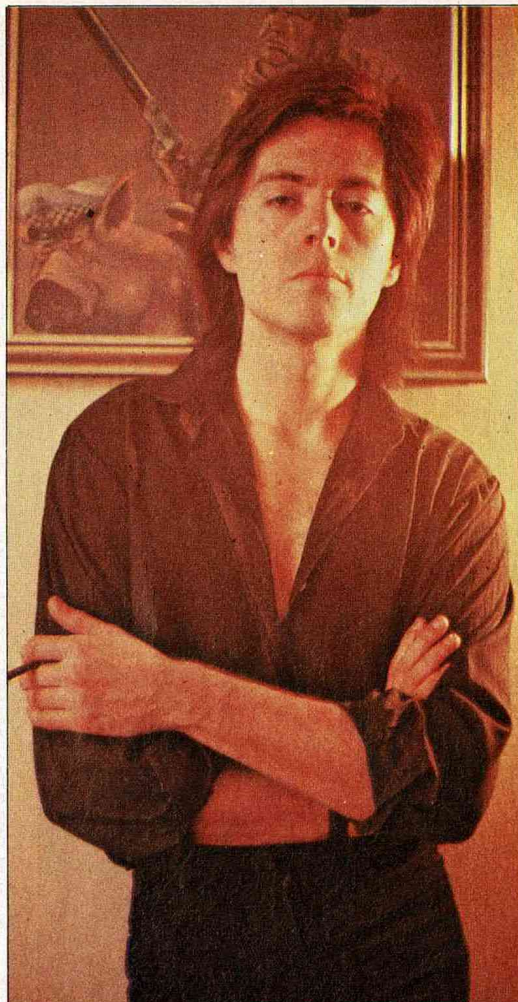
SA 1960



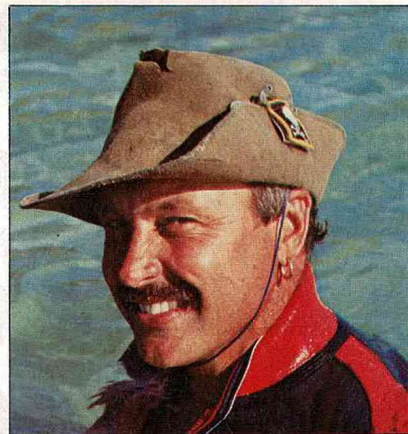
ALLAN MOULTON



BOB GUCCIONE



FRANTS KANTOR



NEVILLE COLEMAN



BEN BOVA

HOUSECALL

The old space race is over. America's successful space shuttle program is an indicator of the new era . . . the age of private enterprise in orbit. Futurists are painting an optimistic picture for space enterprise. They see this area as a safety valve for the planet's problems — pollution, war, energy and disease. And as Gary Hanauer points out in this month's *Australian Penthouse*, it's no pie in the sky dream. Space will be the factory and the earth will be the market-place, according to Hanauer's story, *The Exploitation of Space*. It starts on page 34.

To compliment these predictions, in this month's Advice and Dissent column, *Omni* magazine director Ben Bova also looks to the outer limits for answers. It's time to reach outward to orbital and interplanetary space says Bova in his provocative piece.

For some big punters, the average fast buck fantasy of lottery wins, a successful plunge on the ponies or a cleanup at the casino, includes successful speculation on the Futures Exchange. According to P.D. Jack it's the biggest game in town. Jack lifts the lid off the exchange in his story, *See You Later Speculator*. The accompanying illustration comes from the brush of regular contributor Frants Kantor.

This month's interview is a real eye-opener. Writer Blythe Holbrooke tracked down the mysterious Madame Claude, legendary proprietor of the world's most expensive and exclusive brothel. For decades, Madame Claude's Paris based establishment fulfilled the dreams of Arab potentates, politicians and film stars at prices only they could afford. Holbrooke's interview reveals how a woman who once sold Bibles came to control a business which came to be known as the Cartier of call girls.

It's Christmas time again and have we got some presents for you. First, our Last Minute Gift Guide offers a few suggestions for the panic present buyer who has run out of gift ideas. Then car-

toonist Michael Leunig offers his crazed conception of some suitable Yuletide offerings. Watch out for the toothless pleasure dog of Siam, its bite is better than its bark. And Greg Barker maintains the Christmas spirit with his hilarious story *Tender Cut*, complimented by Melbourne artist Jeff Fisher's illustration.

Elsewhere this month, deputy editor Allan Moulton goes deep sea diving with Australian marine expert Neville Coleman. Moulton's story, *Deep Rites* reveals Coleman as a fascinating amphibian with a wealth of underwater stories, and photos to back them up. On the subject of stories, Australia's favorite private detective Cliff Hardy is back this month in another nerve-wracking escapade. His creator, Peter Corris, gets Cliff caught up with some very hot shots in *The Negative Caper*. Ian Ruffin's Dick Tracy style illustration sets the mood.

This year's Sydney to Hobart yacht race has once again attracted a host of prestigious international entries and we preview the race this month in *Big Toys*, accompanied by a selection of salt-sprayed action shots of Jack Rooklyn's new Apollo from intrepid lensman Peter Simons. As well, we preview the new Mad Max Movie, Miranda Brown profiles director Bruce Beresford, Wayne Elmer takes a peek at new developments on your TV screen and P.D. Jack goes bouncing over some bush tracks in the latest off-road vehicles.

Four wheels good, two wheels better, especially when they're decorated by a lissome lady like the power machine from Maxim Motorcycles on our cover. But let's face it, the meat of the matter lies in the centre, and this month have we got a treat for you; a lineup of simply stunning ladies, starting with a delightful look at 1981 American Pet of the Year, Danielle Deneux through Bob Guccione's misty lens. Donald H. Milne photographed our luscious, dark-eyed Pet of the Month, Karen, who says she's an English rose who turned into a hot-house orchid. And then there's Terry Armstrong, shot by Allan J. Walsh. Terry's a hot to trot lady who rides bareback, barebreasted . . . girls like these are one resource you won't find in space. ☞

THERE IS A CLAUS THAT STATES,
"ONLY JOHNNIE WALKER AT CHRISTMAS TIME."



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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Pet Power

Congratulations to Pet of the Year, Helen Brown. We note Helen was a champion athlete at school. What better argument in support of school sport. If Australia had more athletes as stunning as the Miss Brown we wouldn't care how many gold medals we win or don't win. We wish you many more Pets of the Year. — *Ted and Bob, Lakes Entrance, Vic.*

I really pity you having to put together a magazine for the dopes we have in Australia. Ruya Evrim got only 14 percent of the vote in the Pet of the Year competition. Your readers obviously have no taste. From what I saw of the girls — the pictorials only — Ruya has class. Too bad most of your readers don't have this. Any chance of a Ruya re-run? — *H.G.D., Mt Druitt, N.S.W.*

Wait and see — *Ed.*

Story with bite

I would like to offer my congratulations to Geoffrey E. Smith for his excellent article in December *Australian Penthouse*, The Truth About Dentists.

In my experience, the layman is usually confronted with secrecy and evasion when he tries to understand even the basic mechanics of a profession. But Smith presented the dentist's role and the problems of both the patient and the man with the hand in his mouth, with insight and humor. I know I won't be such a nervous patient the next time I am in the chair.

Penthouse should follow that piece up with an honest look at how some other professions operate — the legal and medical businesses would be a start.

I must also commend the startling Robin Broocker illustration which effectively launched the reader into the story. It was in keeping with the particularly high standard of artwork I have become accustomed to in your magazine. — *Murchison, Collaroy, NSW.*

Exotica

Wow, what a little cutie. Lawan Kamnak, I mean, who was Pet of the Month in November. I really dig it when you feature these exotic women. I like it too when you hav blondes too. In fact, I dig them all.

But seriously, it is good to see all kinds of women included in your pages, not just the big blonde WASPs the Americans

seem to produce. We have a lot of people in Australia from all kind of ethnic backgrounds, but many of us still need to be reminded that foreigners are people too. Yours for multi-racial pictorials. — *Mark Giles, Adelaide.*

Disgusted Darwinians

We were disillusioned and slightly disgusted at *Penthouse's* choice of photos in the November issue story on Darwin, Boozer's Boom Town. Being ex-Territorians ourselves and strong supporters of the Top End way of life, we realise that the beer drinking fraternity, culminating in the Beer Can Regatta, is very strong there, and at times can look as ugly and befuddled as it does in your article.

Okay, that's a part of Darwin and we all enjoy it and can joke about it, but it would have been fairer to the city and its people to moderate your article with some other photos as well. The picture you've painted of Darwin is that of a township which can think of nothing but the drinking of beer and clowning around. There is certainly much more to commend it than that. — *Jane and Jim, Bungendore NSW*

Arrr! was my immediate response to Bill Leimbach's misleading article on Darwin in November *Penthouse*. Bill should take his head back to the shop for a refund on the empty. Admittedly a large number of Darwinites do think a seven course meal is a six pack and a pie and do frequently engage in yobo activities. Most of them come from the southern states anyway. Darwin has an interesting and varied population, not just yobos. Was Leimbach ever in Darwin, or did he imagine it all during a bout of the DTs? — *The Darwin Phantom.*

Undecided

I have been reading *Australian Penthouse* since its inception and have developed an appreciation of the aesthetic beauty of the finer specimens of my gender. But your November issue disappoints me. I have seen better in my bath. Please find something that's an improvement on that batch for my boyfriend and me to view. — *Chantal Pirmez, Launceston Tasmania.*

PS. How about a few more men's underwear advertisements? PPS. Come to think of it, Cynthia's okay. — *Ed.*

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FORUM PENTHOUSE

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Asian ecstasy

I have been reading *Forum* for a while now and decided to share an experience with you which happened on my first trip overseas. After our last shopping morning in Singapore my friends and I where drinking in a bar. We asked the barmaid if she knew anyone who could show us some sites we hadn't seen yet as we were leaving on the plane next morning.

She introduced us to two girls, Fiona and Anne, who agreed to show us around after a few more drinks. We left the bar around two that afternoon on a guided tour of the Tiger Balm Garden, The House of Jade and various other sites. The afternoon went quickly and it was soon dusk. Fiona and Anne invited us back to their place for a couple of drinks and to freshen up before continuing on to dinner. Little did we know that they had other things in mind.

When we got there, we sat around for a while drinking and smoking while the girls were freshening up. when they returned wearing only bath towels we all knew something else would be on for dinner. This became more evident when Anne went over and sat on Phillip's lap, letting her towel fall to show a beautiful set of tits. Vince, sitting beside Phillip couldn't believe his luck and quickly put her erect nipple into his mouth.

Seeing this, Jack and myself quickly disrobed Fiona and layed her on the bear rug. Jack went straight for her toes and began nibbling his way up, while I stripped and squatted over her, thrusting my eight inch cock towards her waiting mouth.

As we all lay back exhausted and spent, we had another smoke and talked of who had done what to who and how we had enjoyed it when Fiona asked if we might help her fulfill a fantasy. The fantasy involved us all having sex together using honey, cream and hundreds and thousands. The idea had us all ready to go again and when the girls returned from the kitchen we had decided how best to attack the problem.

Vince lay down on the floor and Fiona mounted his throbbing cock with ease. Meanwhile, Jack had positioned himself at her side and was preparing to feed her her fantasy dessert. She ravished his cream coated hundreds and thousands laden cock. Anne, not wanting to be out of it squatted over Vince's face. Phillip by this time had his cock and balls heavily coated in honey and positioned himself in front of

Anne's eagerly awaiting mouth. Everyone was thrusting and heaving, coming closer and closer to a mighty climax. The thrusting and heaving caused the girls to climax first and hearing their moans soon had us following suit which bought an end to our first overseas experience in erotic lovemaking.

We have been back once but that's another story and we are all looking forward to this Christmas and again renewing our relationship with Fiona and Anne. — *Name and address withheld*

Screen dream

Over the past few months I have entertained a fantasy involving a young well known actress who I will call Julie. But last week my fantasy turned into reality and I'm still on cloud nine.

I'm reasonably tall with brown, curly hair and rugged sort of looks. I'm not what you would call a very handsome man but I survive.

Last Friday night, I found myself sitting at home totally bored, so I thought I'd go out and find a few friends for a drink. After no success at finding them I, decided to go ahead myself. I went to about three different places before I finally settled down and listened to the band. Sitting over the other side of the room was a very familiar face. It was Julie.

I found myself in a total daze. The girl of my dreams was sitting just across from me, flanked by two other females. She was just as I had imagined, shoulder length brown hair, eyes that seemed to glow in the dark and that killer smile that makes my heart melt.

The music had just started again and the two other girls got up to dance. I remember thinking this is my chance. So I got up and walked over to her and said "How would you like to make a fan very happy and dance with him". She said yes and added that she was very flattered.

After the music finished and the band took a break I invited myself over to her table. We had a few more drinks (including her friends) and everybody was getting merry. The other girls said however that they better get home because they had to work in the morning. I offered to drive Julie home later on and she accepted.

We sat and talked for a bit longer but to my surprise it was already 2am. The place was closing up so I asked if she wanted to go to my place (which wasn't far away) for

a cup of coffee. She again accepted. I couldn't believe it, I was wild with excitement.

I put my arm around her and we kissed for what seemed hours. She was gradually undoing my shirt so I followed suit. I then slipped down her jeans leaving her only in her bra and briefs. I kissed her tenderly and carried her to the bedroom. I was, by this time, totally naked.

Julie's bra was soft and silky, so I just fondled it for a while before slipping it off and gently sucked her beautiful erect nipples. Her briefs were now the only barrier between me and ecstasy. I gradually pulled them down exposing a patch of pubic hair. I could see her juices were already running. I wrapped my arms around her and buried my tongue deep in her, sucking and licking all the time.

Julie started to tremble and let out a moan. She begged me for the 69 position and kept going. So we arranged ourselves and as I was already very steamed up and horny, I shot my load of love juice in a matter of seconds. As soon as I had done this, she came to a screeching orgasm.

We lay in each others arms for a couple of minutes. Then Julie stated to finger herself and I offered my cock in its place. She readily agreed. We rocked in gentle harmony until both of us came at the same time. We then rolled over and went to sleep. Never has a girl made me feel so good before.

In the morning we had breakfast, made love once more before she left. I drove her back to her place where we said goodbye. She said she'd see me in a fortnight when she came back from filming up north. The days seem to be going incredibly slow but I'm waiting. Maybe I'm a groupie, but I don't care, just let me have Julie. — *Name and address withheld*.

Survival of the fittest

Last summer I was lucky enough to see my girl friend Rose wrestle her sister Margie and found it to be one of the most exciting things I ever saw. Rose is twenty-one, a brunette, and is very pretty. She is almost five feet six inches tall and has a gorgeous little body. Her sister Margie is eighteen and looks a lot like Rose, but is even better. She is incredible, in fact! Margie is starting to come of age and is beginning to realise she is a real looker. Rose is getting a little jealous of her especially when I'm at their house and

Margie flirts with me and sits on my lap.

One day I was over sitting on the couch with Rose, and Margie was home also. Margie likes to mess around and sit on my lap and put her arms around my neck and kiss me on the cheek. She had on a pair of short white shorts and a blue and white halter top, ankle sweat socks, and running shoes. I had on shorts, too, and could feel her soft, shapely legs on mine, and I was getting very excited. Rose had on a pair of dungaree cutoffs and a pink bikini bathing suit top.

I could tell Rose wanted Margie off my lap, and she was soon ordering her to get up, Margie, in a spunky mood, said, "No, why don't you make me!" Rose jumped up and pulled Margie by the arm to a standing position. Margie's shorts were riding well up her behind cheeks, and I could see the outline of her bikini panties underneath wedged even further up. Her shorts always seem to be like that and I loved watching her gorgeous ass.

Rose was quickly trapped on her back on the couch by Margie, who was lightning fast. In a flash Margie was over her, trying to secure her sister's arms. One of Rose's breasts popped out of her bra, and it jigged as they wrestled. Margie is very athletic and is in better shape than Rose, who isn't very strong. I didn't think that she would let Margie get the best of her though. I kept expecting Rose to unseat her younger sister and make her pay for getting too smart with her.

As they fell to the couch with Margie on top, she managed to straddle Rose, folding her wrists down. Margie released her arms and quickly unsnapped Rose's bra in the middle, exposing her tits altogether. I was really hot now. In a quick move, Margie plopped her knees atop Rose's shoulders. Margie kept a firm hold on Rose's wrists, pinning her down flat.

Rose really began to struggle, obviously embarrassed. Every time she tried to kick out and unseat Margie, she was met with more resistance than she could handle. Little sister was proving a bit too much for her. I really enjoyed it when Rose would try to get away and kick wildly. Eventually the crotch of her shorts was riding up her bum

cheeks, too. Rose, obviously very surprised and miffed that Margie could do this to her was trying everything to get out, even a verbal attack. She said, "Wait till I get out of this, you little bitch!" Margie laughed and said, "That's if you get out of this!" I honestly didn't think Rose could get even, but she wanted to show me that she wasn't afraid of her younger sister.

A great finale was in store. Margie, feeling she could sit on Rose all day, finally let Rose up, but apparently Rose wanted a quick rematch. She got up, her bra hanging under her tits. She obviously didn't care either. She went after Margie, sticking a foot between her legs trying to trip her, but instead Margie tripped her right down on the couch again. Margie straddled her and plopped her knees atop Rose's shoulders, pinning her again.

Rose struggled hard, but Margie was keeping her down and finally said, "Tell me when you're ready to quit and I'll let you up." Well, I got to watch Rose's pretty legs buck and kick, and her shorts were now way up her cheeks. I know it killed her, but I finally heard her say, "Forget it, you win." Rose turned down an invitation to wrestle again, but I'm hoping they start up again some day. It was a super turn-on. — *Name and address withheld.*

And in this corner . . .

Other than seeing cat fights in school, I never saw two chicks really wrestle until recently.

Sarah is 25, a brunette and very cute. She is about five feet five inches tall and weighs around 120 pounds. It's all in the right places, too. She has a girl friend, Jane, a gorgeous blonde girl who is about the same height and weight as Sarah. They are good friends and spend a lot of time together. Jane is 20.

One hot day Jane was over at my house with Sarah, and I jokingly said that she and Sarah would be a good match-up because they are both about the same size.

I suggested that they wrestle on the living-room floor on a couple of mats I had. Sarah had on a pair of black string bikini bottoms and a T-shirt, and Jane had on jeans and a T-shirt. I tentatively suggested

to them that they remove their tops. Sarah took off her T-shirt and was braless, as usual. Sarah was all ready and said, "Come on, Jane, off with the shirt!" Jane criss-crossed her arms and took off her own T-shirt and revealed a pretty pair of white boobs. She was braless, too.

Jane was really getting into it and unsnapped her jeans and slithered out of them. She had on white string bikini panties. She has a gorgeous body. Sarah went into her bag and took out a bottle of suntan oil and started pouring it on herself and Jane. She smiled and said, "This will take the place of the mud." After she coated both of them, I had to admit they looked pretty nice with their bodies glistening.

As I gave them instructions, they glared at each other obviously eager to start. They couldn't have been more even body-wise — and in more ways than one. They started on their feet and quickly came together with a slapping sound. As they grabbed each other, they realised the oil was making it difficult to get a grab on.

Jane got the upper hand early by getting Sarah in a full nelson while they were still on their feet. It was really something seeing Sarah's cute little tits bobbing and wobbling as she tried to gain her freedom. To add a little fuel to the fire, Jane drilled a knee a couple of times up into Sarah's rump, making it jiggle. Sarah was a bit embarrassed by this and said with a little smile, "I'm going to get you for that!" Sarah's panties had slipped way down the back of her cheeks.

Jane wrestled Sarah to the mat, keeping the full nelson on as they both got to a sitting position. Sarah tried to ward off Jane, but it soon became obvious that Jane was too strong. Jane wrapped her legs around Sarah's belly and locked her ankles, applying pressure. Poor Sarah was doing all the struggling while Jane just kept her in line. I was standing on the side lines, watching. Jane was really beautiful. As she kept Sarah in a full nelson, her pretty white tits mashed up against Sarah's back. Her belly was nice and flat without a trace of fat, and her white panties were starting to creep up her gorgeous ass.

I started to encourage Sarah by cheer-

...anyhow have a Winfield 25's



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ing her on, and she did manage to get her arms free but Jane kept those strong legs around her belly. Sarah was breathing heavily and was obviously tired. Both girls were glistening with sweat and suntan oil.

As Sarah fought, trying to pry Jane's legs apart, she was all but out of strength. Jane turned to the side and took Sarah with her on to her belly. Jane jumped on Sarah's back and reached for Sarah's wrists. She twisted Sarah's arms behind her, not applying great pressure, but enough to push Sarah's face into the mat. Jane held Sarah's arms up vertically in a beautiful hold. She was helpless, and Jane soon had her yelling, "I've had enough! Jane, you win!"

In a neat move Jane freed Sarah's arms but kept her straddled. Sarah, thinking she'd escaped, rolled over on her back, and when she did, Jane jumped on top of her shoulders with her knees. Poor Sarah was now being pinned down. Sarah tried everything but beautiful Jane was the boss.

After it was over I suggested they have a rematch, but Sarah was too tired. She eventually wants to get even, though! — *Name and address withheld.*

Rest stop

I'm just getting over an experience I would like to share with your readers. I'm a foreman for a construction firm, and during the first week of October I was sent down south to help start a project. By the end of the second week everything was finished, so I hopped in my car and headed north for home, a decent meal, and two week's worth of missed sex.

Home to me is my lovely wife, Madeline, 23, five feet 11 inches, 38-24-33, brown hair and blue eyes. Not to mention VERY sexy and a superb lover. We have tried out a lot of things sexually and we have tried the swing scene, but we swing best with each other.

Well, halfway home I picked up a 1969 red Falcon on my back door. When I say "back door", I mean riding my tail! After about five minutes of that shit at 70, I dropped to about 40, hoping those crazies or whatever they were would get down and around. When they finally did, I saw this foxy black-haired chick riding shotgun. She smiled as they passed, and I figured it was just a macho man being funny.

It was starting to get dark, and a few miles down the road, off the side, was this fine red machine and wow! Two fine pair of legs, with tight pairs of cut-offs hanging on for dear life. I damn near rear-ended them pulling off the road. After catching my breath I offered to help them with a smile, and they both accepted. They lost a belt and split a hose — simply overheating, I figured. Before they could make any decisions, I introduced myself and they did the same.

Jenny was about five feet eleven inches with straight blonde hair or mid-back

length, slender, with small, round, firm tits beneath a cutoff tank top. Karen was maybe an inch shorter, kind of slim, with wonderful flowing black hair and a big — hell enormous — set of lungs, with nipples half the size of a fist and hard as rocks. I am six feet one inch, 180, with medium-length blonde hair, blue eyes, and I love long-legged women.

With the ice broken, I asked them to hop in and ride with me to the next town that had a spare parts store. I'd pick up the parts and fix the car for them before it got too late. They both smiled and accepted my offer, so off we rolled.

As we drove I left the inside light on so we could talk to each other and so I could marvel at these two lovely treasures. After 15 minutes of so, I heard Karen rustling through my work clothes and gear in the backseat. Her find? The July issue of *Penthouse* that she had spied beneath my gear. I said, "You weren't supposed to see

For the life
of me I never
knew anyone who
could come so much
and so easily
as Karen.

that." With a broad grin she replied, "I'll be okay, Ben. Just watch the road." Shortly after that Karen's foot hit my right elbow, and when I turned back to look there she was, having taken off her cutoffs with her legs spread wide revealing the most gorgeous piece of female flesh there is. A glistening pink patch of flesh surrounded by a coal black triangle, her head buried in *Penthouse* and her right hand massaging herself.

Turning a little, I damn near ran off the road. Jenny, not yet noticing what happened, asked if I was okay and looked back at Karen. She turned back to me and smiled "Damn, Karen, you're going to get us killed."

Immediately I thought of finding a rest area or motel. To heck with fixing the car, I'd hit a gold mine. Karen continued to moan and climaxed. In short breaths she asked if I could find a motel for the three of us to spend the night in. I told her to enjoy herself, for relief would surely come along soon.

As my luck was going, the first motel I stopped at had rooms, so I took one with two double beds, one for "my wife" and

the other for "her sister". I know that the old man behind the desk didn't believe that shit, but anything was worth a try.

We entered our room, and Jenny put her arms around my shoulders and kissed me deeply. Karen took her clothes off and proceeded to take off Jenny's, then mine. We sidestepped to the bed and fell in a tangle of arms and legs and tongues. Jenny was gripping my mouth while Karen stroked my cock with her tongue.

Karen's juices were flowing with a sweet musky smell as I tongued and nibbled her. This girl was beautiful from down under. I massaged and tongued teasingly. Suddenly, as my tongue sloughed into her, she ground into my face with zeal and came. For several minutes she pulled on my head, bringing me to an explosion. The seductive weaving and grinding of their hips against my face and cock brought me to a second coming, a sudden rush of climax and moaning from the three of us, with shuddering that lasted for what seemed an hour.

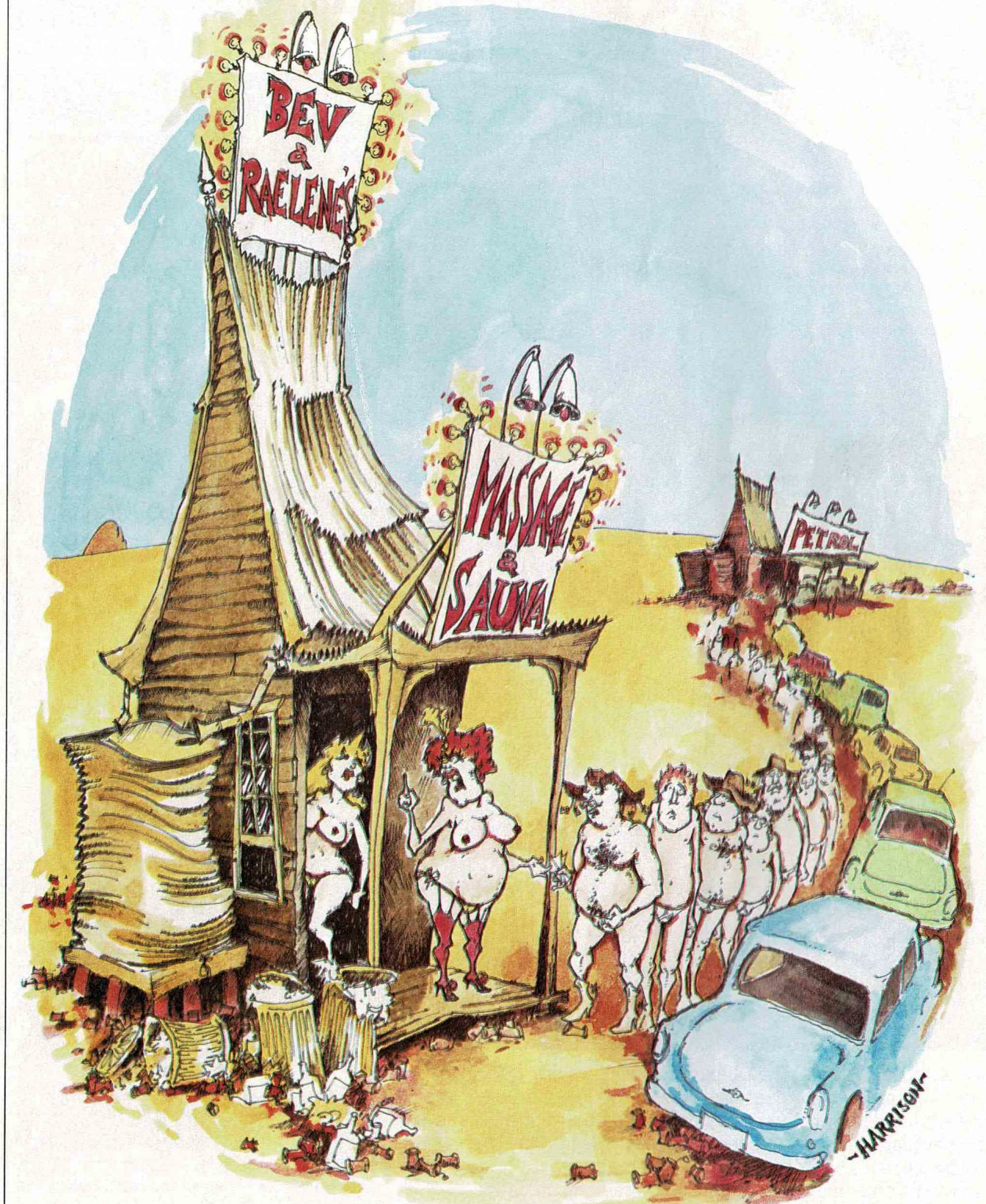
To say I was ready for more would have been a lie. I was sucked dry and exhausted. Jenny rolled off me and lay close on my left side. Karen, getting up for a towel, stopped in passing to wash my cock with her tongue. She cleaned and sucked around my limp organ and, dissatisfied with its limpness, straddled it facing Jenny and me, and rode to another climax using her hand on my cock to massage herself. Jenny and I watched her intently as she rode me, her coal black hair accented by gold earrings. A moaning purr came from beneath those lovely tits. As sexy and luscious as she was though, 'ol nine was still limp, barely big enough to handle. Finally she came down off her climax "high," and we all fell off to sleep.

Just before sunrise I awoke to find Karen throating my organ. I sleepily watched for who knows how long when I spied her lovely thighs just a tongue's length away. She was on her right side with her left leg pulled up toward her chest and her toes arched into the air. She was offering this choice piece for my taste buds. I felt her push against my face muttering something about "taking forever to notice."

The lust and pleasure I felt for Karen brought me to an explosion that she took completely in her mouth. Still she came, shuddering and circling her hips on my face, her clit twitching like a rattler's tail. In my eagerness I bit that little bud with my lips, and did she ever come! She clamped even harder with her thighs on my head. Damn near broke my neck and suffocated me. I pulled back hard, hitting Jenny and waking her up.

I turned to Jenny to apologise but she said it was all right, that it wasn't the first time that Karen had gotten wild. For the life of me I never knew anyone who could come so much and so easily as Karen.

We showered, washing each other completely. I didn't miss a hole nor they a



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pole, kissing and feeling each other for a last time. After a late breakfast we headed back to fix the car. Next to my wife, Jenny and Karen were two of the finest lovers. We plan to keep in touch and are looking forward to a foursome with Madeline next time. For that I can't wait! — *Name and address withheld.*

Hot and heavy

I recently had an experience I would like to share with my fellow *Penthouse* readers. I am a 20-year-old sailor in the Navy. The other day my friend and I decided to go to the club for a good piss up. We'd sat and had a few beers when we noticed our dreams come true. You see, we both have fantasised for ages about screwing some really fat girls and there they were.

One was dark and had a neck brace, and the other was big and blonde. They must have weighed 500 pounds between them. Sure enough, after a few minutes the dark one came over and asked Fred to dance. I could tell he was excited by the lump in his pants. In no time at all we were at their table, and shortly after that we ended up in their apartment.

Lisa and I took the bedroom while Fred and Terri took the couch. No sooner had we crossed the threshold than Lisa began to undress me and herself and began to devour my meaty cock with her hungry mouth. I got so hot I couldn't handle it. I

ripped my cock from her lips and stuffed it into her fat, sloppy pussy. I rode her to two orgasms.

Just when I thought she could take no more, she screamed for more, so I pulled my dick out and crammed every one of my nine inches down her throat. I filled her mouth but she swallowed every drop. Satisfied, I rolled over and lit up a couple of smokes for us when I heard Fred calling me. I answered, and then he and Terri came in and hopped into bed with us. Fred immediately mounted Terri and began a furious screw. Lisa got so turned on at the sight of her fat friend being impaled by my mate's shaft that she straddled me.

After hours of sloppy sex, we collapsed in a four-person pile. When I awoke, Fred was shaking me. Quietly we got dressed and tiptoed out, content in finally fulfilling out fantasy. — *Name and address withheld.*

Visual stimulation

A summer job I had this year and had been dreading turned out to be much more exciting than I had imagined. I worked in a medium-sized parking garage three afternoons a week. One afternoon one of the regular young women customers stopped at my booth searching for money in her purse. I noticed this attractive woman on previous occasions, and as she searched I contented myself with my advantageous view down her

blouse. She was a very pretty brunette, probably in her early twenties, with a very attractive figure. She always dressed well and was very businesslike. Well, as I was enjoying the view, she evidently had found her change. She finally said, "Do you want your money or not?" As I tried to regain my composure, I mumbled that the view was worth the \$1.50 anyway. The woman looked at me, then quickly drove off as the gate went up.

The next few times the woman paid I was particularly attentive. Not many days later, as she pulled up to my window on a Friday, she rather coyly asked if a good peek was really worth the money. I told her, "Sure, for a good look." She smiled and then unbuttoned several buttons on her blouse, exposing her white, lacy sheer bra, straining to contain what looked to me like delicious C cup boobs. I smiled, then pushed the button to raise the gate. Needless to say, I was looking forward to work the next week. On Monday, however, I was disappointed when she paid me and drove through. The following Wednesday she said nothing but quickly undid her blouse to expose another delightfully sheer bra that did little to conceal her hardened nipples.

For the next several weeks our peek-a-boob game continued. The woman had an extensive collection of sexy lingerie and seemed to be showing off her body to me. Occasionally, there would be someone

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else in line, and the woman would have to pay me instead. One day she asked for credit when she had a friend in the car with her. Over the next few weeks, about once a week, she asked for credit. Finally one afternoon I told her that her debt was getting quite large. On the following visit she was wearing a button-up dress. As usual, she began unbuttoning, but this time she continued to the bottom of her skirt. Evidently for my benefit, she had not worn a slip or panty hose but only a skimpy bra and panty set. Her legs, thighs, and hips were as nicely proportioned as her top. As I admired her, we agreed that half of her debt was paid off. I tried to find out her name and convince her to have dinner or a drink with me, but she refused.

For the next few weeks our routine reverted back to normal. She now, however, often had her blouse unbuttoned in advance and simply pulled it open as she approached the booth. On the few occasions that she wore a top that didn't unbutton she would either ask for credit or quickly pull up her top.

Finally, one Wednesday she mentioned that the following Friday would be her last day using the lot and that she would pay her debt. Needless to say, I was looking forward to work that day. I had gotten a single pink rose for her and wrote a note thanking her for the pleasant memories. I began getting worried when she was later than usual. When she drove up wearing

the same button-up dress I was delighted and more than a little excited. She was very pleased to get my note and rose and seemed somewhat saddened that our strange relationship was coming to an end. She slowly unbuttoned, revealing a new bra that showed off her tits. She continued unbuttoning, next revealing a matching garter belt, and as I awaited the sight of her panties, I realised that she had none on. She pulled her dress open to clearly show off her neatly trimmed pussy highlighted by her garter belt and stockings.

The bulge in my pants was huge, but she was not done. She next unhooked the front clasp of her bra, releasing her breasts for me for the first time. She was just beautiful and she knew it. She quickly dropped her dress sleeves and removed her bra. She then handed it to me as a memento of our summer. Then she buttoned up, smiled, and drove off. I never did get to kiss this woman, to say nothing of screwing her, but it was the most exciting experience of my life — *Name and address withheld.*

The hair's the thing

A letter a month or so back prompted me to write a similar experience, but with a different twist. Neal moved into our building a couple of years ago, and my roommate and I thought he was a super guy, but quiet and shy. We introduced our-

selves and saw a fair amount of him, although it was always a platonic threesome.

One night we were sitting around sipping beers, and the conversation turned to turn-ons. I asked Neal what turned him on the most. He replied "Short hair." This got a laugh because we both had long hair, and he made a comment about having to look elsewhere. A couple of weeks later my roommate was out of town for the weekend, so I asked him if he could come that night for dinner. There was a strange feeling of excitement when I stopped to make a purchase on the way home.

Dinner was great fun, we laughed a lot. Finally, I excused myself and asked Neal to clear the table. Hurrying to the bedroom, I quickly changed into a negligee. I put the package on the dresser and called Neal, saying I needed him for a minute. When he entered, I handed him the package. I closed my eyes when he plugged in the clippers. Perhaps it was the wine, but it didn't bother me as my hair fell in my lap and on the floor. As the clippers passed through my hair, I had a strangely erotic feeling.

A few minutes later Neal reached down and kissed me passionately. Looking up, I saw the end result — my hair was cut to less than an inch. Without a word we undressed each other, and as we moved toward the bed, he said that the rest of the turn-ons were all mine.

Was he ever right! The next hours or days are a blur. Once I got up to fix a little breakfast, but otherwise we made love in more ways than I thought possible. The shy one was a demanding yet tender lover. Sunday night came all too soon. — *Name and address withheld.*

Shopping after hours

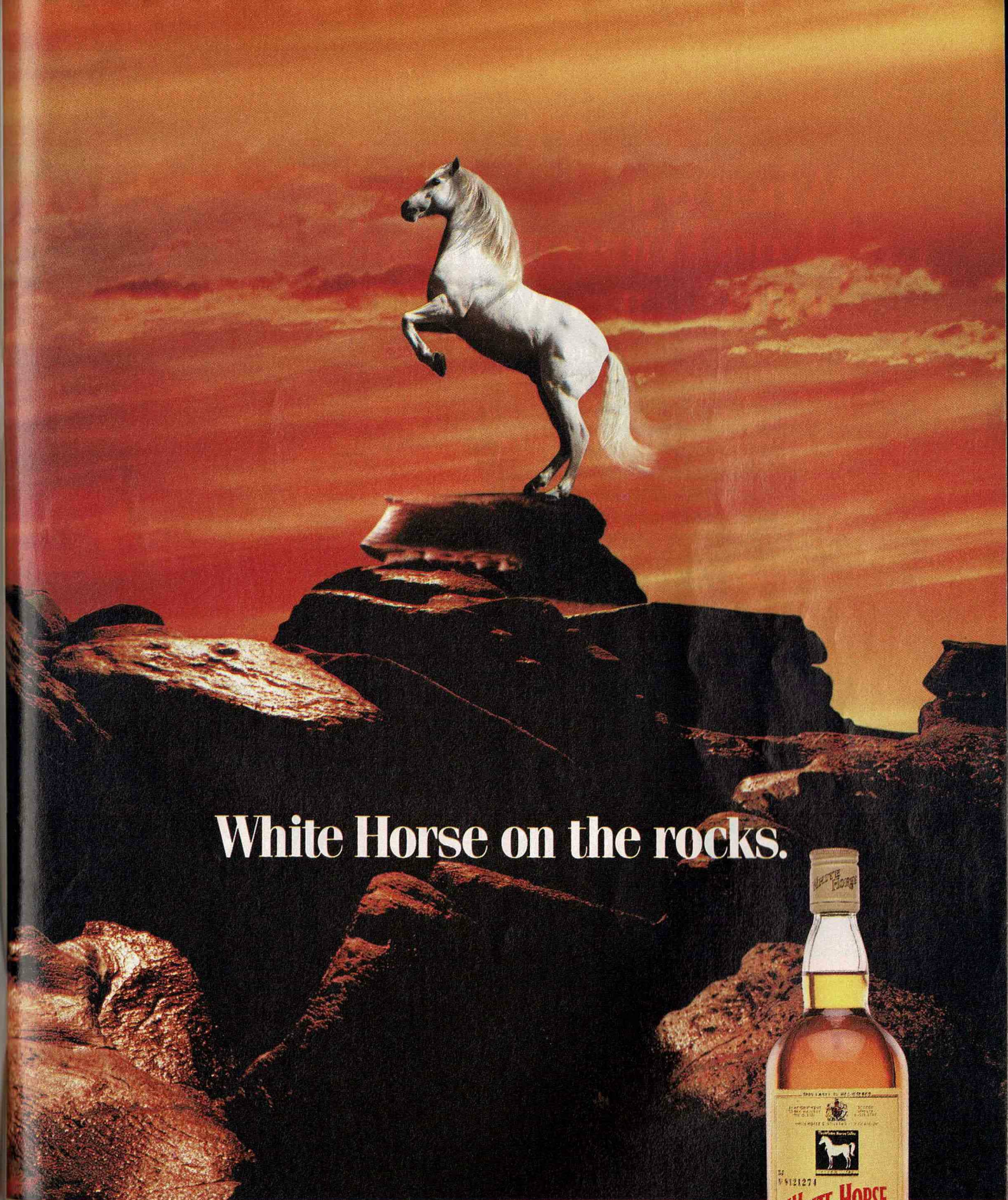
My boyfriend Jack, and I went to a coffee shop and while there, Jack began to get pretty suggestive. I began to grab him between the legs. As Jack started to get hard, he asked me, "Where is the one place you'd most like to get laid? How about in a furniture shop?"

Jack works for a security firm and had a pass key to just such a shop. He called the office and said he had seen someone acting suspiciously and that he was going to check it out. With clearance from the office we went in. The excitement was enough to make me want to scream.

First we went into the dining-room section, I got up on an expensive table, pulled down my pants, and proceeded to get eaten. What an orgasm! Next we went into the living rooms, and, boy, did we live! Jack got the blowjob of his life. Then on to the bedrooms. We proceeded to screw the daylights out of each other. Me on top him on top, sideways, all different angles. After all this pleasure we were more than exhausted, we remember it with lust and excitement. — *Name and address withheld.* ☺



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LETTER OF THE MONTH

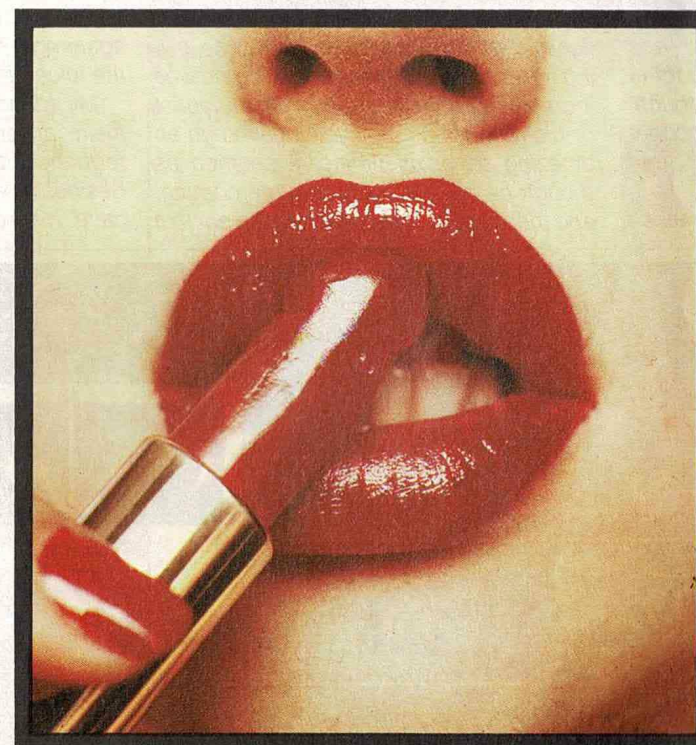
I never thought I would be writing in to your column. The only time I ever saw Penthouse, as a matter of fact, is when my son, who now goes to uni, used to leave them in his room. Something has happened to me lately that I thought you would like to share with your readers, some of whom might be in the same boat I am in.

I am 44 years old, with a 20-year-old son and an 18-year-old daughter. Both kids are off in school and fulfilling their own lives as young adults. I work part-time in a hospital, which keeps me busy, although it doesn't pay well enough to handle two tuitions. The kids earn some of their own way, and Frank, my ex-husband sees his way through to paying some of it, too.

I resented it like hell when Frank left me for a pretty little thing that looked like she had just popped out of a toothpaste commercial. I have a pretty good figure, with large breasts and wide hips, although I admit I've widened a bit in the middle since Frank and I got married 20 years ago. I had a very strong drive that Frank couldn't keep up with - I sometimes wonder if that's why he left, really. Anyway, he wasn't very good in the sack; no technique - he was your average in-and-out type. Well, how things can change in life! Here I was, a middle-aged woman with an empty nest, no husband, and no way to express my desires, and it all changed drastically.

I was working the third shift one night and as usual came home and slipped into my bathrobe. There was a knock on the door, and I answered it. I was surprised to see a young man in his twenties, with a good tan, broad shoulders and hairy chest, black hair and gorgeous soft-brown eyes hidden by wire-rimmed glasses. He introduced himself as Adam and explained that he had just moved

6 For those of you who think I'm a cradle robber, young is young but let's not get carried away. 9



into the next-door apartment. His shower was broken and could he please use mine. Now, I am not usually in the habit of letting men into my apartment to use the shower, but seeing as he lived next door, I figured, why not? Besides, I thought, if there were any way I could get a better look at his body, this was it.

I showed him where the shower was, and he muttered a polite thanks. When I heard the water running, I had to laugh to myself, because I remembered that I had taken the towels out and had not put new ones in. So I decided to have a little fun and brought in a small towel, large enough for him to use to dry himself off but not large enough to cover anything. He had left his clothes outside (naturally), and I took them with me and waited in the bedroom to see

what would happen. A few minutes later a voice sounded, calmly, "Lady, where are my clothes?" "Oh, in here," I said innocently, "I was afraid they'd get wet so I took them off the floor." I really was starting to get turned on by this little game! "Is this the biggest towel you have?" he asked. "Sorry," I said, "all the others are in the laundry." He came out sopping wet and held the towel with both hands in front of his cock. I could see his legs were as hairy as his arms and chest and he had incredibly large thigh muscles (the result, I found out later, of being a bicyclist). His bottom was firm and muscular and slightly whiter than the rest of his 1.8m frame. Those heart-melting eyes looked at me balefully and he sat down next to me on the bed, still protecting his vital statistic, which I noticed was starting to grow. "I'm a nurse, I see bodies all the time - there's nothing to be ashamed of," I said. "What kind of work do you do?" he asked, struggling to control his erection and failing. "Mostly clerical, sometimes I'll rewrap patients or massage them." I couldn't help looking at him, I was so hungry for it, and he

just smiled and said, "Massages? How would you like one?"

My head was really pounding away as I laid face down on my pillow. I thought to myself, this is crazy, a kid the age of my son (I found out later I was twice his age!) just moves in, and within fifteen minutes of meeting he's massaging me! I'll tell you Xaviera, I don't regret it, though. This kid was a master with his fingers (the result, I also found out, of being a flautist). He started by probing my neck and shoulders, so incredibly softly and yet with strength. Any tensions I had about the situation just evaporated. His smooth hands worked down towards the pit of my back, and every time he went towards one of my sides my nipples would ache. As he rubbed and stroked, he talked about the healthful effects of massaging and finally asked me to take off my robe because it was interfering with his work. It's a good thing he said that, because I was about to rip it off anyway.

He helped me slip it off and continued his fantastic journey. I closed my eyes and just felt the pleasure. It was so great after so long! (They say hunger is the best relish.) He kept working downward, and when he massaged my bottom I thought I was going to orgasm just from his touch, but he may have sensed this and kept going, touching my thighs, the legs, calf muscles, and then back again.

After what seemed like hours, he asked

me (quietly but politely) to turn over and let him massage the front. I would have hesitated — the last man to see my tits and pussy was Frank and that was two years ago — but he was so gentle that I just turned over like that. I noticed that the towel had slipped off and that his cock, fully erect, was only about 12cm. His nuts were sized to match and let that be a lesson to your male readers! Good things come in small packages; he was giving me a going-over and hadn't even bought his main weapon into play!

He said, "Close your eyes," and I did, and he played a marvellous sonata on my body with an approving audience. His hands moved up and down my arms, then on my shoulders, then toward my breasts. He bypassed the nipples, which were beginning to feel really hard, and I thought I would explode, and he quite leisurely smoothed his hands over my abdomen. He had me coming virtually, and yet just as I thought I would erupt (I was already wet with juice), he would slow down or stop, let me slide back into anxiety, and then probe on down my legs and up, getting very close to my clitoris but never touching it, passing lightly over my inner thighs, and so on, giving me about a dozen tremors. The kid was incredible. Either his training as a flautist or his reflexes as a bicyclist gave him an amazing sense of timing; it seemed as though he always could feel me coming, and then stop before I reached the point of

no return. He massaged my tits gently but firmly, the way they should be, and pressed the nipples with his thumbs. I knew a real explosion was coming and wanted to hold back, but I heard myself groaning anyway. I couldn't feel his hands anywhere on my body, and then suddenly I felt, very lightly, a finger pressed very gently against my clitoris, which was easy to find since it was so swollen.

I came in a series of orgasms the likes of which I've never had. My eyes had flashes and spots in front of them like an extreme case of vertigo. I thought I would faint. I gushed forth enough juice to give a reading on the Richter scale. Believe it or not, Xaviera, that massage was only the first movement!

He started on me with his tongue, which was almost as practised as his hands. He didn't waste any time and went right to my nipples. Massaging my tits gently with his hands, he drew his tongue down to my pussy and started the same circular motion, probing and never getting too close to the bull's-eye. When he knew he had me on the precipice, he darted his tongue in and out of me like a piston, and I came again right into his face, and as he licked the juice off slowly I came again!

My friendly neighbor was prepared to make an encore of his remarkable performance, but I figured it was my turn. Besides, I was the official messenger! I gave him a strong massage while he

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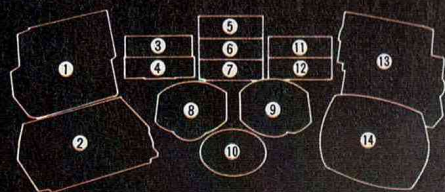
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smiled and half-dozed face down, and then another massage while he was stomach-side up. When I got to his cock, I could hardly restrain myself.

I began like I used to do on my husband, with short little nibbles just on the sensitive part of the head. He got an erection in two seconds flat and maintained it. I would gently finger his balls, which were extremely sensitive even though relatively small, and I had him hopping like a salmon on a dry line. His prick was only 12cm, so I easily could take it all, and I did, going lower, and lower until I would go all the way down and then all the way back up, using my tongue softly and then stiffly. When I thought he was ready (and it was nice to know that my timing was still good), I gently stuck my index finger up his butt, and he really let go.

The more I see of Adam, the more he amazes me. Such incredible maturity in a 22-year-old! Sometimes just thinking of the massages he gives me makes me orgasm! Is that unusual? Not only is he a bicyclist and a flautist, I also found out he is a graduate student at the local university (with top grades), knows Kung Fu, and follows the Tao (He explained to me that this is how he can maintain perfect concentration and timing, to which I can only agree). He studies political science and physics and designs computer simulations!

My problem is twofold. Despite the fact that he is a precious jewel to me, I almost — not quite — lost him. He is deeply angered by jealousy, and since I am a next-door neighbor, I have to notice the women he brings home. They are all over 35 I would guess. I can't very well accuse him of a mother fixation, can I, since I have a son about his age? But I do occasionally get jealous, and then he gets silent, replying with his eyes: "I don't stop you going out with younger men, do I?"

Really, the major problem is he's too independent. He's got no weaknesses I can shore up — I don't think he needs anybody, in short. I need him, though. When I talk about this he replies, "Why crush a great friendship with love?" I think maybe he had some bad past relationships, but if so, he won't talk about it. As he puts it, "Who does not contend, cannot be contended with." Any suggestions, Xaviera? I look for your reply in a future issue. — P.C.

There's an old saying: You can't have everything. Yes, I've had a few young lovers myself. In fact, about three of them within the past two years. All of them were under 25 — and over 18, for those of you who think I'm a cradle robber. Young is young, but let's not get carried away.

Independence is a trait of youth. After your disastrous marriage, can you blame this young man for not wanting to settle down? He is, after all, only 22. Give him time. Enjoy what you've got. As an experienced woman, you know that no situa-

tion is perfect, and, on the asset side, you've done pretty well with this guy.

I must say I'm a little amused at your attitude toward his dating only older women. So what? I say. Of course, he likes older women. He's screwing you, isn't he? Some men like blondes. Some men like tall women. Some men like women of a different race. Some men like men. (The same is true of women.) We each have different types who turn us on. When it comes to a first and quick screw — and your first time with Adam certainly was that — what else is there to go on but a certain physical type? In time we may come to know the person and even love him, or her. Our physical attraction to a certain type does not change. However, does not diminish our love or attraction.

P.S. I really liked the part about Adam having only a small penis. You see, not all my letter writers are into size.

It was our first experience with other people since we were married. It really excited me to see Nancy having sex.

KEEP ON TRUCKING

Last year my wife and I rented a large truck to move some furniture to our new home across the city. While we were on the expressway, a car pulled alongside of us for just a short time. Looking down into the car, we saw the driver looking straight ahead and a young lady lying with her head in his lap and her dress pulled up to her waist, her dark pussy fully exposed. As we sat there and stared, the fellow reached down and spread the lips of her pussy, and then accelerated and got off at the next exit. Nancy and I were both so excited that we began to fantasize about doing the same thing.

On our next trip Nancy got comfortable sitting beside me but facing the window, and she pulled up her skirt. She was not wearing panties. The first viewer was trucker. He got a good look at my 28-year-old wife's pussy. She was so embarrassed that she wouldn't do it again on that trip.

One thing that did come out of that trip was a candid conversation of our likes and dislikes concerning sex. We talked a long time and agreed that our sex life could use some spicing up. We visited Dave and

Sandy, our dear friends for over nine years, who live in Gosford. Sandy was into wearing sexy clothes, and she actually had sex with total strangers while Dave was present. In fact, she doesn't do anything unless Dave is present.

Nancy and I had sex with Dave and Sandy. It was our first experience with other people since we were married. It really excited me to see Nancy having sex with Dave. It was only physical, no love attached and therefore no jealousy or worry. After Dave and Sandy left the room, Nancy told me that she promised Dave to try anything once with an open mind. Nancy said I should also keep an open mind.

Then, about a month ago, Sandy called, asking us to put up a friend of theirs who was going to be in town for a week on business. Jim arrived on schedule, and so did a letter from Sandy, saying that Jim was a nice guy and had once had sex with her while Dave watched. She suggested we try it.

After a few drinks and some loosening up, we all got down on the carpet in front of a roaring fire and began talking. Slowly Nancy's robe opened, and we both gently touched her tits, pussy, and arse. Soon Jim placed her hand on his crotch and she unzipped his fly, removed his cock, and sucked it. I just sat back and watched as my wife began with sixty-nine and wound up screwing him. In a matter of seconds, he came inside her.

She then reminded me of the promise that I had once made, to try anything. She wanted to suck him as I sucked her pussy. I was turned on enough that my head disappeared between her legs, and I was pleasantly surprised at the taste of the sperm in her pussy. Nancy began to jerk and came with my entire face and tongue deep in her wide-open pussy.

The following day Nancy reported to Sandy that the mission was accomplished and that neither of us had any guilt feelings. Our goal this year is to have one Saturday night per month and one long weekend this summer set aside for sex with others.

We would appreciate some simple suggestions for things to bring along on our weekends with Sandy and Dave and Jim and his wife. — H.W.

I think your attitude toward swinging and exhibitionism is a healthy one. You should indeed divide your time between the two.

As for simple and fun things to do on your weekends, try leaving a pair of binoculars by an open window so that anyone passing by can enjoy watching you. Put a tape recorder in a secret spot and record your friends at play. Light a few candles to create a sexy, romantic atmosphere.

Use your imagination and you'll surely have many happy and very diverse experiences. ☺

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW MADAME CLAUDE

I like to create beauty . . .
not train young ladies to be
prostitutes but make them beautiful
creatures of dreams.

In first seeing Germain Brudet, one thinks there must be some mistake. Can this softly rounded blonde with aristocratic cheekbones, demure manner, and classically pretty features really be the *legendary Madame Claude* — Paris-based Pygmalion and mother superior to the world's costliest call girls? Standing just over 1.5 metres tall in Chanel pumps and Ferragamo silk shirtwaist dress, tawny hair swept back in a discreet chignon, she looks the proper picture of an ambassador's gracefully aging wife.

The Cartier of call girls — that's how Madame Claude's establishment was known from the early Sixties through the late Seventies. In a town already legendary for luxurious courtesans, Claude created a new top of the market, regularly tripling the competition's prices — and, at \$1,000 to \$5,000 a shot (1960s prices) nobody complained — certainly not the government. Clever Claude kept *la patrie* off her back by letting the foreign ministry bug her girls' visits to foreign emissaries. Claude regularly supplied English lords, international film stars, financiers, Arab potentates, the idly rich — and, some say — even then-President Giscard d'Estaing himself.

How did a lone woman from the provinces manage an illegal multi-million-dollar international operation? (Prostitution has been illegal in France since 1947.) Part den mother, marketing expert, clothier, psychiatrist, finishing-school teacher, go-between, fixer, guard, sex counsellor, logistics expert, and flak-catcher — Claude put in a busy day and night.

Claude's heyday, a result of her close ties to the Gaullists, lasted through Pompidou's term into the middle Seventies. But success brought problems when d'Estaing lifted press censorship, and "Claude stories" were no longer just whispered but were also printed — almost weekly. No sooner would Claude change her number and address than some enterprising hack would track her down and print it.

The "good people" of France were scandalised. Why

was this lofty madam exempt from the law? Already under attack for his own numerous indiscretions, d'Estaing could hardly afford to stand by Claude — but his foreign ministry could hardly keep tabs on visiting Arab potentates without her! Many argued that canning Claude would hurt French arms sales to developing countries. Finally, with the press stories and public outcry mounting, Claude was quietly given notice and left the country — but not before selling her business to a woman from Marseilles. The woman was arrested a few years later — and then released, when a deputy foreign minister took on her case for "special handling".

"If anything could prove the ministry's involvement," laughed a foreign-ministry source, "I think it is that Claude still gets some kind of compensation." Compensation, perhaps, but not protection from U.S. Immigration. Madams are evidently not thought to possess the "useful skills" required by resident aliens. A star of the French colony in Los Angeles, Claude remains a shadowy figure, disappearing whenever Immigration gets too close, turning up again in Haiti or Switzerland — disappearing and reappearing — always just returned and soon departing.

Writer Blythe Holbrooke tracked her down for this exclusive *Penthouse* interview in a Santa Monica garden apartment hideaway. Claude's five pieces of Louis Vuitton luggage stacked at the ready by the door. Holbrooke reports: "Claude's initial demure appearance is deceiving. But then there is the way she moves, with the practised sensuality of a geisha. The way she quickly takes your measure — a businesslike watchfulness just below the easy humor in her large, deep-set brown eyes. She has an animated and intelligent face, her expressions always ending in the same knowing smile. 'You can't fool me; you can't even hope to startle me,' her looks seem to say. 'I've seen it all.'"

"Claude is tired. Complaining of a bad night's sleep, she glides out of the room and returns wearing nothing but a short white terry robe. She stretches, yawns, and curls

INTERVIEW

unself-consciously into her chair like a cat. 'Now what,' Madame purrs, 'can I tell you?'

Penthouse: What qualities must one have to be a first-class madam?

Claude: Above all, one must not have wanted to be a madam! I, for example, had no ambition to be in this field. I only wanted to make a little money. I was thirty-seven years old and had had many jobs, but I had to settle down and choose something. I hadn't finished my schooling, because I was deported at eighteen — without a diploma — so my options were limited. So I looked around to see what I might do. I was apt. I realised that there were two things that always worked, that could always be a steady business: restaurants and sex. Since I didn't cook very well, I thought I might be able to do something with the other.

Penthouse: What had you done before you became a madam?

Claude: I did everything a person without a profession does. I sold apartments. I sold Bibles.

Penthouse: You sold Bibles?

Claude: Yes. You know, religion is very difficult, very problematic. Each person sees his own god. And in religion, that is the only desirable thing to be — to be God. It was difficult for me to accept religion and God, because I always wanted to be the first, the biggest . . .

You know, I was raised by nuns in a convent school. It might sound a little bizarre, but I have always tried to apply what I learned at the convent to everything I've done. I've always employed the convent principles: to be on time, to be well-groomed, to do everything with as much intelligence, discernment, and attentiveness as possible.

Penthouse: How did you find the women for your establishment?

Claude: Ah, finding the young ladies — I never say "girls", because that is a pejorative term — *that* was very easy. One tells another. Certain sons of my friends sent young ladies they knew to me. The problems was never how to find them. The problem was to turn so many down, to say, "You are just not pretty enough for me."

Penthouse: What were you looking for in these young ladies?

Claude: Three things were necessary — three categories of qualities and only rarely did I find all three in one lady. First, they had to have the face and body. One without the other would not do. Second, their intelligence and upbringing was most important. And the third was their sexual performance.

Penthouse: How did you evaluate their sexual performance?

Claude: The first two categories were

obviously easier for me to evaluate. Only a few minutes were necessary. As for the third category — well — I had a certain number of friends who volunteered their services. And *voilà!*

Penthouse: What makes a woman sexy?

Claude: Sexiness is very relative. It all depends on the man involved.

Penthouse: But in general, do men like women who are thin, have big breasts, are tall?

Claude: Ah! I had men of all types and nationalities, so I also had to have young ladies of every variety. I had Asians, blacks, whites, big ones, small ones, all kinds.

Penthouse: Who were the favorites and why?

Claude: I don't know that there were any favorites! It depended upon the individual man, who he preferred. However, the easiest to sell were the tall

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All men think
they are intelligent and
good in bed — and they
will always believe you
if you tell them
these things.”

blondes, the Swedes or Germans. I guess I must say that when a woman is small, in order to be thought pretty she must be very very pretty. This is not so with big blondes. Defects pass more easily on a big girl. Still, I think the best can be a petite brunette. It is just very difficult to find one precisely right. It's a question of proportion.

Penthouse: What makes a woman good in bed?

Claude: That's what everyone wants to know! The answer? Patience. And intelligence. For a man to be satisfied, he must, above all, feel satisfied with himself. In order for him to be satisfied with himself, it is necessary for the young lady, his partner, to convince him that he is satisfying. She must know how to listen. Then she must say three things to the man: that he is beautiful, that he is intelligent, that he makes love well. She must know how to reassure him. Even if he's ugly — she can always say something nice. If he's young she should compliment him on his virility. If he is old she should say "Ah, at last, a man with some ex-

perience." All men think they're intelligent and want to believe that they are good in bed — they will always believe you if you tell them these things.

Penthouse: But what if he is terrible in bed? What if he is already fifty years old and no one has ever explained to him how to make love properly?

Claude: It is not a call girl's place to correct the technique of the man who visits her. She is not there for that. If she can guide gently, that's fine, but it is not for her to tell him that he makes love poorly.

Penthouse: What sort of things did your clients want? Did they often want perverse things?

Penthouse: There is much less sexual perversity than people think. It exists, but men have a far greater need to be reassured about their sexual performance than they have for kinky sex. The great majority of men are far simpler creatures than we like to admit. I hadn't many perverts, because I worked on the principle that my ladies were young, pretty — *very* pretty — intelligent, elegant . . . It would be too much to also ask them to do very abnormal things.

Penthouse: But most men were simply insecure?

Claude: Absolutely, in my opinion the most insecure men in the world are Americans. That's why so many American men prefer the psychiatrist's couch to the call girl's bed.

Penthouse: Why do you think this is so?

Claude: It's largely the fault of the American woman. Not the individual woman but her American heritage. You are a young people. Not so very long ago, on the American frontier, there were far too many men for the number of women. The women, therefore, dispensed their favors — in marriage or otherwise — parsimoniously. It was only logical. The woman had a much greater choice. I think this contributed to the castration of many American men. Now there are far more women than men, but the American men mentality has not altered. They lack, above all, *simplicity* in sexual matters. They're searchers. American man — and women — search for something that isn't there.

They think the Europeans have the secret. *There is no secret!* When Americans finally accept this, they won't need psychiatrists any longer!

Penthouse: How old were your young ladies?

Claude: I never took them before they were 18 and never after they were 30. At 30 they were already grandmothers. Let me explain that it's not just a question of age. At 18 or 19 a girl is malleable. One can teach her what she must do and how she must behave. Someone who is 30 can no longer be instructed. A woman of that age has her own habits,

her own manner, her own way of seeing life, of reacting to events and people. So, while I had some who came to me at 18 and stayed 20 years or even longer, I never took them any older.

Penthouse: Even if she was extraordinary?

Claude: No. She wouldn't be able to integrate. Impossible. There is a certain style of being a young lady of Claude. For example, one day a friend called me from the Hotel Henry V in Paris and asked if I had a girl there at that moment. I looked in my book and, sure enough, there was one. "Yes, a large brunette," I told him, and asked, "How did you know?" He said, "I just saw this extremely pretty brunette in the elevator and she had that certain *style* Claude. I just knew."

Penthouse: What is this style?

Claude: It's very difficult to describe. It is a certain manner. It is a way of walking, a way of speaking, of gesturing. These things cannot even be taught — they are inborn. One day a journalist said, "When you meet one of Claude's girls in the elevator at the Ritz, she smells of toothpaste and lowers her eyes." That explains it a bit. My girls were elegant, refined, well-groomed. They would never look a man in the eyes — it's true — for they had no *need* to. *Voilà!* "Style Claude".

Penthouse: A Frenchman once told me that no woman is worth anything in bed until she is 30. You disagree?

Claude: I think he says that because, normally, women are married at 20 and only begin to cheat on their husbands at 27, 28. By 30 they finally have enough experience to be worth something. Whereas my ladies had two, three men each day. They were experienced at 20.

Penthouse: What do you think of prostitution as an institution?

Claude: Prostitution is the oldest profession in the world. It will always exist. Of course, there are many different types of prostitution. There's the prostitution in certain, specialised houses where women see 40 or 50 men in one day. There's the prostitution that takes place on the streets, and there's the type that exists in the bars. There are "call girls deluxe", like mine. And then there are the women who practice the most horrible prostitution of all, the kind that lasts a lifetime — marriage!

Penthouse: One of the conclusions of *The Hite Report* was that men preferred oral sex over any other kind of sexual encounter. Have you found that men prefer oral sex?

Claude: I think *The Hite Report* must have interviewed men in California, where there is the greatest number of gay men! There are more and more gays in the world, and California is the worst. If men desire oral sex, it is because there are more gay men.

Penthouse: Were your girls often asked for oral sex?

Claude: No! It was a very easy thing for her to do, so she might suggest it. But I believe that the men who came to see my girls were of a certain milieu and wanted more than that. These men often tended to know one another. And what they very often wanted, above all, was to prove themselves — and prove themselves to the girl.

I remember one very funny experience I had. The ambassador of a Latin American country came to me after the first time with one of my ladies and asked me such a funny question. He asked me if the lady was satisfied! At first I thought he meant with the amount of money or the arrangements, which were very generous. But I finally realised that he was afraid she wasn't happy with his sexual performance! The men always wanted to know that

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A married
man cheats on his
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they were champions — "good lays". There was a fraternity of beautiful *bons corps*. For instance, everybody knew that Guy de Rothschild, Jimmy Goldschmidt, Gianni Agnelli, etc., were *bons corps*. Very often men would tell me, "You know, I could easily become a member of your *bons corps* because I am truly extraordinary!" It was all very funny. And I must say, there were very few in the club!

Penthouse: Why do married men seek out call girls?

Claude: I believe that a married man cheats on his wife . . . well . . . because one cannot eat chicken for every meal. After a certain amount of time with the same person, sex loses something. Besides, men are polygamous. Men are born polygamous; it's only religion that makes them monogamous.

Penthouse: Are women polygamous?

Claude: Yes, I think so.

Penthouse: What do you think of male prostitution?

Claude: I do not believe in male prostitution. The obstacle is basically psychological. In France we have an

expression, not very elegant but quite apt: "It's a lot easier to open your mouth than extend your arm." A man can't perform if he has doubts. A woman can always fake it. Male prostitution just wouldn't work.

Penthouse: Did your ladies fake their orgasms?

Claude: My ladies were exactly like other women. When they were with a sexy, agreeable partner, they would react as any other woman would. But they weren't orgasm machines. You know that when a woman married for five or fifteen years makes love with her husband, she doesn't have delirious orgasms each time. She must therefore be content to give him "a little theatre". It's the same with my girls.

Penthouse: What makes for "good" theatre?

Claude: That which most resembles reality.

Penthouse: Wild moans and groans?

Claude: The simpler, the more real.

Penthouse: Do you think men know when women are faking orgasms?

Claude: They never know. Oh, they know that women sometimes fake it. But they think that "it's with all the others except me."

Penthouse: How do you explain the sexual difference between men and women?

Claude: Just being with a man, in his arms, brings a certain happiness to a woman. She feels good and is content. She is happy with the pleasure that she can give him. If she didn't have an orgasm, it is not really very important. However, for a man, the same situation is completely different. Each time he makes love, it's a big chance. If just once, by chance, nature doesn't comply, all sorts of worries beset him. He fears he has become completely impotent! That he will be impotent for life! A tragedy! This is the most important sexual difference between men and women. This is why the two sexes will never really understand one another. They simply don't have the same needs or possibilities.

Penthouse: For women, reaching orgasm is not a big thing?

Claude: A woman may have a one-night or one-weekend adventure with a man and have many great wonderful orgasms but leave the encounter with a feeling of . . . disgust. On the other hand, she may spend her time with a man who wants to send her into raptures but can't, but for whom she has a special tenderness. He may be the one man she remembers.

Penthouse: And what of love and sex?

Claude: Ha! They are certainly not the same. Don't confuse them! They are two very different things. One can have love. One can have sex. One can have love and sex. But these three things are

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completely different experiences.

Penthouse: And when one has love with sex?

Claude: That is paradise! And it is also the beginning of hell. Because at that moment, one begins to fear losing paradise!

Penthouse: Tell us about the differences between men of different nationalities.

Claude: You want me to say that Italians are this way and Englishmen are another? No. Me, I say that men are men. Of course, there are types. We spoke earlier about American men, who are a little neurotic about sex. There are also some absolutely marvellous American lovers.

Penthouse: The English are supposed to be the worst.

Claude: The English have that reputation, along with their umbrellas and their monocles. It's not true. Not all Englishmen have monocles or carry umbrellas, and they are not all undersexed! When they're good, they're good. Italians are warm lovers. They are expressive both with their hands and with words. Even if they can only screw badly for five minutes, they'll make up for the failure afterwards. American men, though, while technically good, often lack the warmth and *savoir faire* of the Italians. Americans — just stop after coming. The Germans — they are very conscientious in love. When I would explain to a German girl how she must make love, I could be certain she would do exactly what I told her. They are very good that way, the Germans.

Penthouse: How did men contact you for the services of your women?

Claude: They had to know a friend of mine, who would provide them with my number.

Penthouse: How many women were in your establishment?

Claude: About 30.

Penthouse: How many clients did you have?

Claude: No one has ever asked me that before. It's difficult to say. But I can say that they were from a certain level of society, a very high level of society.

Penthouse: Giscard d-Estaing, for example?

Claude: No names! No names! Let's just say that he and I have met.

Penthouse: Did business take place in the grand hotels?

Claude: When a man telephoned me, I sent a young lady wherever he requested. Or he might visit her apartment. All the young ladies had their own apartments. Many men would travel with their companions — to America, to Australia, everywhere.

Penthouse: How were your girls paid?

Claude: The men would pay them, and then I would take my percentage.

Penthouse: What prices did these ladies bring?

Claude: I built a reputation for great quality. I had quality because I was expensive.

Penthouse: What is "expensive"?

Claude: I don't know what the equivalent prices would be today, what with inflation and exchange rates. It's been a long time since I've been in the business. But, if you insist — whatever the others were charging, I charged three times that fee.

Penthouse: How did you decide which girl to send a caller?

Claude: I spoke with the client and found out exactly what he wanted. Then I would send only someone who matched his request exactly.

Penthouse: Did you ever send the wrong girl?

In a royal wedding party I spotted one of the prettiest of my young ladies. Many have married very famous gentlemen.

Claude: That happened, of course. But only rarely. And even in such a case, the situation was not as awkward as you might think. They can always find an excuse.

Penthouse: How many hours would they spend together?

Claude: Generally, in the afternoon it was two hours. The length of time in the evening was determined by the man and the young lady. Sometimes they would spend weekends and vacations together — a month or many months. It happened. There were also those who stayed together an entire lifetime.

Penthouse: They married?

Claude: Yes. There were many marriages. And I must say that they generally have very good marriages, as they've already learned to understand men; they've learned the patience, gentleness, and intelligence necessary for a good wife. In a royal wedding party I spotted one of the prettiest of my young ladies. Some of my young ladies have married very famous gentlemen. I often see certain of my girls in the magazines — they're photographed

someplace exciting with very famous people. That's always pleasant to see.

I was in a restaurant once when I saw a very pretty blond who I thought was an American actress. Then, suddenly, a realised she was one of my girls, who had married a Swiss producer. I just sat quietly as she was leaving. But she spotted me and hugged me and kissed me. Later she called me and said that her husband had remarked, "When you saw Claude, your face lit up like you were seeing an angel."

Penthouse: Many people say Jerri Hall was with you, Madam Claude.

Claude: But who is Jerri Hall?

Penthouse: She is a model, the girl friend of Mick Jagger.

Claude: No, she wasn't with me. But I take the rumor as a compliment. I hope she does, too.

Penthouse: What do you think of the women's liberation movement?

Claude: I am so liberated from men that I've never wanted a husband. *Voilà!* Because I don't think men and women can ever truly understand one another. We don't have the same ideas, the same sexual needs, or the same way of interpreting things. A man has his career, his sports, his friends. Women ... they have another life ... with children and the home.

But female liberation is just foolishness, because women are much more intelligent than men; they have dominated men throughout the centuries. Now liberations want to become men's equals. How silly!

Penthouse: How long has it been since you left France?

Claude: I left in 1977 because I was having tax problems.

Penthouse: And what do you do now?

Claude: I travel a little. And think about what I might do next. Here in the United States I have listened to the problems of many women. American women, I think, have the same problems as other women, in addition to their particularly American problems. Three-quarters of them don't know how to be attractive. I believe I could do for them what I was able to do for my young ladies, that is, make prettier those who are pretty, make very extraordinarily pretty those who are already pretty enough. I believe one can do this for any woman. I like to create beauty. That was the reason for my success. I would like to help women: teach them how to dress, how to act, what to do. Tutor them in how to enter grand hotels, restaurants, airports. Teach them the details of how one acts when one is well-born. Help them improve their sexual performance. I would like to run a type of school which would do what I did with my young ladies. Not train them to be prostitutes, but make them beautiful creatures of dreams. 

Self-help therapy
is getting out of hand.

TAKING THE LABOR OUT OF LOVE

BY BETTINA ARNDT

In this energy-conscious age, it is a great pity that more men and women have yet to discover one of the real marvels of technology — the vibrator. This simple device is an excellent means of taking the labor out of love, guaranteeing satisfaction for most women.

The vibrator is an adult toy designed to add extra spice to lovemaking as well as helping many women reach orgasm for the first time. Unfortunately both men and women have many strange ideas and myths about vibrators. This article aims to tell you all about these gadgets, the different types, how you use them, what they feel like. It's a consumers' guide for anyone who has thought of trying one but hasn't really known how to go about it.

Sex is many things — it can be a romp, an adventure, a means of having fun, it can be an act of love. But apart from all these good things, sex can become a source of anger, hurt and resentment, particularly when, for instance, one person is left feeling high and dry and the other is satisfied. A vibrator can do nothing about feelings, it cannot make bad relationships good but it can, sometimes, help prevent bad sex from poisoning a good relationship.

To give one example, most women require prolonged stimulation to reach orgasm with their partners. Many have told me how concerned they are about the length of time it takes them to become aroused. They find themselves worrying about their lovers/husbands becoming bored or fed up, worrying about whether he has an aching jaw or sore hand — particularly when they know they only have a limited time.

For women in these circumstances it is often a great relief to know they can use a vibrator which will usually guarantee a level of satisfaction and relieve their husbands/lovers of a lot of hard work and effort. Here the vibrator really can become man's best friend. Rather than a threat to the male ego, it is a means of showing you care about your partner's pleasure.

They also have a very important role to play in helping women who are feeling inadequate about their lack of sexual enjoyment. The scourge of "frigidity" hangs over many women: they are afraid their husbands or lovers will find them cold or "unsexual" and often blame themselves for their lack of response. Therapists have found that the best way of teaching a woman to be sexually responsive is for her to first learn how to stimulate herself and then to teach her partner what she needs. Masturbation or self-stimulation is the ideal approach to this type of self-help therapy but some women find it very difficult to touch themselves. If they have always

thought it is wrong for a woman to touch her own genitals it is sometimes very hard to overcome these years of conditioning and relax enough to allow themselves to become aroused. In this case therapists usually suggest the woman tries a vibrator which can provide a more intense stimulation which is usually sufficient to overcome the inhibitions which are preventing her from becoming aroused.

Many thousands of women all over the world have experienced their first orgasm with the help of a vibrator and for many, the experience has led to a total reawakening of their sexual response. It really can be a Sleeping Beauty story with the vibrator in the role of the prince as the following letter shows:

I am writing to thank you for helping to find a new me.

When I first contacted you to enquire about vibrators, I was pretty depressed and desperate. My morale was at an all-time low and I was going through the trauma of a marriage separation. We had been married six years and coupled with a communication problem, was my inability to orgasm. Oh, I had worked on the problem — read many books and articles, sought medical advice and made luke-warm attempts at masturbating — but all to no avail. I was resigned to the fact that if I had not experienced the big 'O' in 30 years, I never would.

Buying a vibrator was a pretty far-out thing for me to do. I was always hesitant about "unnatural" devices. Too kinky for me. Just what did you do with the thing, anyway? But I was desperate and determined that it was about time I found out about my sexual self — whatever that was.

However, I was quite excited when it arrived in the mail, also a little surprised that it was not penis-shaped. There and then, in the middle of the day, I put the baby to bed, and proceeded to experiment. And it happened, wow, did it happen! And all it took was a relaxed mind and clitoral stimulation. It was unbelievable, incredible! My first orgasm. What had I been missing out on all these years? I was so ecstatic that I wanted to announce the news to the world, put a notice in the paper, ring all my friends!

Since then, I have had many, fabulous orgasms using the vibrator and I have learned so much about myself and the kind of stimulation which really excites me, the relationship between my state of mind and body and the time to achieve an orgasm.

So endeth Phase I. I know all my problems are not yet solved. But at least I know I am normal and now my husband is home and I have only positive attitudes towards the future. My next step is to "master" manual

TAKING THE LABOR OUT OF LOVE

stimulation so that I can show my husband what pleases me. This time I think we will really make it. Just knowing what my goal is will make it easier for me to find the right pathway to it. — Ms M.S., Sydney, NSW

It's easy to see vibrators have a lot going for them but before you rush out to buy one for your lover or spouse, a few words of warning.

No, I'm not about to lecture on the evils of vibrator addiction — there is, in fact, very little evidence that anyone becomes a vibrator junkie. Some women do learn to reach orgasm with their vibrators and never do manage to overcome inhibitions about touching themselves and perhaps are never in the sort of relationship in which they feel safe enough to relax and climax. The only way these women can climax is with a vibrator, but, so what . . . better than a poke in the eye as they say.

I have never heard of a woman who discovered vibrators and gave up her man. It is a pretty crazy notion that a machine which provides sexual pleasure can substitute for arms around you, the joys of sharing pleasure with another person. It is probably true to say however, that many women experi-

ence their easiest, their most intense orgasms with a vibrator — just as many men experience their most intense orgasms through masturbation.

My intended words of warning were not about potential addiction but about rushing in where angels fear to tread . . . Don't forget that many, perhaps most people, particularly women have preconceived notions about vibrators and if you arrive home brandishing excitedly a new toy without having discovered the possibility with your partner, it is very likely that you will end up eating burnt toast for a week — or alternatively putting out the garbage tins yourself.

The male who is suddenly confronted with a vibrator is very likely to feel threatened. The female, whose husband brings home a sex aid, may interpret the gesture as implying she is no longer sexually attractive or that you secretly think she has a problem, you are no longer interested in her etc. We are all rather inclined to indulge in a lot of crazy thinking when it comes to sex and most of us are very vulnerable to any suggestion that we are in need of some added attraction. It's really rather odd — just because we enjoy the occasional curry or spicy food doesn't mean we intend to give up eating chops or roast beef, nor does it mean we hate our husband's or wife's cooking. It's a pity

we can't be as rational about sex as we are about eating . . . but still.

Talk to your partner about how he/she feels about vibrators. Introduce the topic into a conversation casually — this may sound rather impossible . . . "Pass the cornflakes dear, how about a vibrator?" . . . but it may be possible to mention you know a friend, a couple who has one, or you read something in a magazine or you saw something on television.

Pick your time, listen to what your partner is telling you not only the words but his or her overall reactions or body language and if the reaction is negative don't force it. Perhaps at a later time he/she may feel different or perhaps this is an area which simply will never be part of your sexual relationship.

If you are thinking of trying a vibrator as a means of overcoming a woman's problem with orgasms, particular care needs to be taken. Since the woman who thinks of herself as "frigid" is usually lacking in confidence and very unsure of her own attractiveness, she may be particularly vulnerable to any suggestion that she needs a "machine", an "unnatural device" to make her come. The vibrator must be seen here as a learning device, a means to an end. By learning to come with a vibrator she is, in a sense, training herself to respond to her partner, doing homework which will teach her about her body and what it needs. There are many good books designed to help women use vibrators as part of self-help therapy. I would particularly recommend *Becoming Orgasmic* by Julia Heiman and Leslie and Joseph LoPiccolo (Prentice-Hall Inc., 1976).

This type of self-help therapy requires a great deal of effort from both the male and the female if you are to learn to overcome what are usually many years of worry and inhibitions.

You will need to read through books such as this one together, and talk honestly about how you feel about what is happening to the two of you. It's not an easy job but the results can be worth it as this letter shows:

I have been sleeping around since I was 13 and, of course, never quite getting there. I married when I was 20 to a "navy" virgin who also had homosexual tendencies. The marriage lasted for four years during which time I had a baby daughter. Sex was R.S. My marriage broke up finally, and I have been living with this wonderful man now for the last two and a half years. But I made the mistake of faking. I did tell him in the first six weeks that I had never reached a climax, but because he was not a very good lover, I made him believe that he had made me come to make him happy.

I had a bad back so we borrowed my mother's body massager and when he was doing my back he put the massager on my clitoris and that was the first time I climaxed. I was shattered to come after 14 years of believing there was something wrong in my head. So when my man went to work, I tried it again and wow! This went on for two weeks and then I knew I had to tell my man about faking. I did.

It took some guts and tears, but my man was wonderful, and glad because he was losing all interest in trying out positions etc. Our sex life is so great now and we spend hours in bed, just reading, masturbating, telling each other fantasies. The vibrator has opened a whole new world for us. — Ms E.S., Brisbane, Qld.

The vibrators available in Australia are a pretty weird collection of beasties, many of which most people would be reluctant to allow in the house let alone share their bed.

The major problem is they are predominantly man-made — with the emphasis on MAN. It has always seemed rather odd to me that since vibrators are mainly designed for women, no one ever seems to bother to ask women what they would like.

Most vibrators are based on the male myth that women can't possibly cope without a male, and if they were to try to satisfy themselves sexually they would need a substitute for that most obvious symbol of masculinity, a large erect penis. The emphasis is always on large since an awful lot of men still believe that bigger is better . . . and there are vibrators available up to one metre in length!

The problem is that most women who masturbate do not need any sort of a substitute for the penis — no, all those jokes about nuns and candles and carrots are quite wrong. Most women masturbate by rubbing, caressing, touching the clitoris and vaginal lips. Hence they need a vibrator that will apply external stimulation rather than a phallic-shaped object for inserting into the vagina.

There are very few vibrators designed specifically for this purpose. Some battery-operated phallic-shaped models do have attachments for the head which can be used for external stimulation. Of course a phallic-shaped vibrator can also be used externally, held against the clitoris. However the best vibrators for most women wanting clitoral stimulation are electric vibrators. Probably the best of these available in Australia is the Pifco — a general body massager manufactured by Breville and available from most department stores and many discount shops. The Pifco is not sold as a sex aid

— Breville shudders at the thought — rather it is designed for back massage, easing tired muscles, sore necks etc. It has, however, two excellent attachments suitable for external clitoral stimulation, one made of flat plastic and one sponge rubber. The Pifco has a variable level of vibration and is virtually silent — a very important consideration particularly for women who are rather nervous about using vibrators. Noisy vibrators are enough to put the sexiest woman off her stride.

The problems with the Pifco is that it is rather clumsy and heavy to hold (it weighs about one kilo) and is very expensive — retails from about \$42 to \$50.

The only real alternative is what we call the Plus 5 vibrator (it is actually manufactured under the rather coy label "Foreplay to Love"). This is a small, light-weight electric vibrator

It's a pity more couples don't discuss their sexual likes and dislikes with the same naturalness they share opinions on Bob Dylan.

with five attachments designed specifically for sexual stimulation.

There is for instance very strange looking attachment (which they call the "twig") which can be inserted in the vagina and if you have the right anatomical dimensions has a fair chance of applying clitoral at the same time as vaginal stimulation. The Plus 5 vibrator is probably the most popular vibrator bought by women in this country. (Of course an awful lot of other vibrators are bought by men for women but they often are based on the male's idea of what he thinks she wants rather than what she really wants). It has some disadvantages — particularly the fact that its small motor means it does heat up with extended use and it is best not to have it on for more than 20 minutes continuous stimulation. If you want hours of continuous stimulation you will have to use the more expensive Pifco (the Plus 5 is available for approximately \$30).

For women learning to reach orgasm for the first time an electric vibrator is usually preferable because it provides

the stronger stimulation which is needed to overcome the inhibitions which are preventing her from climaxing.

There are other obvious advantages and disadvantages for battery versus electric vibrators. You can't take an electric vibrator camping, battery ones have a ghastly habit of running out of batteries at the worst possible moment. Have you ever tried finding a Phillips-head screwdriver plus four AA sized batteries at two o'clock in the morning when you can't stand due to shakes in the knees? Not to be recommended . . .

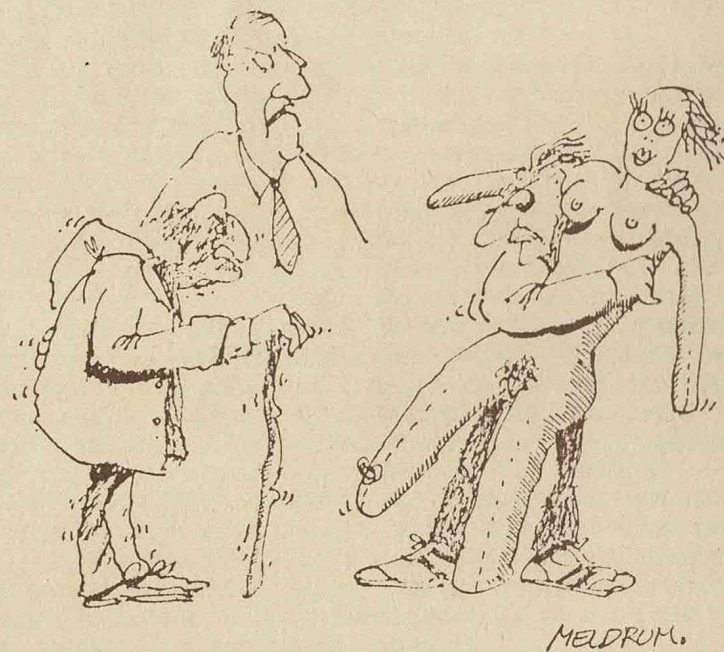
However, having said most women prefer external stimulation, I must point out there are women, perfectly normal, sexy, responsive females, who do prefer vaginal stimulation and hence will respond better with a phallic, penish-shaped vibrator. And, I hate to say it, there are women for whom bigger is better. Some women do enjoy stimulation of the cervix and here it is preferable to use somewhat larger-than-life models.

It should hardly need to be said but this all points to the very obvious fact that people differ in their sexual tastes just as they differ in the type of food they enjoy, or music they prefer. It's a great pity more couples don't sit down together and discuss their sexual likes and dislikes with the same naturalness they share opinions on Bob Dylan or cauliflower with cheese sauce. It really isn't so hard once you break the ice and start having this type of conversation — why not try it and see?

As I have mentioned, the large Pifco electric vibrator is available from most department stores and many large discount shops but most of the other vibrators have to be purchased through specific outlets for sex aids. The sex shops and large sex mail order companies sell a lot of very expensive, rather awful goods but in amongst the rubbish are usually some reasonable vibrators. A word of warning: the catalogues for such firms are usually deceptive to say the least . . . "Super Dong will turn any woman into a raver" . . . and it is often rather difficult to find out exactly what you are buying before you order.

Issues magazine does have available a selection of some of the better vibrators (including the Plus 5) through its mail order service and if you would like more information about the differences between various vibrators telephone (02) 326 1932 or write to PO Box 118, Woollahra, 2025 for an *Issues* catalogue.

Having discussed vibrators in such detail it may seem a little odd to end up with a section on what to do with a



"For God's sake . . . let grandpa have a go."

MELDRUM.

TAKING THE LABOR OUT OF LOVE

vibrator. However, after 10 years of talking to men and women about such things I have learnt many people feel really strange the first time they try out a vibrator and really aren't quite sure how to go about it.

Talking firstly to women who are using a vibrator on their own. It is probably a good idea, to first let yourself become used to the feel of the vibrator by applying it to general parts of the body — shoulders, neck, lower back, thighs, stomach etc. Learn to relax and feel comfortable before exploring sensations in the genital area. Then experiment with the vibrator on and around the genitals, finding out what feels good for you.

It is difficult for me to be too specific about what will feel nice. Some women prefer to hold the vibrator directly on the clitoris, others find this sensation too intense (if the sensations really feel too strong, try using a towel or piece of cloth between the vibrator and your body). It is really up to you whether you prefer to keep still or move around. However, there is some evidence from therapy research to suggest that women who masturbate moving their bodies are more likely to be able to climax in intercourse than women who

remain perfectly still. (Of course it is not important to climax *during intercourse* but unfortunately many men and women believe this is the proper thing to do — a myth which causes a great deal of unnecessary unhappiness). Experiment with vaginal sensations using one of the attachments designed to be inserted, or a phallic-shaped vibrator. Find out what you like and learn how your body responds. Once you have that knowledge you can show your partner how you like to use the vibrator. Therapists have found that if a woman is comfortable demonstrating how she uses the vibrator in front of her partner, it often can break down feelings of embarrassment which may be preventing her from reaching orgasm in his presence.

However, not all women are comfortable with this idea, and for them it is probably better to incorporate the vibrator into mutual lovemaking. The male can hold the vibrator with the woman guiding his hands or she can simply tell him what feels nice or what doesn't. Keep cool — I know many women worry about sounding like a traffic policeman — do this, do that, but it is a necessary process until you know each other, and mind-reading isn't really very reliable.

Vibrators can also be used during intercourse and can provide the answer

for women who really want to be able to climax in this way. (Incidentally it appears about one-third to one-half of all women have difficulty climaxing during intercourse without some additional clitoral stimulation. So if you are in this situation, it really is a matter of joining the crowd).

However, finding positions for intercourse where you can fit in a vibrator isn't quite so easy. Some imagination is usually required to avoid unnecessary contortions — the human pretzel problem. The missionary position (man on top) is not recommended unless the one of you holding the vibrator is prepared for bruised knuckles. Most rear entry positions work well except when the female is lying flat on her stomach. Woman astride, or "on top" positions are fine if you feel comfortable with this approach. There are also various side to side positions.

Throughout this article I have implied that the vibrator is for the sole use of the female. Of course this needn't be so and most vibrators that women enjoy can also give a buzz to the boys. Most vibrators can be used (gently) around the male genitals or the penis. The Plus 5 vibrator has a special attachment, a flexible cup which fits over the head of the penis.

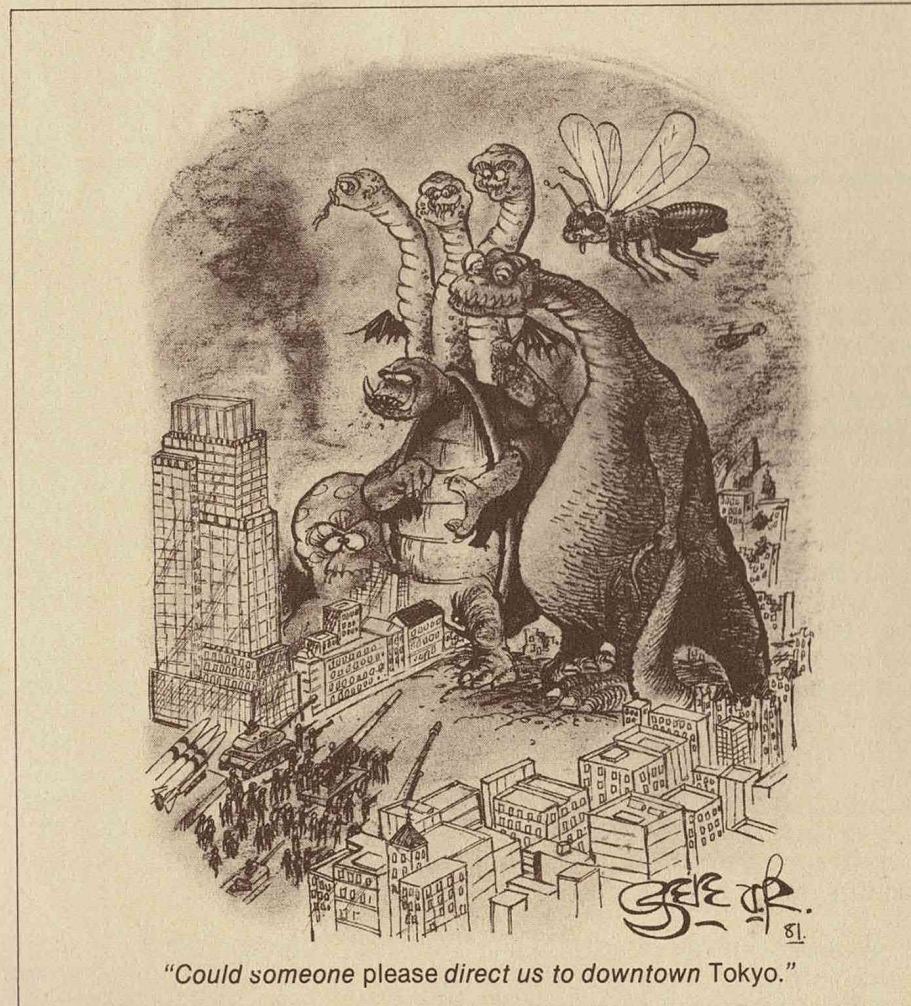
There are numerous vibrators available through sex shops which are apparently designed specifically for males. These range from hollow dildo-like objects to blow-up plastic dolls with vibrating vaginas. A small market survey carried out through *Issues* magazine (which was then called *Australian Forum*) found very few of these vibrators seem to work for the males we used to test them out.

So the answer seems to be to share a vibrator rather than going for his and hers models. And remember that the electric models are excellent for general body massage. After an exhausting day there is nothing nicer than a loving back massage or a vibrator rubbing up and down tired shoulders or aching legs — nothing that is, except perhaps...

Bettina Arndt is a clinical psychologist (BSc, M Psych) whose career in sexology started when she conducted research at the University of NSW on teaching women to reach orgasm through masturbation. For the past 10 years she has been editor of *Issues* magazine (formerly known as *Australian Forum*). She lectures regularly to medical students at both Sydney and NSW Universities as well as participating in numerous professional training courses throughout Australia. ☐

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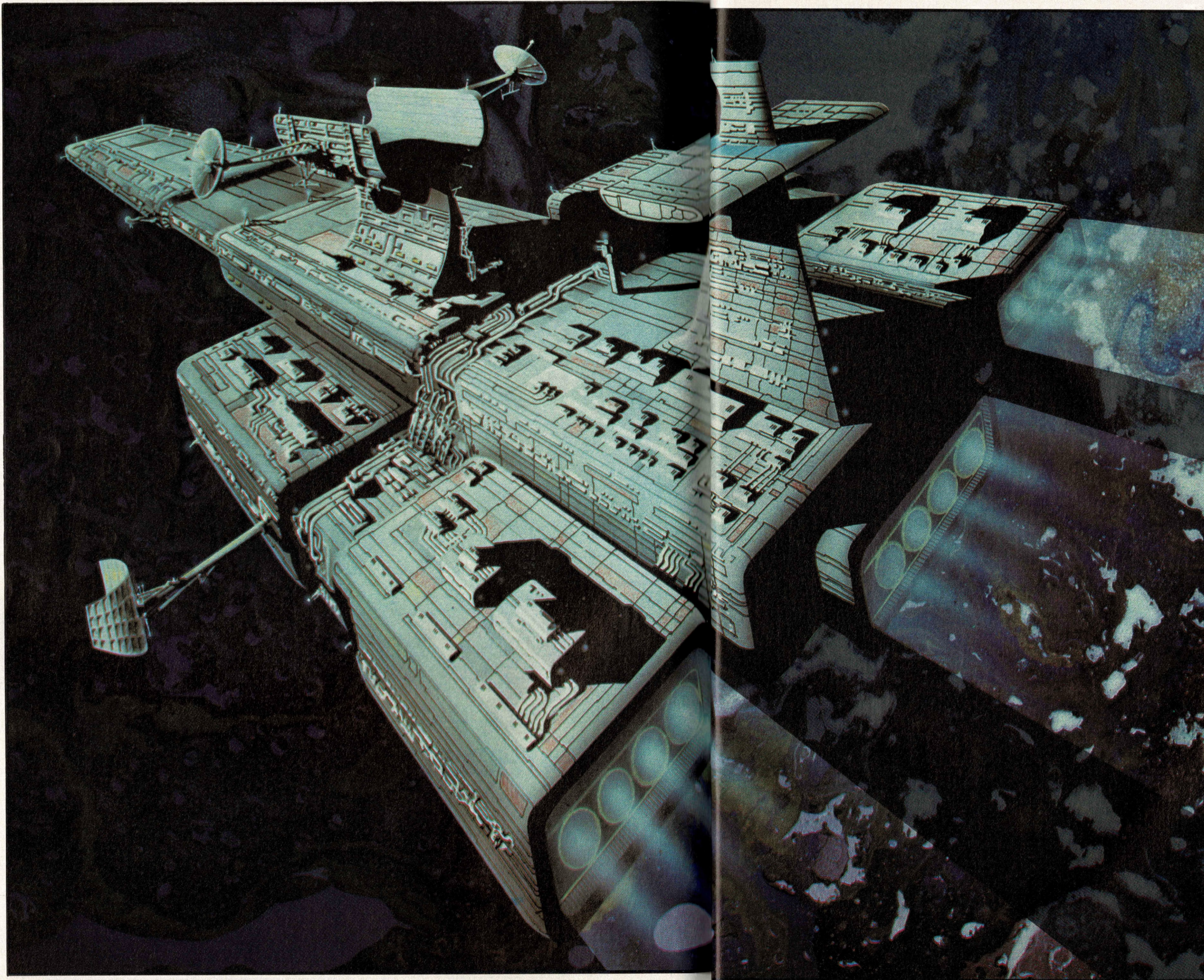
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Industry is on its mark and ready for a flying leap into the cosmos.

the exploitation of space

BY GARY HANAUER

At the end of next summer, if all goes right, a shiny white rocket ship called the *USS Private Enterprise* will zoom skyward from Fremont Airport — a small patch of concrete southeast of San Francisco — and curl gently over San Francisco Bay. Inside, as powerful thrusters burn and the craft hurtles upward some 110 kilometres, an astronaut will film and broadcast the event.

Bob Truax, the man who has spent the last six years of his life building the vehicle and preparing for the stunt, will be down below with his financial backers, who had to raise \$1 million to fund the effort, watching hopefully and nervously.

Why send a man to the edge of space, a mission first completed by Yuri Gagarin some 20 years ago? Why risk someone's life in space with only a \$1 million budget — minuscule next to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's 1981-82 allotment of \$6.1 billion — and a lot of spare parts, not to mention a crew made up mostly of volunteers? Why, indeed, would anyone want to build his own rocket ship?

The truth is that the flight of the *Private Enterprise* (which is also named the X-3), if successful, will usher in a new era that futurists, scientists, manufacturing experts, and veteran space technologists have been dreaming about for years: the age of private development in space. If their predictions are correct, manufacturing, mining, and, in the long run, just about every industry are about to get off the ground and leap into the cosmos.

Truax plans to recover all of his rocket and use the whole rocket many times — not just a portion of it, like NASA is doing with the Space Shuttle. "Private

Painting by David Price / Photo by Phillip Jones

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the exploitation of space

enterprise can do things better and cheaper than the federal government," boasts Traux, who headed up many of the nation's earliest rocket programs, including Thor and Viking. "Someday there will be more people working in space than on earth. 'Someday there will be more people working in space than on earth. The first step in making the industrialisation of space a reality is getting private enterprise involved."

"Space will be the factory," agrees Donald Waltz, manager of materials processing in space for TRW, Inc., "and Earth will be the marketplace."

If even part of what some experts say turns out to be correct, in 15 years everything in your household, from kitchen blenders to lawn mowers, will be made of alloys harder than diamond. Hamburger will be half-price. The same will be true of some nearly priceless medicines today. Steel will float on water. Gems surpassing the biggest known will be "grown" in orbit. Superthin wire capable of holding a million kilograms will be commonly available. As factories move millions of kilometres away and the need for "dirty" forms of energy fades, pollution will disappear. You'll talk to anyone you want to on your wrist telephone.

The futurists who paint this rosy portrait see space enterprise as not only a new, boundless frontier but also a safety valve for our planet's pressing problems — energy, pollution, inflation, war, disease, even overpopulation. According to D. Harry Stine, author of *The Third Industrial Revolution*, "The dawning of the Third Industrial Revolution in space holds the real promise of completing the first major cultural, moral, ethical, and philosophic shift to take place since the beginnings of the Neolithic Age 100 centuries ago."

Geologist and mining engineer David Kuck, who has studied the composition of lunar rocks, thinks there's possibly "one thousand times more" gold, silver, and, probably, diamonds to be found on the asteroids between Mars and Saturn than on Earth (and these precious minerals may also be found, he believes, on asteroids closer to Earth). Kuck also believes that our moon is a veritable treasure chest of platinum, the greyish white metal — currently valued at \$500 an ounce — that is used in chemical ware, dental alloys, and jewellery. And Harold Masursky, a planetary geologist with the US Geological Survey's Centre of Astrogeology, says that "given the past volcanic history of the moon and the fact that many rich metal deposits are associated with volcanic activity, it would surprise us *not* to find concentrations of gold there."

Kuck foresees large lunar troves of such rare platinum metals as rhodium (valued at \$700 an ounce), iridium (\$680 an

ounce), osmium (\$200 to \$300), a palladium (\$170). "They are probably strewn about right on the lunar surface," reports Kuck. He estimates that 2 percent of the entire surface of the moon — a mindboggling million square kilometres (an area bigger than Queensland) — is sprinkled with pure, meteorite-carried platinum. "All you'll need to do is scoop them up with a big magnet, just like children do at the beach," he insists.

If researchers are correct, the impact that space mining could have on earth would be staggering. Platinum is a case in point. According to the US Bureau of Mines, world production of the strategically important alloy metals — four percent comes from Canada; the other 96 percent comes from the Soviet Union and South Africa, not exactly the most dependable of suppliers — must increase *tenfold* in the next four years just to keep up with America's needs. Exploitation of the

Some of the first products to be made in space will enhance our lives and possibly make them longer.

moon's resources may be the answer. Apparently titanium, used in alloys, is also common on the moon — certain samples taken by the Apollo astronauts had concentrations of more than four percent of the feldspars associated with the silvery grey metal. This discovery has convinced some futurists, like Gerard K. O'Neill, director of the Space Studies institute in Princeton, that titanium may turn out to be the silver of space. "The reason," points out O'Neill, author of *The High Frontier*, "is that you can do an incredible array of things with it." "It's stronger than aluminium," adds Masursky. Indeed, current state-of-the-art design calls for using titanium in many American spacecraft components.

Much of the titanium, chromium, and silica (by far the biggest component and a key ingredient of aluminium) mined on the moon will probably never be shipped to Earth. Instead it will be utilised to build in place the very vehicles and equipment that will ply the moon's minefields and then transport the goods elsewhere.

"It may eventually be cheaper to manufacture space-going boxcars in

space from materials obtained in space," Stine predicts. "We may well build things in space and land them on Earth to be expended, used, and never sent back into space again. Because the moon has a surface gravity only one-sixth as great as Earth's it would make a perfect base for just such activities."

Apollo astronaut Rusty Schweickart, who participated in the first manned flight of the lunar module, agrees: "Going to and from the asteroid belt from the moon would cost one-twentieth of what it would from Earth because you don't have to deal with the [strong gravity] environment."

"The moon," says Al Hibbs, senior staff scientist at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, Calif., "should, in terms of setting up a centre of operations, be our number one priority. If anything needs servicing, it's important to remember that the moon is relatively easy to get to."

In fact, the idea of using the Moon instead of Earth as a construction headquarters has completely revolutionised the concept of how much start-up money the industrialisation of space might require. "Seven years ago, we thought it would cost \$50 to \$60 billion," O'Neill concedes. "Today, our estimate is \$7 to \$8 billion. Even to build a space station, we should be able to get 90 percent of the material we need right from space."

The moon, however, is likely to become more than a jumping-off point: some believe it may yield some of the human "basics" for working and living in space.

For example, if titanium becomes the silver of space, then oxygen will be more precious than gold. The moon apparently has great stores of oxygen locked away in its soil. "It can be separated out," Kuck says. And although some other researchers still believe the lunar poles may contain water and that hydrogen, which could be teamed up with the soil-borne oxygen to make water, might lurk in the bottoms of craters, no one knows exactly where the moon's most viable resources are. Current estimates are based on the puniest of samplings: a total of 1100 kilograms of lunar soil brought back to Earth. The United States has landed men on the moon at only six points.

In order to gain this knowledge, NASA has made three separate requests to Congress for funds to orbit a survey satellite around the moon. Each proposal has been turned down. In the meantime, Japan is expected to soon launch a probe that will map the entire surface of the moon for possible mineral wealth.

Mineral and metal shortages are not the only problems whose solutions may lie in the heavens. There is an obvious environmental benefit in mining the solar system rather than dredging the earth's oceans. As J. Michael McCloskey, executive director of the Sierra Club, says, "Ocean dredging could have a devastating effect on the entire food

the exploitation of space

chain." The concerns voiced by conservationists are heightened by the fact that a number of companies, such as Ocean Mining Associates, which is a consortium of US Steel, Sun Co., Inc., and Belgium's Union Miniere, would like to become more involved in underwater mining.

Some of the first products to be made in space will, as a matter of fact, enhance our lives — and possibly make them longer. At present, for instance, it takes 80,000 pints of human blood to make a single gram of interferon, which is believed by some researchers to have great virus or cancer-fighting potential. Another example, says Dennis Morrison, head of the Shuttle's biology research projects, is urokinase, an enzyme that some stroke or heart attack victims need from 12 to 20 doses of to help break up blood clots. The current price tag per treatment is \$42,000 to \$70,000. Using a process known as electrophoresis, which "pulls" certain molecules away from others, interferon, urokinase, and other lifesaving drugs could be manufactured more efficiently and in greater quantities in space. Although many laboratories already have small electrophoresis units, the delicate technique is limited because of the pull of gravity. But in space, under zero-gravity

conditions, there would be no problem in producing great quantities of these drugs. Sometime this year an automatic mini-factory for processing interferon and cells that may help diabetics and haemophiliacs will be sent aloft in the space shuttle.

James T. Rose, former director of engineering for the shuttle and the current manager of space processing for McDonnell Douglas Corporation, which is developing the factory under a joint agreement with NASA says his company expects a "good return" on its investment, which he describes as "a lot more than \$1 million" to date. If McDonnell Douglas is given permission by the Federal Drug Administration to begin commercial production in 1985, one plant could make enough Interferon to supply "up to 10 percent" of the world market, according to Rose; an estimated 10 to 15 such production units could be carried in a shuttle. Johnson & Johnson will handle marketing of the products for McDonnell Douglas.

In fact, the field of pharmaceutical processing alone — one of 101 potential space industries examined back in 1972 by David Keller, then manager of advanced programs for the space division of General Electric — could result in a ton of new vaccines worth a total of over \$1 billion every year, according to an obscure 1974 NASA study, "The Beneficial Uses of

Space." Other estimates place the total space drug market at up to \$25 billion.

Putting electrophoresis to work in space also might help ranchers breed livestock with more meat poundage and cows with more milk.

The livestock sperm industry that's already booming would get a \$422 million-per-year shot in the arm from space processing, according to one authority, because, as with interferon, zero gravity would facilitate production.

NASA's 15-volume study pegs the annual value of just 10 industrial-space processes at \$2.2 billion. Another report places the eventual sales for space-made electrical generators alone at as much as \$400 billion a year. Based on these and other estimates, it would not be surprising for space to become a trillion-dollar enterprise by the year 2015.

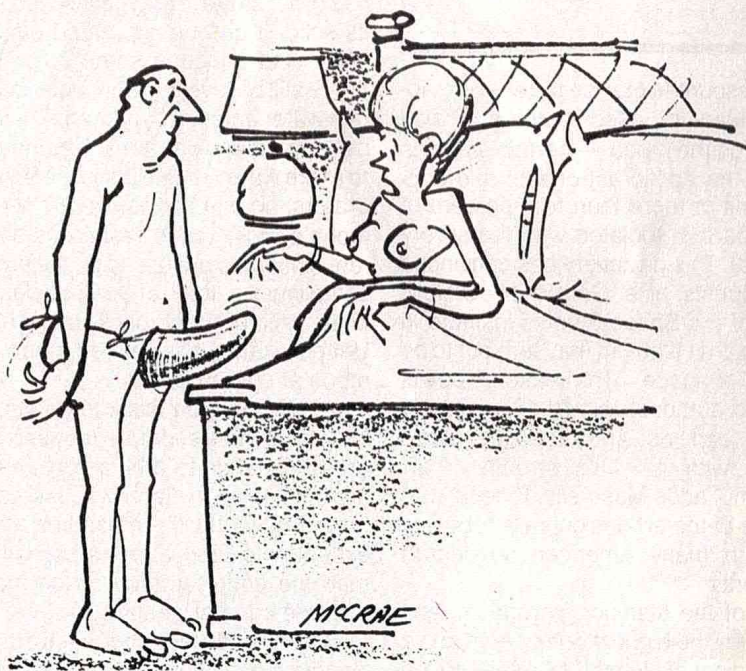
If you talk with "earthbound" plant managers about the six most widely applicable qualities space has to offer manufacturing, about halfway into the conversation you will notice eyes rolling. It'll happen just when you bring up "levitation," a trick you might have seen Linda Blair perform in *The Exorcist*. But levitation, or containerless processing, as NASA prefers to call it, is real: researchers at NASA's Marshall Space Flight Centre, in Huntsville, Ala., already have a bread-box-sized device that uses sound waves to float and holds drops of liquid, glass, or metal in midair without any container.

Sound impossible? It's not. In zero gravity, electric fields can keep the suspended material, that is injected (either by syringe or mechanical wand) between two poles, even if it needs to be rotated rapidly.

By why levitate "small globules" (as Lowell Zoller, Marshall's manager of materials processing in space, describes them) inside an industrial furnace, as ground-based experimenters have been doing, in the first place.

The answer, once again, is zero gravity. Pour certain materials into containers, and you face the chance of contamination from the same crucibles. Molds, jars, and even tongs limit processing temperatures. And containers "lock in" heat that, for some industrial purposes, needs to be removed fast. Free-float the identical items during manufacture, and they will stay pure, unlimited by anything but their own temperature constraints and capable of being fast-frozen.

For glass alone, levitation is expected to carve out a \$10 million-per-year market. Among the possibilities in this sector alone are glasses made from totally new materials, laser products, and improved fiber optics. Marshall's Edwin Ethridge forecasts development of a superlens for home cameras. Fifteen years from now many industrial facilities will have furnace windows made of transparent metal — yet another product that will come from



"But Mr Momphret, to be an effective aphrodisiac, rhinoceros horn should be ground to a fine powder then swallowed."



the exploitation of space

containerless processing. Mixing two or more metals, or a metal and a non-metal, without the interference of gravity will make the bonding of thousands of new combinations possible for the first time; container-less processing will ensure their purity. As surely as the Industrial Revolution changed every aspect of how we live, every industry, every home, everything from the vehicles we drive to the roofs over our heads, will benefit from these new alloys. But, to date, nothing much has happened, because most of the American projects to develop these alloys have not yet gotten under way. Soviet cosmonauts, however, have apparently been hard at work in space mixing metals since 1977, when *Salyut 6* was launched.

Many experts expect American technological know-how to help us roar ahead of the Soviets once we stoke the fires of the shuttle's electric furnace. But such speculation, says Charles Sheldon II, ignores the fact that the Russians have been actively engaged in space on an ongoing basis for three years. It also discounts the secret Soviet space budget — believed to be up to seven times that of America.

Even Sheldon, the Library of Congress's senior specialist in space transportation technology, knows only the tip of the Russian story. His Washington of-

fice seems to overflow with three-by-five datecards — more than 10,000 at last count — which have been gathered since he began his relentless effort to monitor data from Western listening posts, *Pravda*, *Tass*, and anything else that might provide clues to the Soviet mission. "I've been watching them," he says with a face that shows he's happy somebody cares, "since 1955."

Salyut 6 carried two 25 by 40cm electric furnaces, one in the hatch on the side of the ship and the other in a forward cavity where near-weightlessness prevails, according to Sheldon.

"They have created new alloys," the analyst reports. Soviet literature claims the creation of a wide range of new mixtures — "30 to 40 elements" by Sheldon's estimate, including alloys of germanium, lithium, indium, molybdenum, and antimony. According to other data supplied to *Penthouse* by TRW's Waltz, the Russians have melted combinations of copper and indium, aluminium and magnesium, aluminium and tungsten, and molybdenum and gallium. According to Waltz, "They have been talking of foam metals, such as steel that floats on water."

Foreign interest in space-made crystals is intense. Except for metals testing, this is the area being watched the closest by France, Germany, and Japan. The Germans not only have garnered substantial participation by industry in crystal study

but also are making the industrialisation of space, rather than its scientific expansion, their top priority.

The most spectacular news to date about space crystals has come from the Soviet Union: last year a Russian radio commendator told his audience that the crystals brought back from *Salyut 6* had a commercial value of \$80 million.

How will crews be transported to space to work, and how will the moon's metals and the products produced there be brought back to Earth? The American space shuttle is just one example of an earth-orbit space truck designed to lower cargo expenses. In 1967 Philip Bono of McDonnell Douglas proposed the vehicles *Rhombus* and *Hyperion*. Unlike any rocket ever designed before, *Rhombus* would carry a maximum of 500 tonnes of cargo at a mere 50 cents per kilo, Bono told the New York Academy of Sciences. *Hyperion* would be a single-stage rocket, blasted up a rocket sled on a mountain, that could power itself on liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen. Unlike the shuttle, the 48 passenger craft would land vertically. Bono estimated it would cost only \$35 million to build the first vehicle.

Nobody in the West is sure of how far along the Russians are in developing their own space truck, but even the early indications are surprising. It looks like the Soviets are trying to build something akin to a highly manoeuvrable "space van". Moving large cargo will be their main emphasis, it seems.

The Soviet shuttle will probably take off horizontally with the help of a rocket. More important, this space-going service bus will be launched from and return to conventional runways. It would be like launching the space shuttle from JFK, LAX, or O'Hare. The booster also will "glide back to a landing at a runway," writer Donald Robertson told *Astronomy* magazine.

But for all their versatility, the proposed space trucks and vans of the near future will be used only within the inner solar system, as the fuel cost of their continuing any farther is prohibitive. Instead, space trains would make long-distance trips.

A commuter or freight train that sails through space might also be possible, according to the futurist Robert Staehle. Staehle has been perfecting what may turn out to be one of the keys to the industrialisation of space: a ship that requires no solid or liquid fuel, no heavy tanks to hold them, no tug to start.

Sailing through space, using the minute and almost imperceptible but constant "push" photons (bundles of energy atoms from the sun) in much the same way that sailboats on Earth catch the wind, is an idea first suggested by Fridrikh Tsander in 1924. Tsander discovered that in the vacuum of space it doesn't matter how slight the continuing solar nudge is; as long as it keeps coming, you can eventu-

tually build up to any speed you want.

There's a drawback to most of the sail plans that enthusiasts rarely talk about: even with modern sail designs, "gassing up" takes a long time. To develop the speed needed to get to, say, Mars, might require a whole year of twirling in various orbits around the Earth; only then would your six to twelve month journey begin.

But space sailing might yet develop speed. Some ideas for its improvement boggle the imagination. For example, a sail ship might be propelled from behind by a huge laser beam, or explosive charges might boost the craft to the desired speed. The ship might even be flung into the cosmos with a mammoth gun, where it would glide, like a futurist paper airplane that never stops.

For the last ten years, a number of scientists have been trying to tackle the problem of how to move the constant stream of products they envision being made on the moon without turning the entire lunar surface into a giant spaceport. Only a financially efficient method of transporting moon-made products back to Earth will make space industry profitable and possible.

That's where the lunar catapult comes in. Some people prefer to think of it as a gigantic space vacuum. Instead of flying ships in, loading them up, flying them out, and repeating the process, why not use a sophisticated slingshot to "shoot" the goods to their destinations?

Not only is such a plan neat — there's no waiting at either end — but it really could work. The moon has no atmosphere to retard the "marbles" such a slingshot would hurl. Better yet, its gravity field is one-sixth that of Earth's. To push a container away from the ground, all that would be required is a gentle "kick" of three kilometres per second.

"The catapult would be built right on the lunar surface," Stine predicts. "Since there is no air on the moon, there is no need to launch a payload vertically to get through air resistance as rapidly as possible. Power for the shooter's linear electric motor could come from solar cells, Stine thinks.

The official Soviet space goal is to construct a space station capable of holding up to 50 persons. During the mission of *Salyut 6*, which ended early in 1981, the Russians disclosed that they plan manned missions in the near future, with Mars — not the moon or Earth-approaching asteroids — as their first goal.

NASA admits Rusty Schweickart, who is now chairman of the California Energy Commission, "has been so focused on the shuttle that it has failed to articulate our next step or set of steps in space."

"Whatever the goal is, it should not call for a one-shot effort, like we did with Apollo," comments Gerard K. O'Neill, who has devoted the last 12 years almost exclusively to thinking about space goals

and how to pursue them. "Everything I see in space revolves around two words, resources and energy. Our goal should be to harness the wealth of space for the benefit of all mankind. I firmly disagree with those who predict a future of shortages. Space is both the key to getting around the limited resources we have on earth and, just maybe, toward ending conflict. Have you ever noticed how most of the conflicts we have had involve resources in one way or another? If we can move out to an environment where there are virtually unlimited resources, perhaps we can end war forever."

But before we reach such a utopia, it will be necessary to spend quite a lot of money. And in these days of tight money and supply-side tax cuts, our "penny-wise and pound-foolish" attitude could prove to be a more deadly enemy than the Soviets.

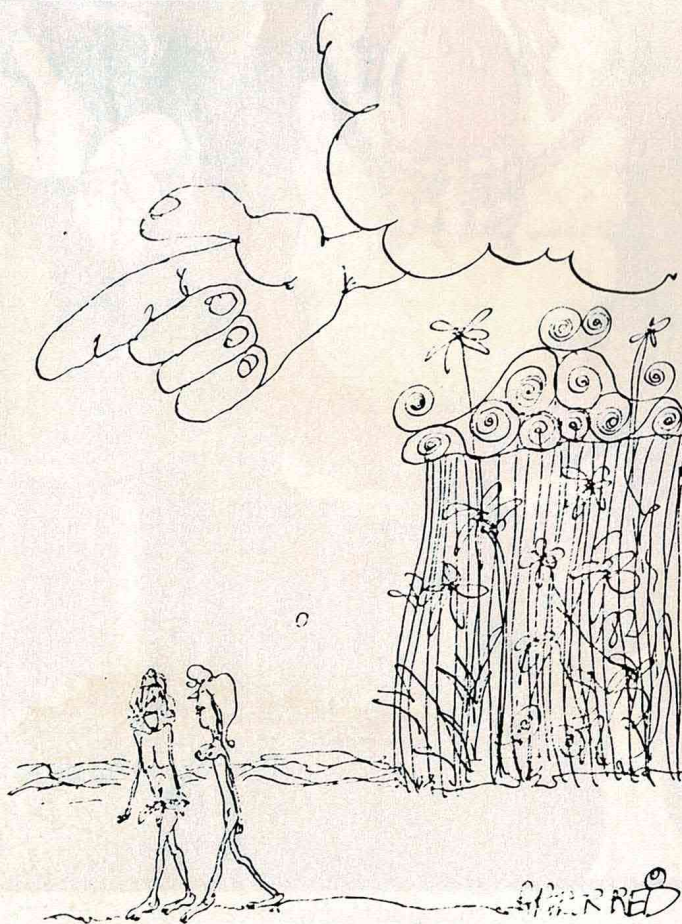
Though nobody really knows how much the start-up cost for space enterprise will run, estimates made over the past decade range all the way from \$50 million to about 1200 times as much as that, or \$60 billion. While very few experts give credence to either extreme forecast (the former was made at the Fifth Princeton Conference on Space Manufacturing in 1981 and the latter back in 1974), there is a consensus judgement that even the \$7 to \$8 billion O'Neill says will be needed may have to be drastically lowered before most American companies jump on the space develop-

ment bandwagon. "If we can get it down to \$1 billion, the discretionary money available to many corporations may be enough to fund most of the effort, even without substantial government help," believes James Arnold, director of the California Space Studies Institute.

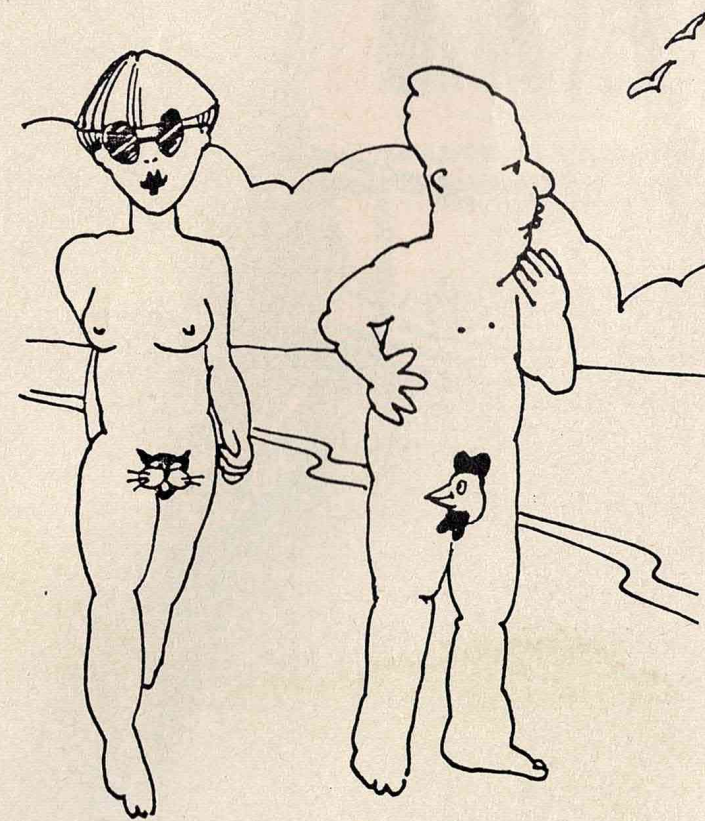
With the exception of McDonnell Douglas Corporation, TRW, INC., and a handful of other firms who have committed themselves to space processing projects that go beyond research, most industrial managers are still taking a wait-and-see attitude toward tapping into the cosmic treasure chest.

When NASA hired a special consultant to put on a space manufacturing symposium in La Jolla, Calif., in February 1981, agency insiders hoped the result would be heavy industry interest in the conference. "It was disappointing," reports a NASA official who prefers to remain nameless. Even INCO, Ltd., one of three companies that agreed to participate in the meeting and a cosponsor of an upcoming shuttle metal-plating experiment, is hanging back. "Sure, it's a lot of fun to grasp the ungraspable," explains INCO public-relations manager David Graham. "But we have only a broad interest in something that may be centuries away. An asteroid may have a lot of nickel, but we have enough to last us for a long time on this planet."

"Business is simply being prudent,"



"Right, that's it — from now on we'll stick to Jaffas!"



Matthew Martin



HA104 AB1212/81

comments Floyd Roberson, chief of NASA's technology transfer division. "It's a natural thing for companies to be on the sidelines. A few risk takers were responsible for starting what eventually became the entire airline industry." McDonnell Douglas space processing manager James Rose agrees. "We are taking a first step. What we need are more companies to join us."

Other space industry enthusiasts want the government to monetarily encourage enterprise through tax breaks and subsidies. NASA took a limited plunge in just such a direction when it signed an agreement giving a McDonnell Douglas drug factory a free ride in space if the company would build it.

"We need a unique government incentive to lower the perceived risks," says Stine. "That's how the transcontinental railroad got built." McDonnell Douglas vice-president Erwin Barnahl concurs: "Without the support of NASA, innovative companies could not begin to undertake the enormous risks inherent in these ventures."

Still, selling space development to industry may hinge on how successful NASA is at explaining why costs will tumble. Space industrialisation expenses don't have to be sky-high. In fact, if current trends continue, they'll plummet to the point where almost all industries will want to become part of what will be an entrepreneurial rush into space. "Eventually, anti-pollution laws and increasing energy costs will sharply limit industrial production on Earth or make it more costly than producing the same products in space," Stine says flatly. O'Neill's Space Studies Institute recently revolutionised cost estimating by coming up with a scheme that would eliminate much of the transportation and fuel bill altogether. The key to the idea could be something as simple as re-cycled moon rocks. Silica and other materials readily available on the moon, O'Neill contends, could be refashioned into most of what's needed to make a space station; only 10 percent of the parts would come from Earth.

The fantasies of forecasters are also more plugged into robotics than ever before. "We have the potential to lower front-end costs just by designing in more automatic systems," Arnold says. O'Neill envisions a whole swarm of self-replicating factories at work on the moon, grinding out 100,000 tons of products annually after only a few years.

As time goes by, researchers are realising that going to work in space will save even more money than they thought earlier. McDonnell Douglas technicians recently found that impressive cost reductions could accrue from the quality alone of space-made silicon crystals. "We learned that only 10 percent of the cost is presently in making the material," reports Rose. "It's the [product] rejections that

hurt. On earth, we figure rejections are about four times more than what we will have in space.

"NASA," says O'Neill, "will eventually be supplanted by private enterprise." Roberson agrees: "We should show the way until the technology matures, stay in place as a regulator, and let the private sector carry on."

Already, the process is evolving: quasi government-industry organisations, such as the California Space Institute, based in San Diego, are funding their own projects, which include long-range weather forecasting, and are participating in the programs of others. Formed in 1979 with the support of Governor Jerry Brown, an ardent space enthusiast, the state-operated group began with little fanfare and virtually no money; by 1981 its budget had skyrocketed to more than \$1 million. It recently was on the receiving end of a \$100,000 contract (to be shared with Rockwell International) from O'Neill's SSI to, as Arnold describes it, "document the steps that will be needed to process lunar soil" once factories are established there.

The first space factories will be small, temporary structures that can be crammed into the shuttle for a short spin through space. By 1990, the shuttle will "drop off" larger plants — some of them manned — at their permanent sites. Subsequent flights will bring up fresh supplies and new "shifts" of workers. The old crew and the finished products will go back down in the same ship.

From the outside, these orbiters may resemble floating junkyards, Stine depicts them as surrounded by all sorts of space trash, "parts of old equipment, parts of new equipment that haven't been installed yet, old modules acting as warehouses for finished products," and by "lashed up and hung on" solar panels and heat radiators.

At first glance, factories on the moon will seem like those on our planet. Instead of being located near ports or railroads, most plants will be clustered around shuttle stations and catapults. Facilities erected in distant mares — the lunar countryside, if you will — are likely to rely on moon trucks to get their goods to market. Two types of cargo movers are expected by futurists: electric carts, built in the style of the Apollo buggies, and cable cars unlike any ever seen before. Think of gondolas hanging upside down from a monorail and you've got the basic picture of a "wirecar" rocketing across the lunar landscape.

Odder still is what many of the first work centres will be making: more factories. "The Japanese have been talking about building this kind of factory for years," points out O'Neill, reaching for a pad. Soon, his pencil is producing a blizzard of numbers. "Three months after the first small-scale unit, you'd have an identical one. Three months later, you would have four. Three months after that, there would

be eight." Under the former MIT professor's proposal, duplication of a simple, 2500-ton-a-year plant over and over again for only eighteen months would result in a capability of 160,000 tons.

Despite the fact that nobody has a firm sketch of what shape factories beyond the moon will take, even fully automated reproducers are going to require maintenance crews now and then. When something needs servicing, the factory's computer will signal a repair shop orbiting at a distance of a few weeks' journey; an engineer will show up, fix the broken part, and leave.

Sound simple? There are those who worry that space work, for all its exciting gadgetry, will be extremely boring. Robot-watchers, warns Glaser, may become so "sedentary" that they will need "special exercises". In addition to gourmet food, companies will offer numerous enticements to those of us who answer the call of the cosmos. Fat pay bonuses. Access to the latest videotape discs. A color television-telephone to connect you with friends on Earth. Free liquor. Space hookers (as depicted in *Outland*, a 1981 movie) kept and regulated by management. They'll all be part of the contract.

For the first few decades, space will likely be the domain of the hardy few and the young. A NASA report surmises that of the first one thousand workers in space, 60 percent will be 25 to 35 years of age.

But what of the comment astronaut Wally Schirra made in 1965? "I know enough about the moon," he said, "to know how unpleasant and inhospitable it is. I know enough about Mars to know you can't live there, you can't settle there. Mars and the moon are two ugly islands." "Compared to Earth, there's no question at all," agrees Schweickart. "It won't be as desirable." JPL's Hibbs is even blunter: "It will be a hostile, difficult place, maybe worse than working in Antarctica for a long time. But space will be more romantic than Antarctica."

Others compare the first space developers with the pioneers who settled the Americas only a few hundred years ago. They struggled under many hardships, but they survived, and they kept coming and coming in every increasing numbers.

We are, it seems, at a middle course, a juncture in the fabric of future history. It is a time for deciding where we have been and where we will go now that the other planets beckon. As Ben Bova, editorial director of *Omni* magazine, writes in his new book *The High Road*: "If we are to solve today's global problems, we must look beyond Earth, and we must also look toward the future. Problems that have taken generations to accumulate require long-range solutions... To solve these problems, we have to create new wealth. And the new wealth that we seek is waiting for us, untouched and eternal, a few hundred miles above our heads." ☉

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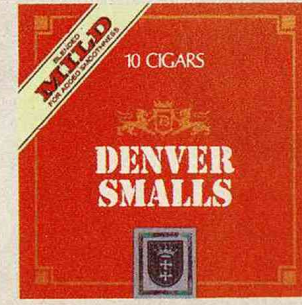
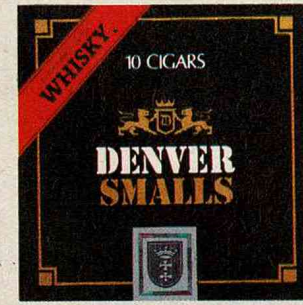
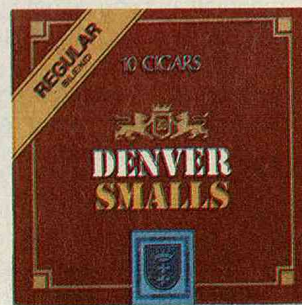
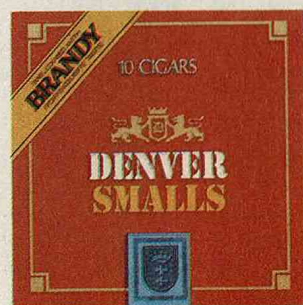
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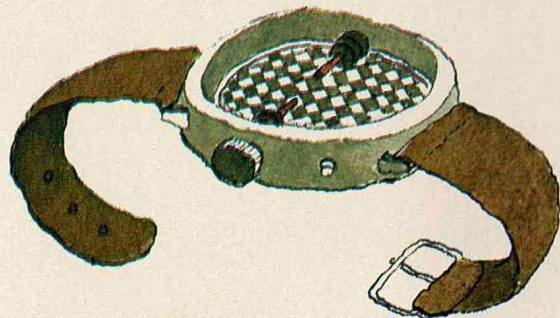
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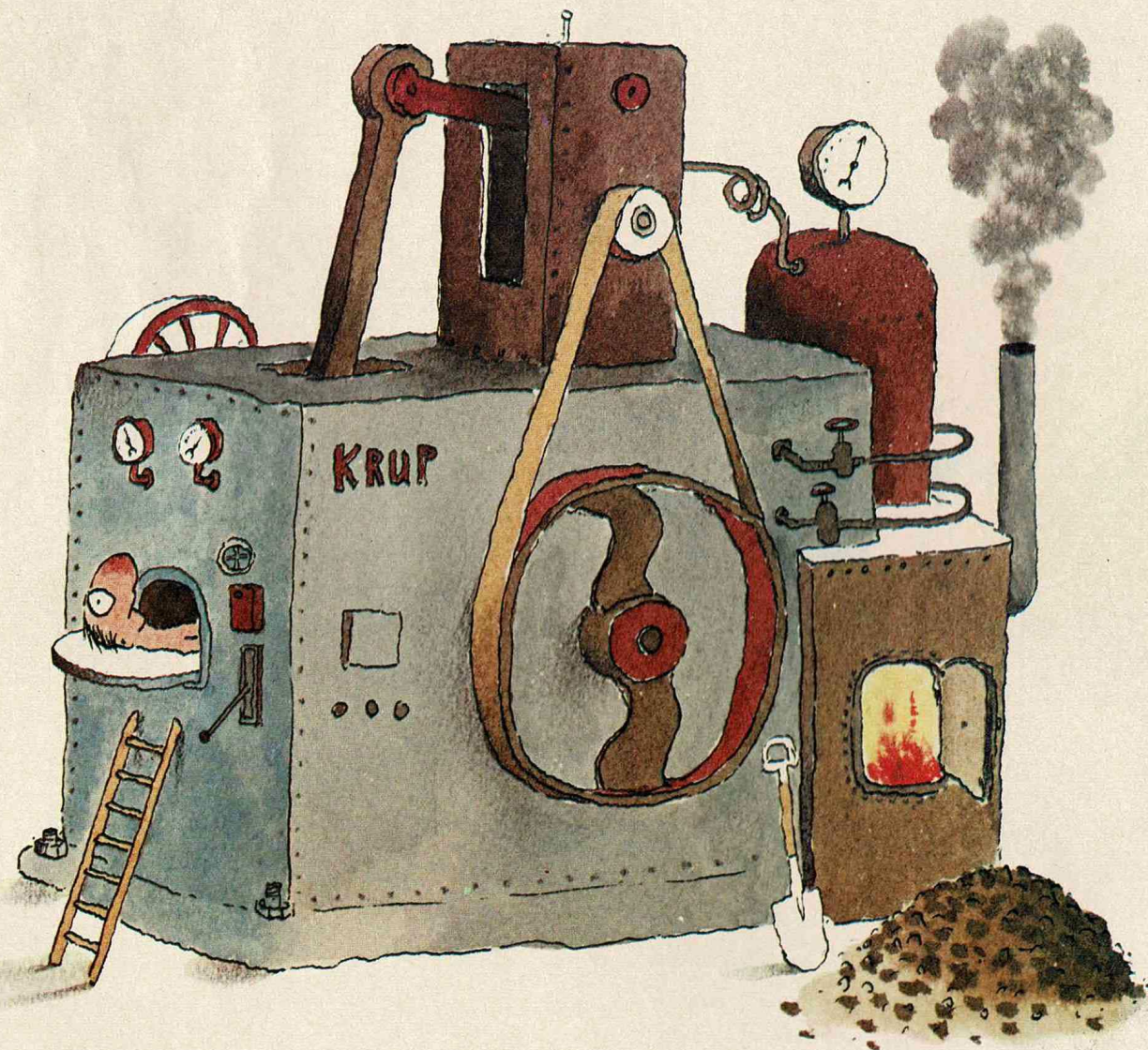
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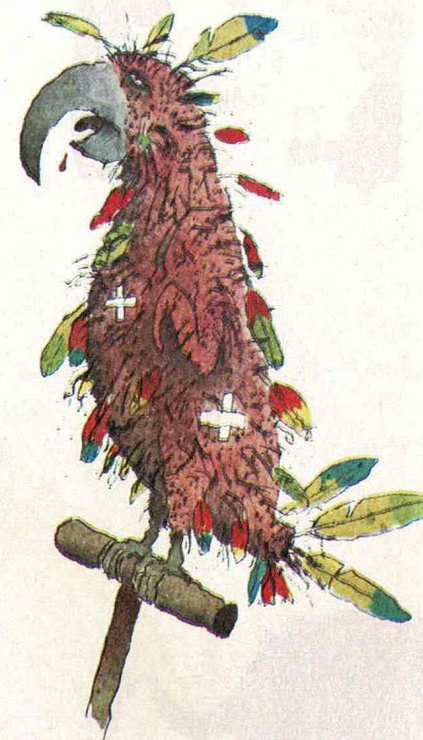
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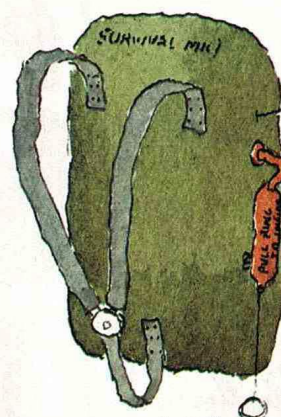
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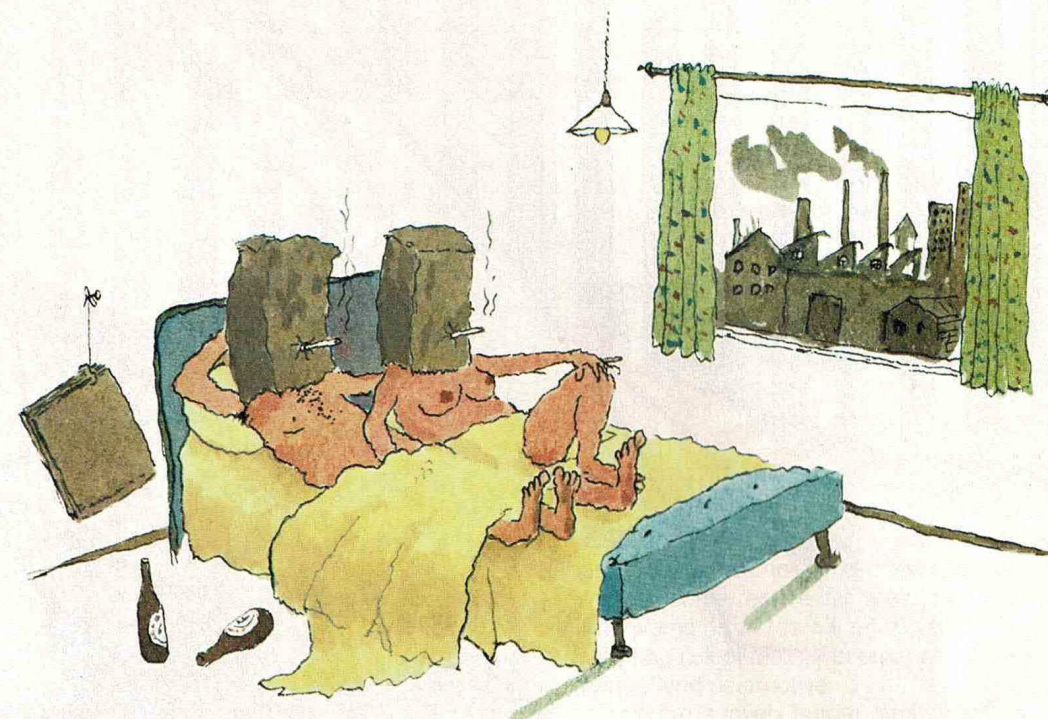
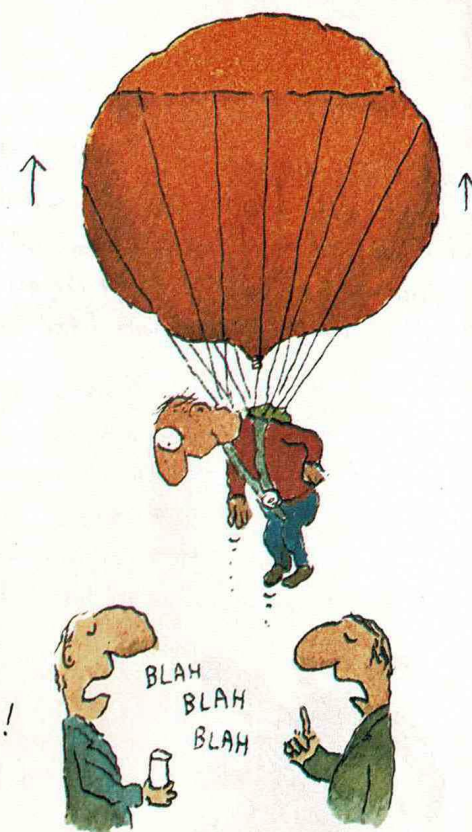


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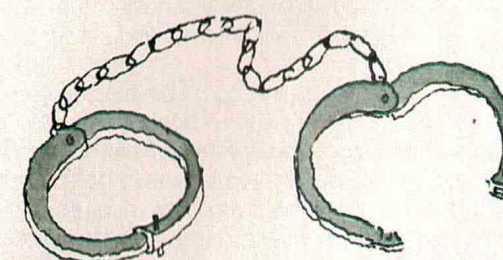
Doggie Bag.... Sex aid.

The common paper bag as a sex aid is believed to have originated amongst the meat workers of Footscray. In Melbourne's western suburbs it is often referred to as the "doggie bag" for the poorer, un-beautiful people who live in these parts it has long been a favourite. String up a bundle by the bed... inside the panel van... carry some in your gladstone bag.



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Keep the little one amused for hours with this economical hammock.



For this turkey,
Christmas Eve was not a silent or holy night.

TENDER CUT

BY GREG BARKER

Looks like another solitary Christmas Eve. It is only the immensity of my misanthropic spleen that prompts me to write a word at all after the long decline of love, sanity and ambition that drove me to the brink of perdition and foolish interior violence against myself. Come rest ye. On the merry ferry. Across Styx and stones. And women's words will always hurt me. But the silly tender lustful laughing risk of them. For a pauper like me. My hope like lava: intermittent and destructive.

"You're a lovely tender gentle nice man," she says. Milking my essence with her shining brown eyes.

I think I am. Yes. Only too true. How perceptive of this sweet girl cuddled into my dawn armpit. Ah, the momentary tiny peace of believing such insidious musky folly. The temptation of it. She's nibbling at my apple with her delicately tipped teeth. Eve. Give a damn.

"Mmmm . . ." She snuggles into me with Lilliputian cunning. I can't feel the arrows but I know they're there. By the time she's cooked the breakfast I'll be staked out, trussed up and basting in her juices like a hobbled gobbled turkey. Its Christmas. A time to share. So carve me up again. Stuff me with my own giblets. Chip the snow off my heart to keep the strawberries cool.

I'm not one to be unappreciative. "And you're a rare girl. You have taste and discernment, and look too, the hint of a presence of a loving grip on your sparrow shoulders."

"Peace to all men. It was a loving touch."

"It was just sex."

"Yes. But not devoid of the quirks of love in my wandering soul."

"Oh boy, the romantic bullshit you men come out with. Can't you just accept things for what they really are?"

"No!"

Great god, if I did I'd go insane immediately. I couldn't cope at all. Can't she understand what immense strength and fortitude it takes for me to remain delicately poised above the shittits of basic survival without being overwhelmed by the stench and sordidness of commercial reason and practicality. A little tolerance for quixotic dreamery in the creamery please. She's lapped up all my choicest unpasteurised toppings only to decide she'd rather have had me homogenised. Well I rebel! Or I would if I wasn't so comfortable lying right here. She smells delicious. Maybe I'll rebel a bit later. Let nature decide dammit. See who needs to get up and go to the can first.

"Hmm hmmm . . . but I found you such a delectable morsel that I actually suffered from an overwhelming urge to absorb you completely, in a wholly holy fashion, a sacrament of fleshly fusion devoted to all the gods of uncontrollable passion. Whew! You're lucky. There might have been no fingermarks left at all to tell the tale. You might have been consumed in bliss and never come out the other side. Leaving me all alone. It was only my own humble effort to attain for you that priceless Christmas godlike gift: The Eternal Orgasm! Think of it!"

"Crap. It was only a screw."

"True. But with a little good-humored imagination . . ."

"Do you realise you're a complete idiot. Of the first water?"

The first water. That's all I'm waiting for. Little does she know. I'll lock her in there in a totally reasonable and practical fashion, plug up

the kitchen sink and turn on all the taps as I make my leisurely escape into a solitary sunny day chewing on a stolen wing of her chicken. My underdone soul with a few genuine juices in this arid land. I sniff up a bit of feigned petulance to hide all the bleak swelling sorrow.

She touches a finger to my lip, her eyes suddenly full of sweet and real concern. "Don't be sad dear man. You really are such a baby. You hurt too easily, so you hurt yourself. Everything will be all right."

Rumbling warnings in my bones. "Don't slather me with that phoney motherly glutinous simplistic choking female custard or I'll beat the living shit out of you! You presumptive condescending hole in this dismal universe! I'm looking for love, not the ridiculous emotional band-aids that supercilious women apply to their unsuspecting and doomed offspring. Who gives a good goddamn in hell if you've got a couple of tiny bruises? They were given in a loving, if inebriated, fashion. Go take a leak! It's time for the deluge."

Damned if she doesn't go down on me like an inverted whirlpool, laughing her beautiful laugh and hugging me fit to give me ingrown and terrified pubes. I don't know. They constantly confuse me. Women. Men. Cockroaches. Budgies. All of it. Here I am suddenly whelping in surprised delight right in the middle of trying to be articulately angry, which is no small task for a classified fool. Oh dear. Ooohh. In fact. Think I'll just lie here and very, very slowly gather my thoughts for a year or two. Or forever. Save myself the price of a wheelchair in later life.

Slursh. A quick cold breeze down there, the warmth dying in the angst of too-sudden change. She flips the hair back from those brown eyes which are beginning to cloud with a decidedly unhealthy tinge of suspicious curiosity.

"What d'you mean take a leak, it's time? For what?"

Some situations definitely call for a touch of subterfuge, a deft whisk of the verbal bluff. That is. Lie.

"Doesn't nature usually call in the mornings?"

She slides up on me, digging great gashes in my hairy chicken chest with her elbows. She stares at me from a supposedly intimidating distance of centimetres. Nothing for it but to try to give the merest suggestion of the obligatory blanch. Women love to feel like shock troops occasionally. Good for their morale.

"That's not what you meant. Something in your tone of voice you sarcastic swine."

Wow. What happened to the lovely guy who was here a minute ago? Fled I suppose. Try a little refined delicacy.

"Well I was thinking of taking one myself. My suggestion was merely cultural conditioning I imagine. You know, ladies first and all that."

"You lying shit."

Nothing if not a puerile lover of truth I am caught.

"Look me in the eye and tell me the truth."

"I was going to lock you in the toilet, flood the kitchen and kick your snobby little slant-eyed pussy through the wall, escaping with the delights of your fridge to munch on on a long walk through the park, and then with a heart full of frustrated bitterness head for the nearest pub and try to drown Christmas because I can't stand the squealing of blind infants being victimised for the pleasure of fools."

"Tell me the truth you pig!"

"The truth is I don't want to go. I want to kiss you. I want you to kiss me. And mean it. In a romantic fashion. In my loud and jangled life I dream of just one silent and holy night. So shut up and kiss me."

She smiles slightly and prods me playfully on the nipple with a sharp fingernail.

I spun
around, grudgingly
having to cope with
the magnificent
sight of her tumbled
nakedness.

"Men are such cowards. I don't know how you get through life. Poor bastards."

"I agree entirely. Are my hips too sharp for you? You don't look quite comfortable."

"Don't be facetious at a time like this. Like what? What in god's name is this time like? Damned if I know."

"I'm not. I'm attempting to be felicitous to your comfort."

"Smartarse."

Is there no way? A little warmth. The smell of breakfast. A handheld walk. A little dirty loving nuzzling in the park. Some peace on the eve of the blessed babe.

A certain hardness in her eyes now. The role of psychic interrogator must be getting to her. Do her the world of good. Mental exercise in the morning. Emotional highwire to test the worth of all these slogans which I do not dispute but am just tired of hearing in bed.

"I'm certain a million men would fall in love with yours. It's superb. I consider myself to be extremely privileged."

"You are. But you're a devious spineless bum. You've got so much talent and all you do is get drunk or hibernate."

"Seasons of life. Alternate the sorrows with the joys. No choice anyway. Flotsam and jetsam. Cowardly sense of dignity of a personal nature. Takes a certain courage to be an obvious failure within inches of the blatantly ambitious. Upsets them. Brings out the fangs."

"Are you really afraid?"

"Are you kidding? Yes. Too much betrayal breeds distrust. Be the doom of the race. Almost been mine. Several times. Protect your privates so you can watch them wilt. Alone in the shade of your tattered underwear."

"You're such a bleeding heart. Pathetic. So sorry for yourself. Why don't you get up and fight like a man?"

I shoved her roughly off me, leapt out of bed and headed straight for that damn prowling mewling cat slapping a good Australian thong savagely against my thigh.

She screamed in outrage. "Don't you dare touch Edith!"

I spun around, grudgingly having to cope with the magnificent sight of her tumbled nakedness. It almost left me speechless. But I regained my gifts of Platonic oration almost instantly.

"Edith!?"

"Edith Piaf you fool. Surely you've . . ."

"La vie en bloody rose," I scream. "Where's that damn cat?"

The cat stands its ground. Alley variety disguised as an aristocrat. What else is new? Tough little Edith. Might meet the same fate. Piaf or Pompadour she's got it coming. Beaten to death by a hysterical little chunk of despairing masculinity.

"Run Edith," she howls protectively.

Bloody Edith wants to fight it out. Sharp-fanged little terror machine. And I am but a gladiator armed with a thong, stark naked, little piranha nicks of fear sneaking up the spine. This damn feline Asian mistress of the clawed martial arts could tear me to shreds. If discretion is the better part of valor then what is the better part of hiding under the bed in fear and trembling of the tiny housepet of the exquisite woman I have just spent the last six hours of my life devoting the best and most natural of my essences to? Fight like a man? Then give me a bloody tank!

Ignominy. This nude goddess of my deepest dreams is rolling around the bed screaming with laughter. While I stand stunned, shocked by the immensity of this most recent ridiculous undertaking. Why do I do it?

Sneaky little Edith smells victory. Good nose. She advances in her brown Burmese glory. I tap the thong authoritatively on my manly thigh.

"Go on Edith. Get him girl. Show 'im what's for!"

The realisation dawns. I've had it. I don't speak Burmese. So no peace talks. No compromise. No bribery. Where's ASIO?

One hope and one hope only. Springing

Continued on page 160



US PET OF THE YEAR



DANIELLE

Danielle Deneux, our rapturously rounded (38-20-36-inch) 1981 Pet of the Year has learned that time really flies when you're having fun — especially if you're actually flying. Since her memorable appearance as Pet of the Month, Danielle's been doing nonstop promotion tours for *American Penthouse* and thriving on every hectic minute. "I've flown around the U.S. so much I feel like I'm on automatic pilot," she says. Keeping the magazine's circulation thriving has done the same for hers, it seems, though she occasionally takes a short "pit stop" in Florida to visit her family.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



"My dad's a professional golfer," says this nubile enchantress, "but he says I've got more drive than he does." In this case a drive for the American greenbacks: As Pet of the Year her queen's ransom totals approximately \$200,000 in cash and prizes including this deluxe custom made Gazelle (above) and a sable dyed Norwegian fox coat both of which perfectly compliment her sleek 174cm body.





Danielle's many professional accomplishments include stints as a tax accountant and an airborne disc jockey and modelling jobs for many prestigious magazines. She has also been surrounded by suitors including a New York Yankee baseball player and a well known male model. Is there tension among her admirers? "Not at all," says she, "half a loaf is better than none," and Danielle has such a moveable feast.





Danielle feels the best Pet prize of all is her enduring relationship with Bob Guccione and the entire *Penthouse* family. "They look after me as if I was the most important person in the world! I know that my reign will only last a year, but I intend to become a permanent part of the *Penthouse* group. It's a class act . . . nobody does it better!"





For the big boys, the ocean is an expensive playground.

BIG TOYS

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia in the Sydney harbor-side suburb of Rushcutters Bay is the home of a sleek fleet which swells every December as big boats from all over the planet gather to compete in the Sydney to Hobart race. Down the A section of the marina complex is the grand old lady of Australian sailing, Bernard Lewis' 21 metre *Gretel*, this country's first America's Cup challenger in 1962. *Gretel* is one of the older ocean racing competitors, but the years have not condemned her. These days, racing yacht design is as refined and technologically orientated as the American space program, and some boat owners would reckon, just as expensive. State of the art maxi-class yachts like Jim Kilroy's *Kialoa* are built from super-strength, lightweight materials like carbon fibre and Klegecell foam and radical design progressions could soon mean that a competitive boat will be obsolete before it's launched. However, the

Australian Yachting Federation's age allowance still gives Gretel a chance on handicap in the big events. Last year she placed second in the Sydney-Hobart event, missing the first placing by only 16 minutes.

The streamlined shape of Doctor Tony Fisher's *Helsal II* is also moored on the A section.

This lightweight, 20 metre speed machine, currently being sailed by a Newcastle syndicate, under the name *Newcastle, Our Town*, is a strong favorite for the race, after breaking the Sydney to Montague Island record a couple of months ago.

Alan Bond's *Apollo V*, just back from the Admiral's Cup series in Britain, is being prepared for the Hobart event at a mooring on the second fork of the complex, and at the end of the B section is Jack Rooklyn's new *Apollo*, a magnificent 22 metre yacht, currently being tuned up for her first taste of international competition on Boxing Day.

Rooklyn spent over a million dollars, or as he puts it "one big one plus", on his new aluminium hulled boat, built after the original *Apollo* was wrecked off Lady Elliot Island in Queensland in May last year. Is Rooklyn happy with the new *Apollo*? The blunt reply is "no".

Apollo's problems stem from the fact that she is not an ordinary racing vessel. A quick glimpse at the complexity of winches and tackle on deck gives no indication of her differences, but step below and you'll get a shock.

Most boats which are built for speed have sparse, stripped-down interiors in order to keep them light. Serious competitors used to strip their craft's insides before a big event, getting rid of excess



junk in an attempt to increase their speed. If a vessel had two toilets, one would have to go, along with the door on the second one. Then they'd pack up the lot and freight it to their next destination.

A boat like *Helsal*, which is little more than a precision made plastic tube, weighs in under 13,600 kg. Rooklyn's aluminium hulled *Apollo* has a similar sail area, but weighs 32,660 kg. Much of the extra weight is the result of the boat's luxurious amenities and fittings. Rooklyn likes to sail in style. His formica'd galley has a microwave oven, the craft has not one, but two video cassette players and the interior is

finished with attractive, but comparatively heavy, 1.9cm ply.

Some sailors are so fanatical during a race that when they're not on watch they'll sleep on the windward side of their boat to improve weight distribution and trim and they'll sleep on the sails because even the bunks have been stripped down. Then, when the boat tacks, they'll get up, pick up the huge pile of sails and drag the lot over to the other side of the vessel and try to fall asleep again, an impossible feat if you're tacking every 15 minutes.

But Rooklyn's *Apollo* has some concessions to comfort. The skipper's cabin has a



Photographs by Peter Simons

double bed, toilet, shower, table and padded lounge. "I wanted a boat with stability, ocean going seaworthiness, and I've got a lot of extra comforts," asserts Rooklyn. "It's a completely different type of boat to *Helsal*."

However, *Apollo's* weight has resulted in serious sailing deficiencies. She's difficult to steer on a proper course line, although it's hoped that this will be overcome with the redesign of the rudder section and the steering system.

"If an adverse wind or sea catches the boat, she starts to round up into the wind, which is a boat's natural tendency," says

Rooklyn. "Normally a rudder should be sufficiently pliable and have sufficient area to correct. But once the head starts to go around, the reaction of the rudder is not quick enough to correct it, and this results in a knockdown and it takes maybe 10 to 15 seconds to get her going again."

Apollo suffered a couple of severe wipe-outs during the recent Montague Island race in which she was placed second, broaching frighteningly for a couple of minutes at one stage, but Rooklyn hopes to have the problems corrected before the Sydney Hobart event. The boat has been out of the water for extensive and expen-

sive adjustments and her owner is also bringing an expert on sails out from the US to advise on possible improvements.

Rooklyn's 24-year-old son Warwick frequently skippers his fathers boat, but he considers this year's Hobart race will be his last for a while. They say maxi-class racing is the formula one event of the sailing scene and the comparison is a relevant one for Warwick Rooklyn who is embarking on a career behind the wheel of a Formula Ford. But he's hoping to step up in class.

The competitive attitude developed in sailing events has helped him place consistently in his first few road races. He broke the Formula Ford lap record at Oran Park on his second day at the track and has already gained sponsorship from a couple of local firms, Goodhope Realty and Rymec Superchargers. Rooklyn started sailing skiffs and ended up on 70 footers and he wants his motor racing to make similar progress, until he's winning at the wheel of a Formula One.

Money is obviously no object to the owners of maxi-class yachts. The scale and extravagance of competing in the most awesome sporting arena on earth — the ocean, is mindboggling for the common man. A frantic crew can rip a new spinnaker before they've even unwrapped it. And that's five grand down the drain: water off a ducks back to the millionaires who indulge in the most expensive recreation known to man.

Why do they do it? Why do these weekend sailors spend hundreds of thousands of dollars getting cold wet and weary, sometimes risking life and limb, trying to win a race in which the only concrete reward is a trophy?

You can wax lyrical about the beauty

and freedom of the high seas, escaping life in the fast lane and the satisfaction of comradeship under adversity, but none of these factors is the key to the big boat racer's motivation. You can consider the bashing your head against a brick wall theory. It certainly is a relief to finish a gruelling race and it's true that few things in life feel as good as the first beer at the bar after coming ashore. But that's not why they do it either.

For the maxi-class yacht owner, ocean racing's basic attraction is the sensation of power. It's the same force which motivates them to make it to the top in business. They want to beat the other bastard, and if they can't do it on land, they'll do their best to beat him at sea.

It is difficult to make generalisations about the Cruising Yacht Club's wealthier members, but it could be said that for an establishment club, this place displays less inherited wealth and more self-made men than most other bastions of upper-class Australia. The ruthlessness, the resourcefulness and the will to power which made many of them millionaires is also what makes them successful owners of maxi-class yachts.

They'll go to extraordinary lengths to stay in front. Alan Bond's preparations for his next America's Cup challenge in 1983 include the employment of Australia's premier yacht designer Ben Lexcen, who also designed Rooklyn's new boat. Lexcen has designed many successful craft, but is probably best known for his 12 metre *Australia*, the 1980 America's Cup challenger.

As a purist, he doesn't like the way Rooklyn fitted out Apollo. Lexcen doesn't believe in compromising performance for comfort. "Jack's got a lovely craft. Apollo is a very nice cruising boat, but it's got no pretence to be a racing boat. It's not made out of racing materials and there is no attempt to save weight anywhere."

In a studio overlooking Sydney's Middle Harbor, Lexcen is currently exploring the outer limits of boat design. That means getting involved in projects like his most recent excursion, when he spent three months and half a million dollars experimenting with models in the world's most sophisticated testing tanks in Holland. Or talking with the world's best aerodynamicists. "I've been conferring with the guy who designed the F16 fighter and the Airbus, he's one of the top three in the world. I've applied his aerodynamic concepts to boat design.

"I got him to put configurations of America's Cup boats into a computer model before I went ahead and did my tank tests because the models cost \$30,000, and the tanks cost \$25,000. It gave me an insight into what worked. And that's the sort of thing you do when you go all out for performance."

There are probably only a couple of people in the world working on Lexcen's

advanced level. "I am exploring the absolute, end of the earth, state of the art business, right here in this room. I'm using things in my America's Cup plans which they're not even using in the space program yet. Things like advanced micro-processors and electronic chips."

A few decades ago, your average sailor checked wind direction by its force on his face and the chop on the surface. Then strands of wool were attached to stays as an indicator. Soon, primitive instrumentation developed. Now, navigators use computers and chips which work out the angle of the craft's tracking line, wind speed etc, and then figure out how long it takes in minutes to get to a tacking point while updating the information all the time. A maxi yacht's navigator is a specialist. It's no accident that Apollo's navigator John Brooks is a Qantas pilot.

Now, Lexcen's America's Cup program has advanced another step. "The skipper

“
Bass Strait
is a dangerous
stretch of water but
there's never been a
loss of life during
the race.
”

will have a plug in his ear and the computer will be speaking to him, telling him what to do. It'll be saying 'you're sailing the boat too fast, go a bit slower,' or it'll recommend that he change the jib. And the skipper goes 'okay'. There is a chip in command."

Lexcen reflects silently for a moment. "I think, from the work I've done, in the next couple of years, yachts are going to change dramatically. I can't tell you how, that's my secret. But they are going to change so they don't look the way they look now.

"They've turned into nightmares. They've become machines. And here I am, sitting down here getting heaps of money and what good am I doing the world? I'm just a big toy designer."

These toys are the playthings of some very aggressive adults. Although they call it a Cruising Yacht Club, there is nothing placid or relaxing about the competitive events staged by this institution. The names of some of the competing boats indicate the high-powered nature of the sport; Rampage, Adrenalin, Vengeance, Mayhem, Impetuous and Rager.

While the ocean racers compete regularly in weekend competition off Sydney heads and on longer events, the big one for everyone is the Hitachi Sydney to Hobart race. The CYC has run this prestigious event since 1945, when half a dozen keen sailors decided a cruise race to Hobart over the Christmas period sounded like a good idea. From those humble beginnings, the Sydney-Hobart event developed into one of the world's great ocean races.

Sydney was going to be the scene of a huge maxi-class Regatta in December, with the combination of the new Burns Philp Series, the Southern Cross races and the Sydney Hobart event. But a series of mishaps at the recent world maxi championships in Sardinia resulted in a number of international withdrawals. The big boats fell apart in Sardinia. *Condor II* lost her mast, and *Ondine IV* was a disaster and went back to the slips for extensive rebuilding. The Spanish yacht *Xargo IV* also lost her mast and the Australian entry, John Karlbetzer's *Bumblebee IV* is being sold in America. Her main rival, *Kialoa IV* is not coming either. One of the few full scale international maxis, the magnificent *Condor of Bermuda*, fresh from an extensive refitting following a collision with a reef of Tahiti, is now a hot favorite for line honors in the Sydney-Hobart race.

The British have entered a strong team, with *Yeoman XXIII*, a member of this year's winning Admiral's Cup team, and *Mayhem* and *Wee Willie Winkie*. The British are no doubt hoping for a repeat of the 1969 Hobart event, when they appeared to compete in their first Southern Cross series and scooped the pool in Hobart, taking first and second placings and line honors.

This year's event gets under way with a more stringent set of safety regulations. The lessons learnt from the tragedy in the British Fastnet race in 1979 when 17 people died, have been applied in Sydney. "We've been lucky the race has been accident free," says Chief Safety Inspector Damien Parkes. "Bass Strait is a dangerous stretch of water. There has never been a loss of life during the race, but the yacht *Memories of Charlestone* was lost on its way to Sydney from Hobart in 1979, and *Smackwater Jack* disappeared without trace when it tried to sail back to New Zealand after the 1979 event."

The forest of masts at the Cruising Yacht Club grows throughout December. Race organisers are pleased with this year's record number of entries, which currently stands at 155. Those craft, and thousands of spectator boats, will mill and wheel around the harbor entrance on December 26, like a flock of hungry gulls until, at 1pm, the Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser fires the starting gun which sends them seaward to confront the unpredictable elements of wind and sea. ○+■



KAREN



ESCAPE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD H. MILNE

"I'm an unashamed hedonist and I'm never afraid to ask for what I want — in or out of bed." Karen, our British born Pet of the Month, enjoys laying down the rules and her blend of fiery sensuality usually ensures they're kept. "Oh, I'll bend them, of course, no one can say I'm not flexible," she says with an impish smile. Karen grew up among chill mists but as soon as she was old enough she went in search of the sun.



As a young teenager she says she wandered the moors near her home plotting her escape and fantasising herself as a Thomas Hardy heroine. "Growing up in that windswept desolation shaped my ideas, made me decisive," says Karen.





"I could feel myself blossoming and longings welling inside me; I knew I must escape the emptiness and frustration that claims so many victims in those parts," she says. "When I was 17 I headed for the bright lights eager for the world."





"I suppose I wanted to be looked at, to experience, to learn," she remembers." I'm not a look but don't touch English rose, I'm more like a hothouse orchid which has strength and endurance that flourishes with warmth and attention."



For a while she worked as a waitress but her smooth 36-24-35 body, dark flashing eyes and raven mane soon made her a modelling agency catch. Now at 22 she has worked throughout Britain and Europe and is working on an assignment to be photographed on the Great Barrier Reef.





"I had an Australian boyfriend once," she told us. "He never stopped tempting me with tales of tall, tanned men, and sunshine,, I can't wait to get there. But for now I like to indulge myself at the little hideaways I've discovered in my travels." ○





MISS KAREN ROSE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



The futures market
is the biggest game in town .

SEE YOU LATER SPECULATOR

Last year, for as much money as you could get by mortgaging an executive-style home, it was possible to rig the biggest game in town — the live cattle market on the Sydney Futures Exchange.

The market was manipulated at least three times, forcing people to pay 10 to 15c per kilo more for imaginary meat than they would be charged for real meat.

Although the people who run the futures markets frown on it as "undesirable trading", such activities are, one investor said, "always on".

They say futures trading is the last bastion of free enterprise, the apotheosis of the wonder drug that keeps capitalism so vibrant — credit. And if you can't exploit it, why bother?

Futures are promises, recorded on paper like IOUs, called contracts. They are bought and sold on the basis that one man's word is as good as the next man's, a blatantly false premise, yet it holds. If I have a grand in my kick I can promise to buy or sell a large quantity of a certain product, such as 500g of gold or 5000 bushels of wheat,

Illustration by Frantz Kantor/TimeWarp Studios

BY P.D. JACK

SEE YOU LATER

and that promise is just as good as a similar promise made by Mt Isa Mines or the Australian Wheat Board.

They are promises drawn on tomorrow, and as long as tomorrow doesn't come they live as prices on a TV screen, valued according to just how good — or bad — entrepreneurs think tomorrow will be.

People mortgage tomorrow for varying reasons. They choose futures supposedly to get advance knowledge of what the future will be — more, they set the future.

They do this by putting a price on it. As time is evanescent, it is hard to price. You can't put it in a bottle, eat it or hit it with a hammer. All you can do is use it until it's gone, when occurs a day of reckoning. What futures traders do is trade days of reckoning.

It is alchemy, where anything can be turned into gold, and a price put upon anything, from the assassination of a president to a drought or a disaster at sea.

The future is priced by using the basic materials humans use to maintain their way of life: food, metals, and money.

But you don't need to have these things to trade in them. It is this that makes the alchemy wondrous.

Futures markets are designed to set prices for goods ahead of time. As the prices of many basic goods are directly subject to good old supply and demand, these prices can vary enormously from month to month. A lot of people don't like this, because it makes their business unstable.

Futures are used by mining companies to fix the forward price of their product so they can more safely plan their investment policies. Exporters and wholesalers use them to quote prices ahead of time with assurance they can meet those prices, and by farmers so they can sleep at night.

"The trouble is, of course, human nature," remarks Elders' chief commodity broker, Dick Newman, explaining ways the futures market can get out of whack.

"If the bloke has the proper attitude to hedging on futures, he'll happily pay up for his loss in futures because he's made money on the physical market.

"He's after a set price, which is why he hedges. But while they don't grumble when they collect profits from futures trading to cover losses when they went to market, they do whinge when they have to pay out good money they got for their produce to settle with their futures broker.

"Some of the hedgers want to play it both ways — and take profits in both the physical and the futures market.

Mr Newman was talking about recent distortion on the Sydney cattle futures market, when a few hedgers called the bluff of the speculators and bunged on a "squeeze".

The squeezers in June last year were a

publicly listed meat company — with its own herds, slaughtering yards etc — and another publicly listed meat company (a very old one) firmly under control of one rather swashbuckling entrepreneur.

What they did was stand in the market and buy, buy, buy.

It is possible to sell short in futures — that is, sell something you haven't got, on the hope you can buy it back later at a cheaper price.

Many of the contracts the two meat companies were buying were from speculative short-sellers; investors betting on prices going down.

Although people are warned about trading in the spot month (the month the contract expires) people still do — it is very volatile and big money can be made. When you've got six months before being called on to actually deliver or accept the goods, you can afford to be choosy about the price you close out at. But when you've

Out of every
five speculators four will
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get out quick.

only got a week or so before the day of reckoning one tends to become a little nervous.

Most commodity brokers have noted how human nature makes us tend to hang on to losing positions, and keep hanging on while they get worse. Yet we often jump in to take quick profits. Which helps explain why surveys show that out of every five speculators four will be losing all their money to the one guy who knows how to cut his losses and get out quick.

Which goes to help the squeezer.

Having bought sufficient contracts to collect a gang of shorts out there waiting to liquidate, the squeezer sits back and waits.

And so do the shorts. For, once the squeezer leaves the market, having dominated one side of it for a while, there are not many others left to buy; and buyers become even scarcer once the month becomes the spot month.

Having sucked everyone in, the first bit of pressure is applied. This is, in cattle, posting requisitions for delivery — which means the squeezer announced that for reasons of his own he prefers to actually

take delivery of the real live cattle rather than "play properly" and close out his contracts.

In the June squeeze 60 such requisitions were posted at the beginning of the month, which meant the holders of 60 contracts were going to have to hunt up some cattle pretty fast if they didn't have some already. To avoid that, many of the shorts started trying to buy their contracts out, but as the squeeze became obvious, no one wanted to sell to them, because it was odds on the price would rise even higher. And it did.

For the last week of May and first week of June the price of June delivery cattle was around 98c a kilogram. At prices 10 or so cents below that were about 200-300 bought contracts overhanging the market.

Which also means the same amount of sellers, who'd shorted, were overhanging the market. And these blokes wanted out, but the boughts (also called the longs) weren't letting them. the longs were saying no, we won't sell, you'll have to front with the cattle.

So by June 10 the shorts were frantic, and bid the price up to \$1.04 kg. The next day it hit \$1.12 kg, and at that price some of the boughts let their contracts go. By then the Exchange tried to halt the rout, and the worst was over. Also, as it was possible to actually buy real cattle at a lot less than what the boughts were asking to close a lot of the shorts, did in fact buy cattle to deliver — sort of "Okay, you asked for them, you got 'em." In fact it was a record for the number of deliveries in Sydney — 222 contracts, enough cattle to cover Martin Place ankle deep in bullshit.

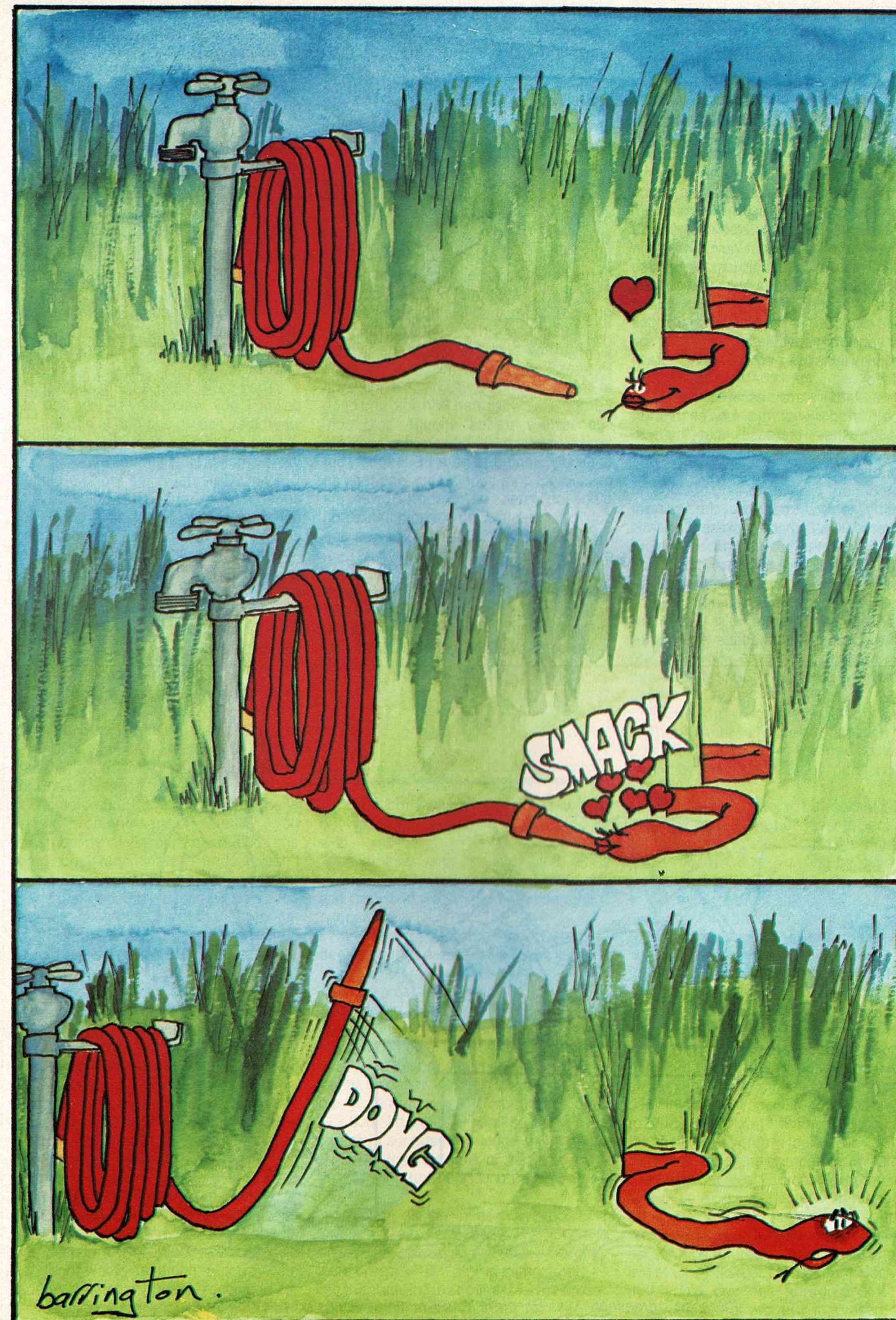
Which may have taken the gloss off the squeeze; but it had lost its shine anyway with the Exchange demanding \$5000 deposit on every contract not being closed out.

If we assume one squeezer had taken 200 contracts, and the other 100 — which is all that was needed — you're looking at an initial outlay for each 100 contracts of \$40,000. And if you're making about 10 cents per kilo because of the squeeze, that's \$100,000 for each 100 contracts. Not bad for only \$40,000 upfront money.

When the Exchange said put up \$5000 per contract or close out or take delivery, the squeezers were looking at having to front with a whole lot more bread, close out, or start looking after cattle.

So there were unforeseen complications, although those who got out early in the squeeze would have profited nicely.

In September one of these companies, fearing the wrath of shareholders if they had to mention losses on futures in their published accounts (a bit like putting down TAB losses), tried to squeeze again. This time the exchange moved quicker, although there is still some doubt whether the exchange did the right thing. And while many observers regard the exchange's obvious readiness to puncture any future



SEE YOU LATER

squeezes, you can bet your bottom dollar it'll be on again next year. These blokes are irrepressible, donchaknow.

"I don't think that's playing properly," says Dick Newman. "You must remember the primary purpose of the futures market is to provide security against adverse price movements, not another place where the speculator can make money."

It is usually the speculator who gets the blame when things start going wrong in futures market, although just who these wicked parasites are is not always clear. There is a speculative element to any hedge decision — the bloke who decides to hedge is speculating against the possibility the price may not move more in his favor.

Speculators are essential for the smooth working of the futures market because they increase that market. Hedgers will hedge when the price is favorable, which may mean there are a lot of producers wishing to sell, but no-one wanting to buy, because the general market feeling is that the present price is too high, and the buyers can wait until it becomes cheaper. Either price comes down to that level, which is the normal working of supply and demand, or new buyers enter the market.

The speculation broadens the market

base, giving the legitimate hedges a better market; and it is the speculators who assume the risk the hedgers fob off by hedging. With no physical product to back them up they are punting purely on price movements.

While hedgers speculate the speculators also hedge. So maybe the doctors and dentists who trot along to the various seminars on commodity trading run by spec-oriented brokers will buy gold and hang on for a few months, but the professional speculator is in and out of the market all day, picking up a couple of cents here, a couple there, a loss here, a gain there. Their motto is: far better a dollar 10 times than five dollars once.

Geoff Illingworth is 23. You can find him down at the public gallery of the Sydney Futures Exchange on most days, although at time of writing he was off on a holiday in Europe. He owns three Ferraris, and once successfully traded enough gold contracts to pick up \$66,000 profit in a day. He originally wanted to be a PE teacher, but missed out on a scholarship, and took an office job instead with Robert Howes, the publicity maestro who put gold futures on the map in Australia. Illingworth was one of Howes' top traders, until two years ago.

He now has an office in the exchange building, where he prepares for his day's trading before coming down to oversee the action. Many of his bets will be hedged, in the same way the genuine cattle pro-

ducer hedges, except the hedge isn't against real product, but against his original speculation.

One speculator I spoke to dismissed such in and out trading as "the hick and burp market".

"I go anywhere there's a trend. I take a position, and keep it," he said.

If blight wipes out Brazil's coffee plantations he'll be into coffee futures; if World War III is warming he'll be into palladium and other strategic metals; if a credit squeeze looms he'll take interest rate futures; if the squeeze is off he'll sell.

"Yeah, but most markets aren't in trends for most of the time," remarked Jack Savage, a leading Australian commodities trader.

"I really love Bally shares for example," says Jack.

"They never have a trend, just up and down. I buy when they're low and sell when they rise. In and out. In and out.

"I've made a lot of money just playing those small breaks and rallies."

After 20 years in the world's biggest commodities exchange in Chicago, Jack can smell a two tenths of a cent price change from 500 metres. The word "pits" — like the phrase "it's the pits" — comes from the trading floor where he learned his business. It's the size of seven football fields and more money changes hands there a day than many governments spend in a year.

I first met Jack in the Sydney Hilton, the morning after Anwar Sadat was shot.

"Gold moved 15 points," he commented.

Over 1.8 metres tall, and burly with it, the bags under his eyes are, I believe, destined for the Smithsonian Institute. He now operates Southern Cross Commodities out of Adelaide, and he offers a free telephone service from anywhere in Australia. It is possible to ring 008 888 888 anytime of the day and get the latest gold or whatever fix in Chicago or London or where you want.

In an effort to drum up business he recently went into the lecture/seminar circuit with Harry S. Schultz, an investment adviser.

Schultz is another classic character. His newsletter, a steal at \$250 pa, is filled with tirades against communism, the bank bureaucracies, and Nelson Rockefeller. It also recommends stocks and commodities listed all over the world, but I was unable to check the validity of his Australian recommendations because the prices he was recommending bore little relation to reality.

His seminars were packed out, at \$40 a seat, yet the only specific advice he gave — other than to tell us the economy as we know it is coming to an end — was to buy Myer shares. They moved up a couple of cents two days after, and have done nothing much since.

Like many of his type, Schultz is somewhat antediluvian in philosophical stance, he could be dismissed as a ratbag except for two things: one, he is often right, but more important, among his subscribers are not only Piggy Muldoon, Margaret Thatcher's Chancellor of the Exchequer, but Ronald Reagan as well.

The impact of these gurus is quite beyond comprehension, until you remember what Barnum said about one being born every minute — and he wasn't talking about gurus.

The bearded, Bible-bashing pianist, Joe Granville caused stock markets throughout the world to crash during 1981 when he told his subscribers to sell, sell, sell. Those who waited a couple of days after this pronunciamento and then bought would have done very nicely thank you.

Probably the nearest indigenous example of the investment adviser with eccentric ideas is Bob McGregor, a likeable and honest, chartist who looks at things in terms of the Swiss franc. A partner in Nichols, a trader on the floor of the Sydney Futures Exchange, McGregor claims proudly to be a libertarian. Governments, he says should only provide defence and police. The rest will look after itself.

The Reserve Bank, he says, "manipulates" our exchange rates. One suspects that, despite a few practical differences, McGregor would get along famously with another Australian genius renowned for his irascible nature: John Stone, the head

of Treasury. His reputation as a forecaster has taken a bit of a pounding around the traps recently, although the only prediction he made when last we spoke was that the then prevailing bear market would bottom on November 4 or 5, then a week and a half away. It did.

Not all commodity traders own Ferraris, like Geoff Illingworth, or only sleep on interstate jets, like Jack Savage, or work from home with the desk-top computer, like Bob McGregor, or advise US presidents, like Harry S. Schultz who got his start on the Shanghai blackmarket during and after World War II.

One, we'll call Jim, because in his profession such stories do not go over well.

"I was trading away quite happily, but then had a bit of bad luck, y'know," he told *Penthouse*.

"The trouble is, they (his brokers) weren't all that up to date with their book-keeping."

While it is unethical to do certain things, the temptation to do them is there and made more tempting by the difficulty of discovery.

"I thought I was maybe losing overall, but not as much as they finally came up with."

"Like they rang me and said: 'Hey, you're down \$250,000.' I said 'No I'm not, you are', and we've been fighting over it ever since."

Jim had made some bad investment decisions, but perhaps his worst was his selection of a broker.

A basic part of the game is the margin. The margin represents the likely loss of any position, and should always be covered. If he bought 10 gold contracts at \$450, and the price fell back to \$425, he's losing, on paper, \$25 per oz, which at 50 oz per contract over 10 contracts totals \$12,500. To keep a healthy market the broker is supposed to lodge this amount — called the exposure, or margin — with the clearing house as soon as the price moves.

As soon as the investor's deposit no longer covers his exposure to loss the broker is supposed to call up the margins. If the client doesn't pay up immediately — like this morning, by courier! — the broker can close him out and dun him for the

cash. No-one is supposed to lose more than he can afford.

Obviously Jim's broker wasn't always calling his margins. He was given enough rope to hang himself, and did so.

Now we come to the hard bit. Can I put it bluntly? Many of the people in the commodity trade are mugs — and some are not completely on the up and up.

It begins on the trading floor, where a dozen and a half traders, mostly young men only a couple of years out of school, shout and perform to buy and sell futures. While it is unethical to do certain things, the temptation to do them is always there, and made more tempting by the difficulty of discovery.

Jobbing against the client is one. Say I ask my broker to buy December cattle at 74c kilogram. During the day that price rises to say 75.5c kilogram. How do I know when my broker calls me and says he had to pay 74.75c for my contract he did not buy it himself for 74c and then sell back to me at the higher price, taking a small profit. A small profit, but done often enough it soon grows.

Most brokers have ways of finding out if their staff is doing that, and while most brokers won't tolerate it, some do.

Letting your client run up huge bills is another rather shonky way of making money, although it is not illegal, and some would say not even unethical — the client should look out for himself. It is a common practice with credit bookmakers, and punters silly enough to get too far into debt deserve, they say, all they get.

Phoney crossings are another scam.

This is simply a futures transaction that doesn't take place — the risk could be borne by the house, or by other house clients.

Say I ask my broker to buy gold at \$450. The broker says fine, but doesn't, because he reckons gold will fall. If he's right he gains my loss; if he's wrong he pays my profit. Worse, he could get someone else to pay my profit.

Some of the brokers have what they call managed accounts. These are the real no-no's, in the opinion of many brokers.

A company not a million miles from Alexander Barton offers a managed account which *guarantees* a 40 percent pa return. How he does it we do not know, and I know very little about the operation, other than that clients are asked to hand over a certain amount of money which the company invests for you. Instead of you having to study the price of coffee in Brazil and the likely wheat crop in Idaho, you just ride on the backs of the company's investors.

Robert Howes' company commonly known as Alpex is another with managed accounts. You may have heard of Alpex. Last year it was attempting to establish a "properties futures" market using shares in a block of Gold Coast flats. The idea was that you'd buy one future, and if the general value of property increased, this



"Season's greetings, Miss Bancroft. Your Christmas bonus is under the tree."

SEE YOU LATER

would be reflected in the price of your future. Conversely, if you thought property was going through the doldrums, you could sell. Unfortunately it was not so simple as all that, and at the time of writing the scheme showed all the signs of a fiasco. The facts are in the newspapers.

During my research for this story I was told of some computer printouts a person had fished from a rubbish heap. These printouts purported to be the accounts of Alpex clients and of certain Alpex managed funds.

Examination of the accounts revealed a marked similarity of transaction between the accounts. This is to be expected, for Howes' staff were known to ring around clients and put them into any good deals going. Thus it was to be expected that a number of different clients would all have similar positions in the same commodity at the same price.

But what did seem a little strange was that some clients had positions which were the reverse of other clients.

I set about checking the bona fides of these accounts. One client was Victoria Point Pty Ltd, whose accounts did not fit this pattern. A ring to that client resulted in a lawyers' letter reminding me of the law of libel, a rather gratuitous remark which I put down to Mr Frank Theeman, the principal of Victoria Point Pty Ltd. All I established was that they were clients.

Next, I rang a mob in West Australia, whom we'll call XYZ, for they also threatened me with libel if I mentioned their name. They were interesting because according to these accounts they had lost \$500,488 in just one month's trading, just prior to the close of the financial year.

Bad judgement?

Extremely bad judgement — but very coincidental too. For the 135 gold contracts, and 45 silver contracts traded all seemed to be traded at prices, exact to up to five decimal places, exactly the same as large numbers of contracts traded by the Alpex managed accounts.

Except: where the managed accounts bought, the XYZ client had sold; and vice versa.

Now that leads one to the immediate — and erroneous — conclusion that Alpex was loading up poor old XYZ with all the duds and socking away the profits into the managed funds.

XYZ denied any knowledge of this, and when I suggested they ought to check their accounts because the loss of \$500,000 would be quite a blow to them they acted unconcerned.

Perhaps there is an explanation? Mr Howes? Out. In conference. Mr Howes? Mr Howes? No reply.

Finally, I told Mr Howes via letter I had queries over these accounts of his

and received yet another goddammed lawyer's letter, telling me the stuff is confidential — I bet it is — and how it was probably stolen and I'd better give it back. But still no explanation. We left it at that.

Let's talk about taxation instead.

Now, one method of trading commodities is the straddle — basically it's a hedging procedure used to limit losses. You buy in one month and sell in another, hoping when the price moves the way you expect, it moves more in one month than in the other. So you get a big gain on one month and a small loss the next. If it moves against you, well you're covered. You take a small loss on one month and a small gain on the other. There are various refinements of the straddle and one is the tax straddle. This not so much to make profits but to dodge tax. (You don't really dodge tax, just delay it — which you can keep doing until you die).

A few brave fools
try to chip away
at the sidelines, and
some of them make it —
most don't. That's
free enterprise.

Say you buy a stack of contracts early in June, and at the same time sell the same amount's worth. On June 26 or thereabouts you close out either your longs or your shorts, depending on which way price has moved. The object is to take a loss, so if price has fallen since you bought you sell your boughts — if it has risen you buy out your solds. You end with a balance sheet, for example:

Bought June 2, 20,000 gold at \$413.08, sold June 26, 20,000 gold at \$387.26. Loss, after brokerage: \$516,400.

Quite a loss, and that's what you put on your tax form. You simply don't mention the second leg of the straddle, and the taxman is not going to find out about it, especially if the whole deal is just a paper transaction anyway (i.e. no money changes hands, except the commission, and maybe even these contracts are never really traded on any exchange).

On July 1 you close out the contracts you sold when you bought the others on June 2. If the price was fairly steady between June 26 and July 1, you'd end up getting back, from this profitable transaction, about \$516,400. You're back to

square one, except you haven't paid any tax.

Get the picture? The loss you incurred in one financial year is covered by profit gained in the next. You may get a little more back, maybe a little less, but the point was to have a loss one year, which reduces your taxable income by that amount, and then get that "loss" back just a couple of days later. You can then do it again at the end of the next financial year.

A refinement of this tax straddle is to be the other party to the transactions.

So Dr Greedy does a tax straddle, and at June 30 is in the red on his futures trading to the tune of \$200,000. Someone else therefore must be up \$200,000. The normal technique is for the broker handling this transaction to find another party with accumulated losses whose period of tax deductibility is about to expire. In Dr Greedy's case his broker finds Shonk & Co, real estate agents, which has accumulated losses of \$250,000. So in year one Dr Greedy takes the loss and Shonk & Co's losses are reduced to only \$50,000. In year two, when the second leg is closed out, Dr Greedy gets his \$200,000 or so back and Shonk & Co incurs another loss of \$200,000. (Shonk is no worse off, in fact better off, because he can now claim on his losses for another seven years.)

The refinement is if the broker dispenses with Shonk and takes the rap himself. Alternatively if, like so many, the broker — Shift, Slyde and Steel seems an appropriate name — has a managed fund, it could well be that the managed funds (i.e. money given by widows and orphans and doctors and dentists for the broker to invest on their behalf) are in a bad way.

What Shift, Slyde and Steel do is take the opposite side to Dr Greedy's straddle. So at end of year one Dr Greedy has his \$200,000 loss, and the Shift, Slide and Steel Managed Fund has an extra gain of \$200,000. As long as this managed fund has been losing more than this it will not incur any extra taxation. That is, if it happens that close to balance date it sees itself having to declare a loss for the year's trading of \$200,000, which won't go over big with the clients, it simply brings to account the profit made on flogging off those futures to Dr Greedy and announces that it hasn't lost money after all, but just broke even.

This, of course, is not the real picture, but it will pass for it (lousy accounting procedures being yet another sorry story). Obviously when the second leg closes out they will be out of pocket to the tune of \$200,000, but that is not included in the public accounts.

So Shift, Slyde and Steel have helped Dr Greedy escape tax on \$200,000, and boosted the books of its widows-orphans fund for the balance date. This gives the brokers another few months to hassle the managed funds back into shape, or perhaps to put in new carpet in the

LEAN MEAT, FAT PROFITS

A cattle breeder has to take whatever price is offered on the day he takes his cattle to the saleyards. Most graziers still take their chances on the saleyard, but some sophisticated cattlemen prefer more certainty.

Instead of waiting for market day the cattleman can take a price for his cattle via the futures exchange.

Each futures contract has a date and a price. If you buy a December cattle contract for 75c kg you are promising to buy 10,000kg of cattle at that price in December. If you sell a contract you are promising to sell for that price at that time.

The futures market is not, however, a cattle market, or a place where bars of gold or pork bellies or bushels of wheat are delivered. Producers of these goods sell them in the normal way.

The buyers and sellers of futures use the futures to get a price, not a product. So at some stage the holder of a futures contract is supposed to balance his position by doing the opposite to what he did in the first place.

If he bought a contract, instead of actually taking delivery of the commodity specified, he's supposed to sell a contract, thereby effectively cancelling his obligation.

So the cattleman who wants to set a price in July for cattle he won't have ready for market until December does so, if the price is favorable, by selling a futures contract.

Say the price of December cattle futures is 75c kg, and the farmer reckons that's a satisfactory price. So in July he sells a December contract (for about 30 head). This means he has guaranteed to sell about 30 head (depending on weight) in December at 75c kg.

Come December, he gets that price, whatever happens, even though he sells his cattle at the local saleyards as usual. He uses the futures contract as a hedge.

But if by December cattle prices are down to say 60c kg, this will also be reflected in the price of

futures contracts. So the farmer sells his cattle at auction and receives about 60c kg. Now he closes out his futures position by buying a contract (someone else's promise to sell), which will cost him the market price. This completes his obligation.

The profit of 15c gained by selling a future at 75c and then buying it back for 60c balances the low price he received for his cattle, and his total proceeds work out at 75c kg.

Had cattle prices risen, he still would have got 75c kg. If the cattle sold for \$1 kg, the futures price would be similar. Thus, in closing out he would have to pay \$1 for what a few months before he sold for 75c.

That 25c kg loss would then balance his returns at the saleyard, bringing his proceeds back to 75c kg — as planned.

By taking the futures hedge he got what he wanted — no more, no less.

He missed the possibility of big profits if prices for cattle went high, but at the same time he avoided the hassle of going to market only to find himself getting peanuts for his cattle.

Producers use futures to escape the vagaries of fluctuating markets. Buyers do likewise.

A meat exporter who doesn't want to pay more than 75c kg may buy futures so that in December when he has orders to fill he doesn't have to pay the market price, which could be less, in which case he misses out on a handy profit, or it could be more, in which case he uses his profit from futures to reduce his outlay on cattle.

That is the hedge, and it is the basis of futures trading. The producers and users of the commodities balance their losses and gains on futures with their losses and gains in the physical market to end up, in the bank, with a price fixed-sometime before they went to the actual market. 

stockbroker fidelity fund waterfront condominium in Paraguay. There are the usual sourpusses and laborites who would argue that this sort of behavior, like the "squeeze", is "undesirable".

Many brokers in the city affect a horrified air when talking about such matters. Some see it reflecting badly on the industry, and are seeking to stop it.

Another practice some have complained about is the number of overseas commodity deals going through unofficial channels without Reserve Bank approval.

The moves by the Sydney Exchange committee against the September cattle squeeze effectively destroyed the free market base of the futures market, yet the committee argues that artificial distortions must be dealt with artificially. Which goes against the tenor of the whole shebang.

One minute these guys are on about Milton Friedman and the need for the Gold Standard and free enterprise and do away with the Central Bank and let the market forces operate naturally, and as soon as the market forces do take over they're shouting for the cops. So what's a natural market force? Some city-slicker cow cockie who packs his cattle into yards and feeds them baby food wanting to lock in a decent profit so he can buy more of the country, a doctor looking to make a few quid on gold futures, or is it a clever individual putting through 10 house crossings when he only admitted to two, or a pastoral company squeezing the parasites to keep the shareholders happy. Or is a natural market force just the Wheat Boards, the Hill Samuels, the Merrill Lynchs, the MIM's, and the other establishment biggies, who can afford to play fair?

Futures trading is a big game: \$400 to a grand just to get a hand, and \$10, \$20, \$40 a point after that. A few brave fools try to chip away on the sidelines, and some of them make it — most don't. That's free enterprise. A few blokes get smart and corner the market — that also, if we look around us, is free enterprise. A few smarties even cheat — so what else is new?

Which is why the futures industry, full of sharks and cons and big-timers who won't look at you unless you've got 50 grand spare cash, will still attract both the genuine producers and merchants looking for steady profits and the small-time hopefuls who think they'll be another John D. Rockefeller or Joe Kennedy. Because it is the last bastion of capitalism; where a bloke takes a stance; where his judgement is backed by cold cash, and he doesn't have to be born a grazier or own a steel mill to be in it. But more, it is exciting. What wage-slave dreamer would not be thrilled to be buying a hundred thousand US dollars for a thousand down, even though he knows his broker will "tip him out" as soon as he starts losing more than he can afford? It's the biggest game in town, and most dreamers think they'll be quick rather than dead.

See you later, speculator. 

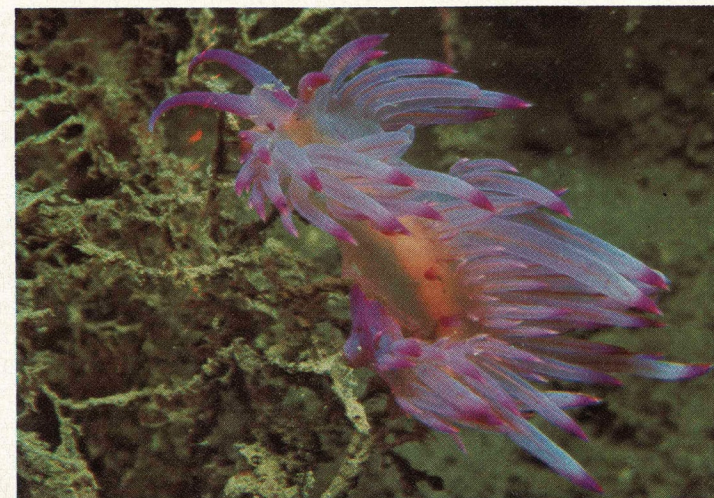
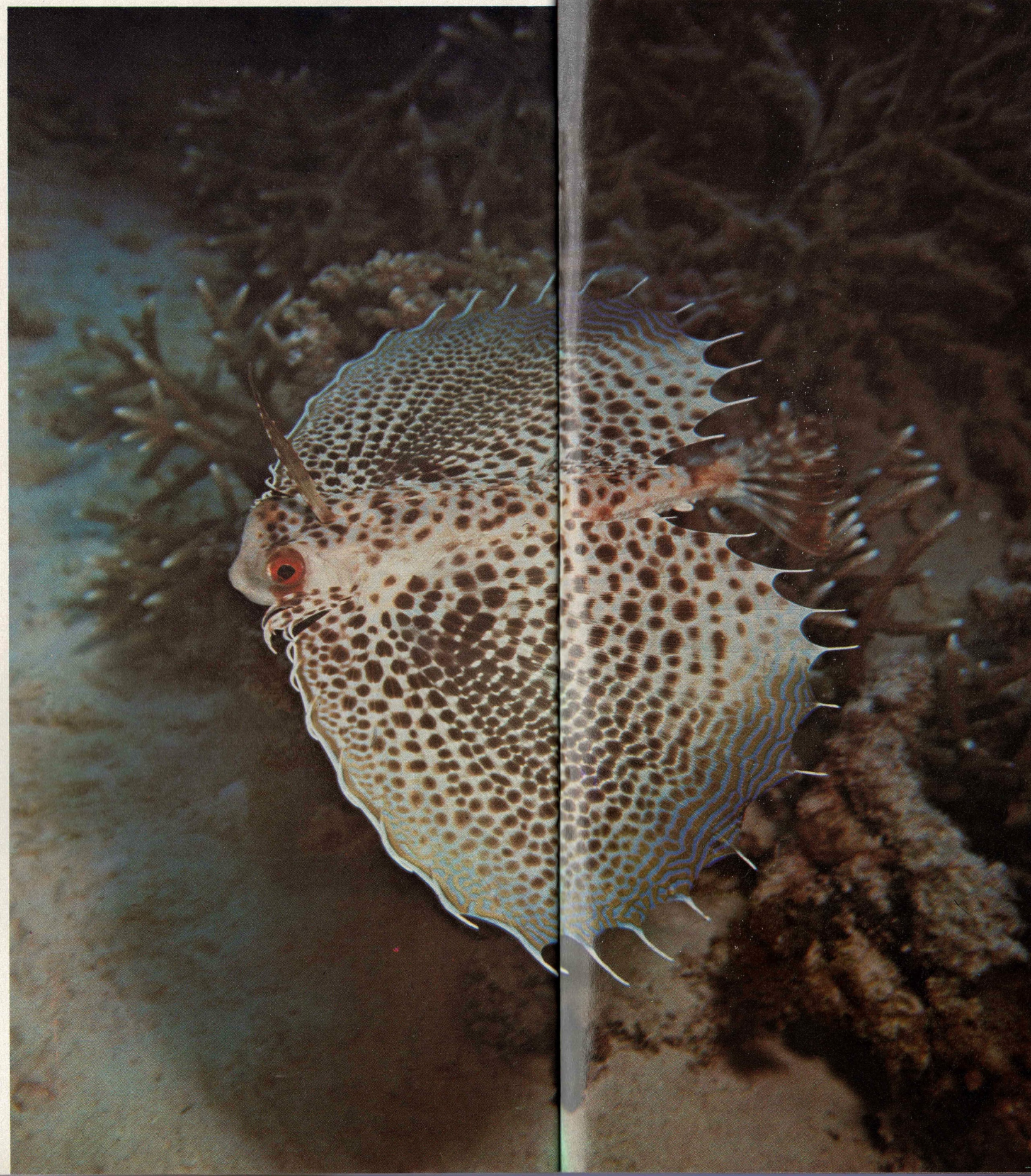
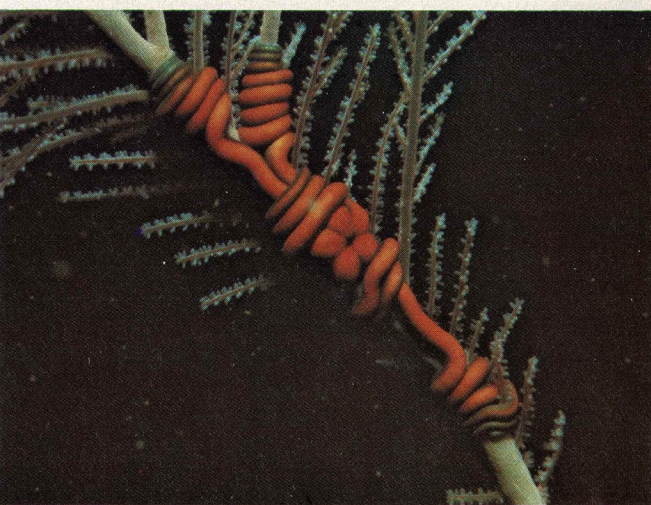
Conquering terror
to grasp the beauty and mystery of the sea.

DEEP RITES

BY ALLAN MOULT

The knobby coral bomboras and reefs that encircle tiny Lady Musgrave island attract many of Australia's larger marine creatures. Giant turtles, vast shoals of pelagic mackerel, tuna and kingfish, rays and diminishing numbers of whales patrol its translucent waters. It's also home for the Bronze Whaler — a mean, territorial shark. Beautiful to watch, sleek, taut and fast, it cruises its exclusive bit of wet turf like a mean, black LA pimp in a white Cadillac. Scuba divers long ago learned to recognise its warning signals — jerky, fin-flicking calisthenics — a brief prelude to a water-boiling charge that left a steamy wake. Few divers remain in the area for the finale. A summer or two ago I was scudding along underwater off the edge of the island's outer reef. Twenty metres below I could see Neville Coleman peering myopically at some minute deepsea denizen and fighting the current to get his camera in position. His electronic flash flickered briefly — its high-voltage flash absorbed by

The weedy sea dragon found off South Australia is just one of the bizarre denizens of the deep that aquanaut Neville Coleman has photographed during his unusual underwater odyssey.



the water's mass. Suddenly, another diver swam rapidly into my limited field of vision and streaked over to Neville.

Frantic hand signals were semaphored. I swam down. The second diver was explaining in graphic detail that there was a big shark in an angry mood just a few fin-flicks away. Neville gathered up his camera gear, smiled like a Lotto winner, and headed off . . . to meet the shark. In his wake he left two bewildered divers who made tracks the other way.

Neville was beaming when he surfaced nearly 20 minutes later. He clambered on board the cluttered dive boat and shouted: "I got it! I got it!" He was ecstatic. We finally managed to calm him down and get the story. Neville, it appeared, was tired of collecting photographs of sharks simply cruising and minding their own business. For him at least, that was just too easy. He wanted photographs of them in their attack posture. And today he'd managed it.

The photographs were great. They left no doubt as to the meaning of the shark's aggressive posture, and they've since played an important role in educating new divers.

Education is what this aquatic Harry Butler is all about. In 18 years of underwater exploration, this ebullient man-fish has logged more than 10,000 dives — the equivalent of nearly nine solid months in the liquid domain of the oceans.

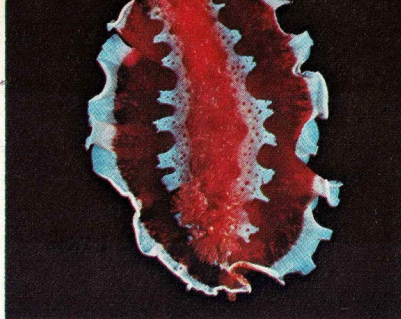
It's been time well spent. Neville's mammoth accumulation of notes and photographs has spawned the Australian Marine Photographic Index (with 30,000 transparencies scientifically indexed, it is the largest visual identification system in the southern hemisphere), 20 books on Australian marine life and a comprehensive library of audio-visual programs.

The latter include presentations called *Shell Secrets*, *Living Together*, *Eat and Be Eaten* and *Sex in the Sea* (the most popular program).

According to Neville, *Sex in the Sea* was originally titled *Reproduction Techniques in the Ocean*. "Nobody turned up to any of the lectures until the name change. Since then I always get full houses."

The audience is treated to an amazing sight and sound show — Neville's stunning slides and a serious but light-heartedly presented

Top to bottom, left to right: Black coral serpent stars; a winged pipefish; the voracious and predatory dancing shrimp; a spiky oriental gurnard and (above) a colorful nudibranch — one of 1500 varieties found in Australia waters.



dialogue. He believes man has a lot to learn from nature, especially as found in the oceans — the cradle of life.

"Sex in the sea," he says, "is fascinating because it covers the gamut of erotic combinations. There's nothing man does or experiments with in the sexual arena that nature is not doing all the time. Especially underwater.

"The seas of the world reveal a vast spectrum of behavior that we reject as abnormal, but I'd like to suggest that nothing is truly abnormal. In my time underwater I've come across bi-sexuality, homosexuality, group sex, gang bangs, hermaphroditism, daisy chains . . . you name it. There are sexual signals everywhere, and their rites are as varied as the species. Some mate for life, others are promiscuous, while some have the best of both worlds and change sex when they need to."

And he adds: "All these things are natural. The so-called sexual aberrations frowned on by the Festival of Light or other critics of social mores are simply natural reactions. There is no sexual — or social — combination we can think up that does not already occur in nature, and what's more, has probably been going on for millions of years."

Nature also produces a few underwater freak shows that thankfully do not exist (we can hope) in man's arena. Neville cites the curious cowrie and cone shells. "The male's penis comes out of the right side of its neck. And if that's not enough to live with, it is also a hermaphrodite."

More threatening are the sadistic members of the snail family. "Their courtship includes darts being stuck in one another. It's done by the females to stimulate the male — with a vaginal dart."

Neville Coleman's obsession with the sea and all below its surface has brought him fame (he claims the fortune is still eluding him) and satisfaction. He is an Associate of the Australian Museum (a rare honor for a layman) and is recognised as Australia's leading underwater naturalist. Alone, he has discovered 150 species new to science and studied thousands more in intimate detail — always with the photographic proof.

It is an unique achievement, but even more remarkable when viewed in the context of a bitter childhood, steeped in poverty and violence . . . and of a small boy who lived in fear.

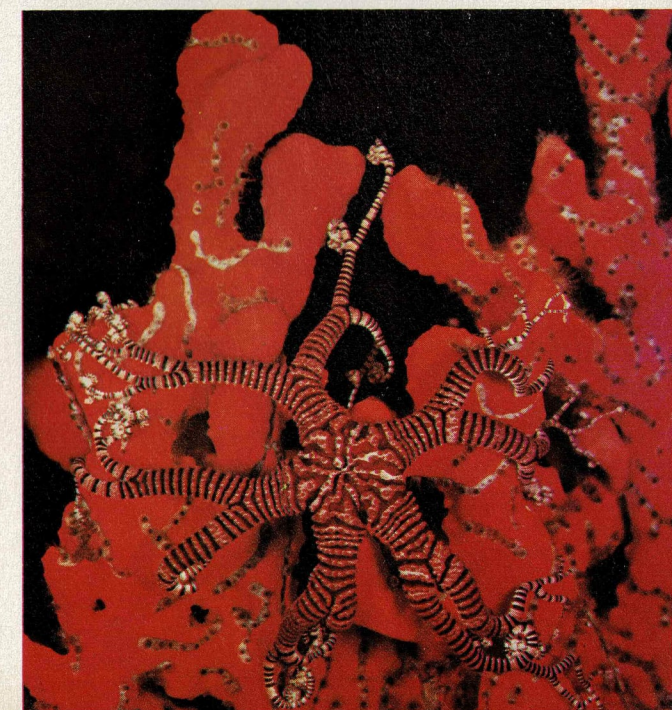
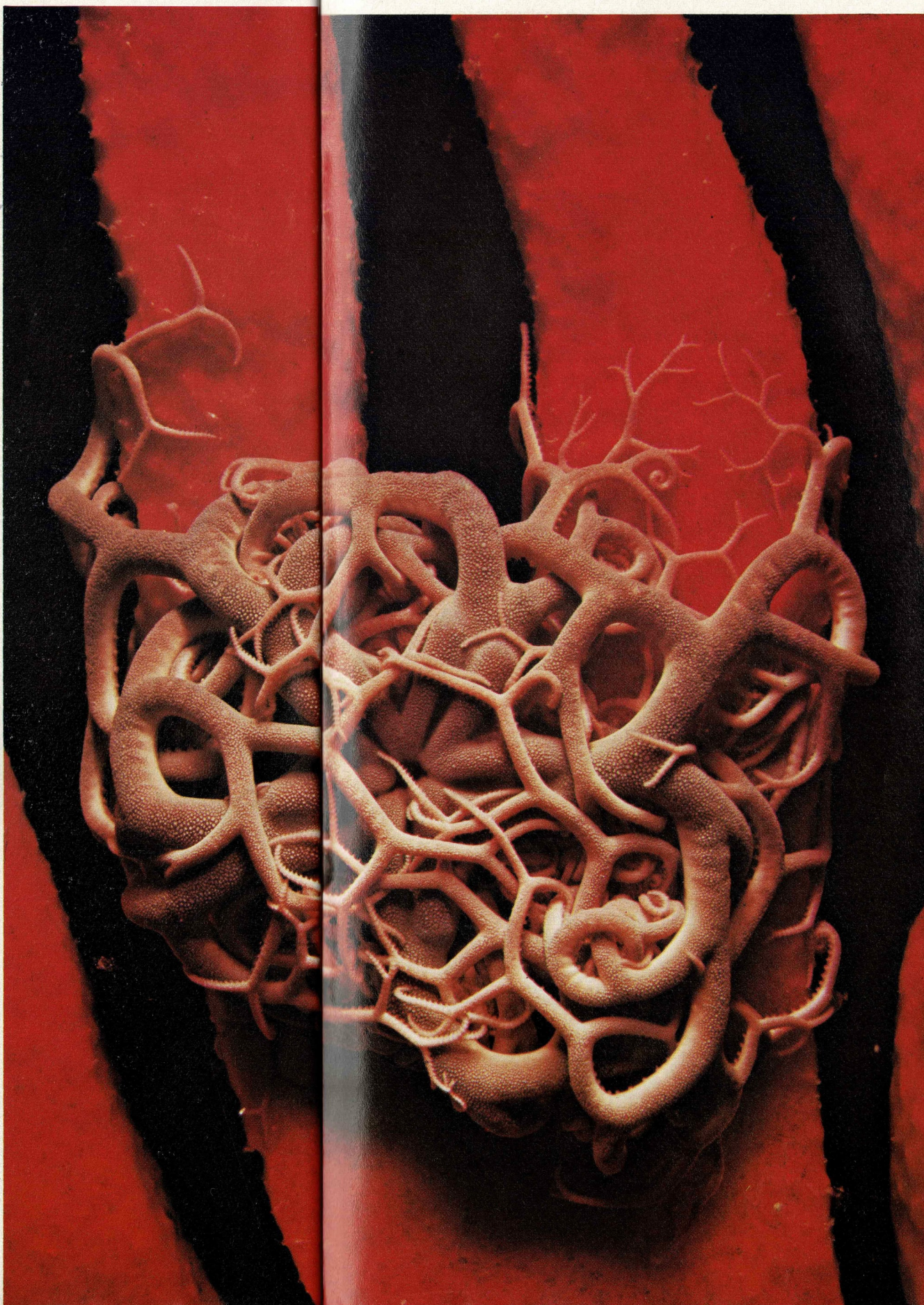
Says Neville: "Home was total warfare. School was total warfare. My pop was drug dependent and life was total anarchy. I lived a life of total anxiety. I was scared of my mum, my dad, the kids at school, night-time — especially night-time and the nightmares."

His staccato delivery slows. "I finally worked out that if I could get my biggest fear and do something about it, then . . . just maybe . . . all these other fears would come under control.

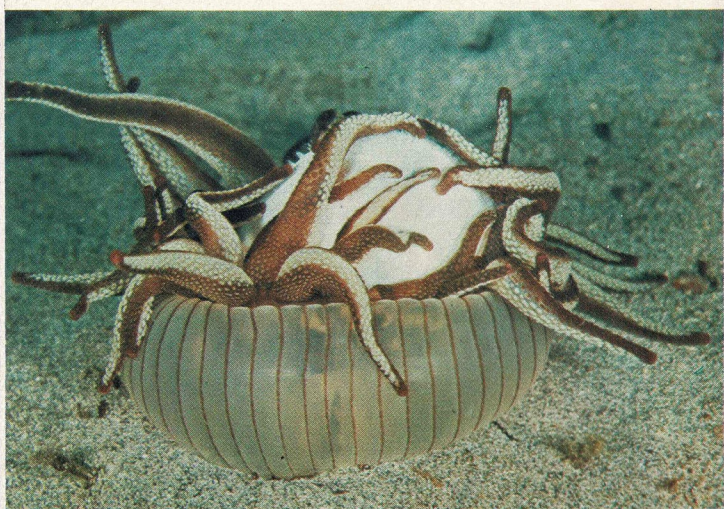
"I pondered this for months, and then one day I got the biggest fright of my life and I got so mad I swore that never again would I let anything beat me again."

It was a shark that scared Neville, and such was his determination to overcome the reaction that the small boy became a man.

"I'd been collecting shells out on the reef at Brampton Island and I left it too late and had to walk back through a deep channel in the



Above: A giant tubeworm extruding a calcareous tube and the vibrantly colored Spanish Dancer — a giant nudibrach (or mollusc without a shell). Right: Ern's basket star is a rare specimen. Far right: The knightfish lights its way with patches of luminous lights created by bacteria; a flathead shows off its camouflage abilities; a fine basket star specimen.



rising tide. Anyway, I was scared and as I was halfway across I saw this fin coming and wet myself. I'd seen that fin in a dozen movies, old pirate movies, and I knew I was going to get eaten . . .

"There I was up to my chest in water, my heart's pounding, and all I've got is the screwdriver I'd been using to pound oysters off the rocks. This is it, I thought. Bye bye. All I could see was this BIG fin screaming along the surface.

"I was two metres from shore and the thing started surging toward me. I'd never panicked before, but total panic hit me then."

Even today, Neville shudders remembering the moment. "I went crazy but I found the energy to beat through the water and clamber out on to a rock, and I lay there panting and throwing chunks of rock at the thing . . . I wanted to kill it. Fear made me want to kill it. It has scared me.

"Finally I got my breath back, but when I wanted to stand up I couldn't. My legs wouldn't move. So I lay there and got mad. REAL mad. I said to myself that was the last time in my whole damn life that I would ever let anything scare me that badly and that I would come back and find out what sharks were all about.

"I said to myself: 'You are going to dive and one day get in there with those bastards and scare them. Not with a gun. But with yourself, because you're strong.'"

Neville laughed. "It took me six months to learn to dive. I was even scared of going under the water. Others learn in six weeks. But I made it."

The thrill of discovery has kept Neville Coleman in deep water for 18 years. They've often been hard years, like the time in March 1969 that he set out to explore the Australian coastline. Two mates had backed out of the trip at the last moment — after two years of planning — but he decided to get on and do it anyway. The expedition finally took three and a half years and covered 64,000 kms of the coastline. In the process Neville discovered over 100 species new to science, and got the photographic stockpile to establish the Australian Marine Index.

Looking back on that expedition, Neville reckons ". . . it was difficult. I never knew if I'd get back alive. Every dive I did I'd think I'd get eaten alive because I was diving by myself . . .

"It was all strange territory and you did not know what was down there until you had a look."

Neville today is most comfortable diving solo. "It means I only have to be responsible for one person instead of two."

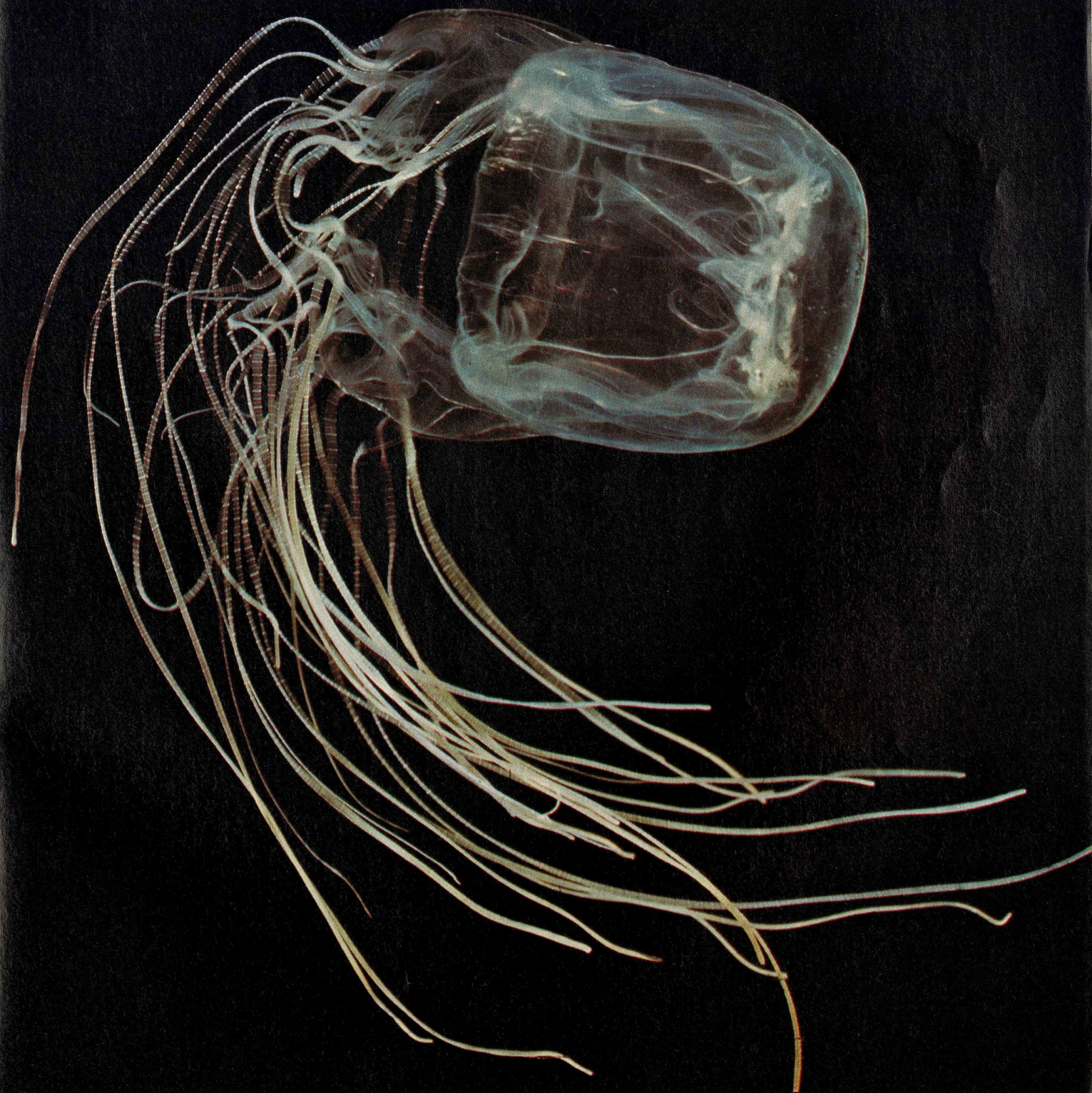
His solo attitude pervades his latest business venture too — *Underwater*, a new scuba diving magazine dedicated to "The challenge of tomorrow".

It's a slick color publication full of beautiful photography and sound advice. The masthead lists Neville Coleman as publisher, editor, producer, photographer, designer, advertising manager and subscription manager.

Why take all that on? "I was let down again at the last moment and it made me mad. And I can do some pretty amazing things when I get mad — it's just cold calculating energy directed."

And that energy has created this unique man-fish with a single-minded fury and obsession that has dramatically altered our vision of the oceans. ○ —

Top to bottom: The male triton star displays his sexual appendage from the right side of his neck; the armed anemone lives in shallow waters; the stone fish is not easily seen. Right: The feared sea wasp — responsible for at least 50 deaths in Queensland alone.





Just when you
thought it was safe to go back
on the highway . . .

MAD MAX IS BACK

Like the European Doctor Frankenstein, Australian Doctor George Miller didn't quite realise what he'd created when he brought his character Mad Max to life. After being cynically dismissed by the local establishment, Max burst on to the screen in April 1979 and became the Australian film industry's biggest critical and financial success. Mad Max, made on a budget of only \$380,000, has grossed more than \$100 million at the box office and it's still only three quarters of the way through its international run. That doesn't bring it up to the Star Wars scale, but it's big business in anyone's books.

The film won a host of Australian Film Institute Awards and took the Jury Prize at France's prestigious Avoriaz Film Festival. It was a raging hit all over the world, appealing to cultures as diverse as Middle American and Japanese. It also made Miller and his mates millionaires. So, when the gold dust settled, Miller, who co-wrote and directed the film, sat down with the writer who turned

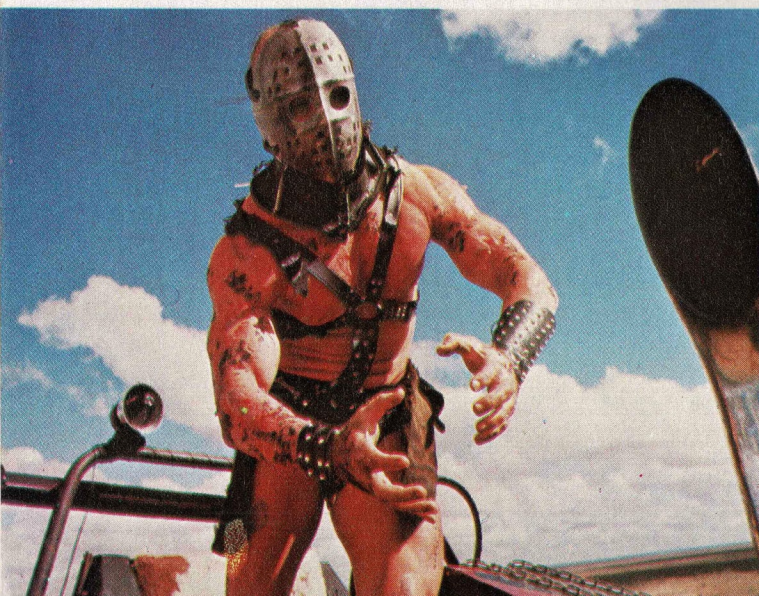


the first Mad Max screenplay into a novel, Terry Hayes, and wondered: where did we go right?

The pair soon realised that they had unconsciously created a classic archetype. Max was the lone warrior in the mode of the wandering samurai and the cowboy gunslinger. But Miller's vision set Max in a futuristic world of violent fantasy, a decaying society in which the evolutionary rule had changed to "the survival of the vicious".

The first Mad Max movie was a terrifying tour de force, a horror tale told with brilliant economy and effect. It ran through a series of brutal confrontations: road battles featuring spectacular stunts, screaming engines, grinding metal, burning rubber, broken bones and bloody flesh.

Inevitably, Miller and his partners came under pressure from distributors and investors to create a sequel. According to Hayes, they resisted the idea for two years, rejecting the concept of cynically made rip-off follow-ups to successful films which are a common occurrence in the cinema these days. "But then," says Hayes, "George and I came up with what we thought was a really exciting idea. Despite our initial opposition to the concept of a sequel, we



became so excited by the possibilities of what we could do that we took it on."

The theme which the pair came up with sounds like it was created by someone at the end of a long queue during a Sydney petrol strike. In the wasted, barren world of Mad Max 2, gasoline is the only currency of value. War in the Middle East has made it a precious commodity, and the marauding packs of degenerate bikies which rule the roads plunder and pillage to get it. One tribe, led by the monstrous Humungous (played by a former Mr Sweden), sets its sights on an isolated fuel dump in the desert. Mad Max, the leather clad former pursuit cop, appears in his black, turbo-charged chaser to join the fray.

"Mad Max's roots are in the classic westerns. It's a movie, but it's also based on the centuries old artform of story telling," says Hayes. "Basically, that's what we're doing; telling a story. But we're using 20th Century technology to do it."

Miller, his producer Byron Kennedy and actor Mel Gibson, who once again takes the title role, used that technology to great effect in their first film. In Mad Max 2, with three million bucks to play with — Australia's biggest budget movie so far — they've gotten completely carried away. "The sequel hasn't lost any of the energy of the first one," says Hayes. "We've spent more money, but it's given us the opportunity to tell a much bigger and better story."

The film was shot over 12 weeks on location at Broken Hill, and most of that time was spent getting down over 200 separate incidents requiring the work of stuntmen. "So they smash up a lot of cars. So what?" That would be a fair reaction from the jaded movie goer who's suffered a barrage of crunching metal in every modern action film.

Hayes asserts that the action sequences in MM2 have been done with a difference. "There is a prevalent belief that you can show audiences crashing vehicles and they're going to get excited. That's not true. What I believe excites audiences is if they care about the people inside those vehicles. And that's what we've done. We've got the audience taking sides. It makes the stunts much more dramatic."

The 50 stunt vehicles which they destroy are not your typical family sedans. They range from a Mack prime mover with a bulk fuel tank on the back to crazily customised dune buggies, Ford F100s and bikes.

The destruction of the fuel tanker is the highlight of the stunt scenes according to Hayes. "The tanker has defence positions set up along its back, it's got a steel plate cow-catcher and reinforced steel around the sides to protect the tyres from bullets and arrows."

"We rolled the tanker at 105 kilometres an hour. It needed an eight kilometre run-

up to reach that speed. Then it rolls and breaks its back. You can do a lot of different stunts in cars, but a tanker is another kettle of fish. We didn't know what it was going to do when it went over. The body could have speared straight through the cabin."

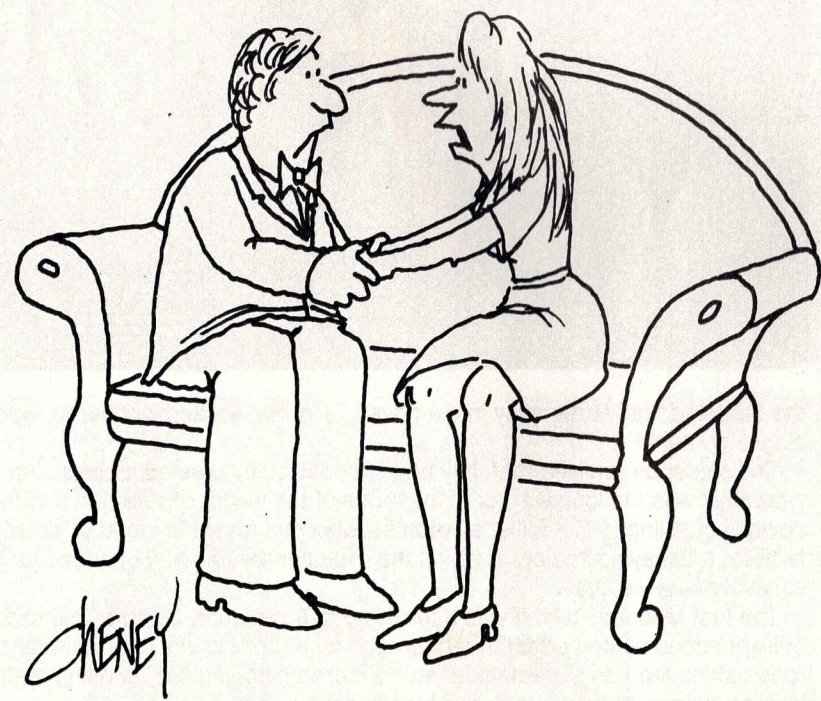
"There is another stunt that stands out too," Hayes continues. "We drove a Statesman between the two sets of bogeys on the tanker. The driver was supposed to get it out again, but he decided to leave it in there. That huge Mac was doing about 80 kilometres an hour and the Statesman just ground it to a halt, but it's front-end was completely crushed in the process. We thought we'd lost the driver for a second."

And prior to this orgy of destruction, Miller, Kennedy and company blow up the fuel dump. It cost them a quarter of a million dollars to build it and to destroy it, 60 explosives experts put a match to 1000 litres of petrol, 100 kilograms of black powder, and 50 kilograms of high explosives. "It really went up," says Hayes. "We had to warn all the aircraft in the area to keep away and most of the mines in the vicinity of Broken Hill were cleared. We weren't quite sure what the effects of an explosion of that size would be."

Will that final blast be the end of Mad Max, or will we see a Mad Max III? "There are no plans for one at present," explains Hayes, "but I'd be quite happy to do it, because I think the heroic myth style of storytelling we've locked into can be mined again. The second film is a progression on the first one. The third would have to carry on from that. If we did it, I would take Max back from the wilderness into the city, which would be a blighted, dead place, with the weirdest sort of gangs living in the sewers. But of course, any future products are independent on the response we get to Mad Max 2."

Although it's due for Australian release on December 26, Mad Max 2 has received little publicity. The film's producers say this is a result of a deliberate policy on their part. Their Broken Hill set was closed to the press, and they did not have a final print of the film even a month before the release date. "We're not interested in the hype and the bullshit," says Hayes. "What matters is the reaction we get when the audience sits down and sees the film."

Miller and his team have also been involved in other film projects. They're currently working on a six part television miniseries about the events leading up to the sacking of Gough Whitlam as Prime Minister in 1975. They're also doing another horror film. This one's called Roxanne. Written by Hayes, he describes it as "a story about madness, destiny, and the violence of rock and roll, with two girls as the leading characters." It sounds preposterous, but that's what a lot of people said about Mad Max when it was first proposed. 



"The good news is . . . I'm a virgin.
The bad news is . . . I'm a haemophiliac."

LAST MINUTE GIFT GUIDE

The Christmas rush has an uncanny knack of taking the yo-ho-ho out of the festive season. So, to help you win the neck and neck race with St Nick we've gathered a super stocking of gift ideas to give or drop hints to receive.

A love token of classic fragrance . . . Jontue is understated allure, epitomising the sensual woman.



Who could forget an old favorite like Famous Grouse whisky at this special time of year?





Extra space in the coolest of gift ideas for a sweltering Australian Christmas — a bar refrigerator from **Gorenje Pacific**.



Bouncy Christmas curls for the girl on the go with **Ronson Hot Rollers** in a handy travel bag.

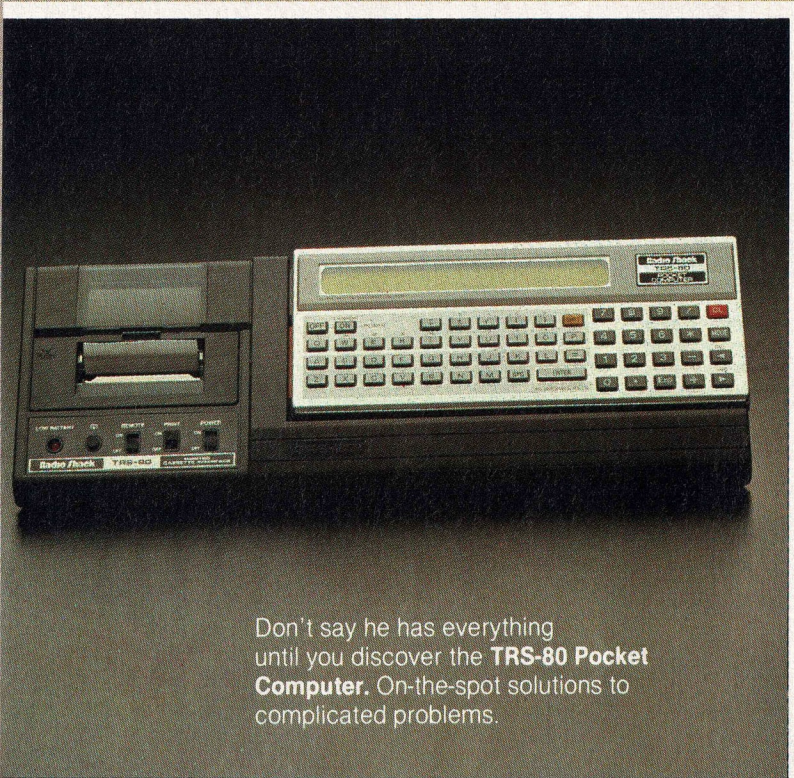


The velvet smoothness of **Liqueur Galiano** and **Vok Creme de Cacao**, carry-packaged for good cheer with badged glasses.



A splash of impudence blended in mystery. **Votre** by Charles Jourdan reflects the nature of the user.





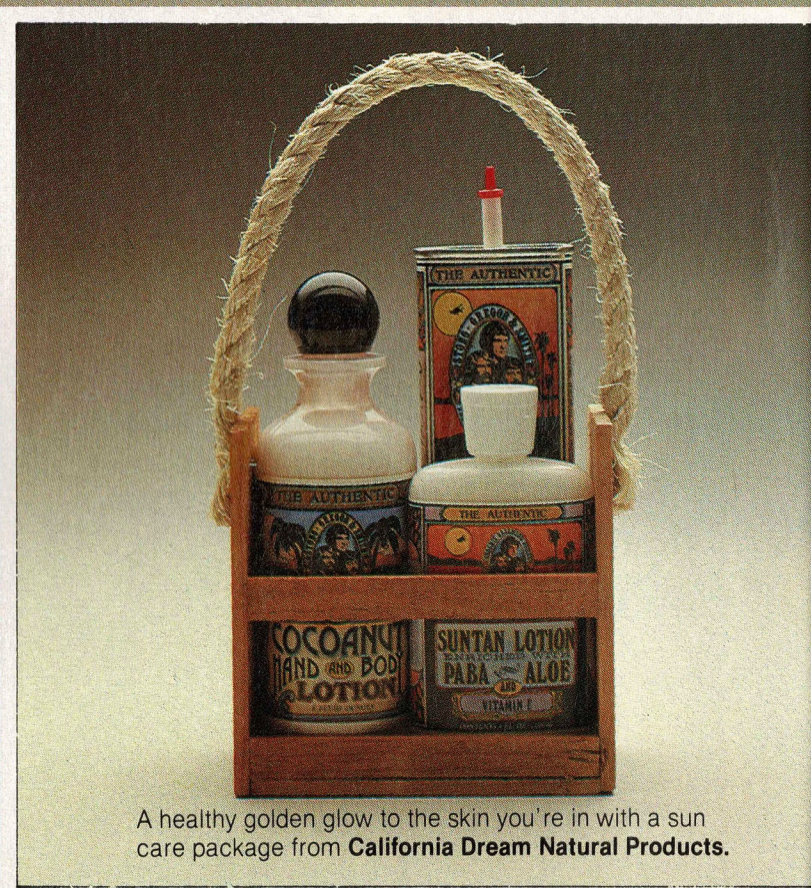
Don't say he has everything until you discover the **TRS-80 Pocket Computer**. On-the-spot solutions to complicated problems.



Providing the discerning listener with first class equipment with sophisticated styling... the **Marantz Gold** story.



The fragrance of youth, spirit and femininity — Carven's timeless **Ma Griffe**.



A healthy golden glow to the skin you're in with a sun care package from **California Dream Natural Products**.





Illustration by Ian Ruffin

One woman missing and
another slipping away . . . Cliff Hardy is
caught in the middle . . .

The **NEGATIVE** Caper

BY PETER CORRIS

"You're cold Cliff." Cyn banged her fist on my desk. "That's your bloody trouble, you're *cold*!" She was close to tears the way she always got when we argued. They weren't tactical tears but they were parts of the reason that I nearly always lost the arguments.

"I'm not cold," I said. "I'm warm-hearted, a loving man. I'll take you out tonight."

"I don't want to go out."

"Okay, we'll stay home. I'll cook."

The telephone rang. We were in my office where I answer the telephone, open the door and type the letters myself because there's no-one else to do it.

"Hardy investigations. Warm hearted Hardy speaking."

"Your heart's as warm as Bob Askins'. Cut the bullshit. I've got a job for you." It was Athol Groom who works in advertising and agenting. He sometimes drinks where I sometimes drink.

"Terrific," I said. Athol deals in people with soft jobs, Cyn calls him a pimp and she made a face when I said his name.

"What sort of job?"

"Come down here and I'll tell you." He gave me his address.

"How long do you reckon this'll take?"

"How the hell do I know? All day, all night, all week. The longer the better as far as you're concerned isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I've gone up to 70 a day plus expenses."

"Shit. All right. Just hurry, she'll be here soon."

"She?"

"Selina Hope. Hurry."

I put down the phone and stood up; Cyn moved away from me as if we were in a slow ballet.

"A job," I said.

"It's always a job, what we need is a talk — tonight."

"I don't know love."

"A minute ago you were going to cook some slop for me, drink two thirds of the wine and that."

She was looking very nice that morning my wife. Nearly as tall as me, she was straight and slim with honey blonde hair. She must have come straight from the architect's office where she worked because she still had draughtsman's ink on her fingers. She saw me looking and her fine-boned, handsome face went hard.

"Cold," she said. "Selfish and cold."

I patted her arm, there were no tears which was good. I went out.

Athol's pimping shop was in Double Bay on a steep hill; I ran the back wheels of my old Falcon into the kerb and let it sit there in a way which says to the world, "this car has a faulty handbrake". Athol's decor was dominated by photographs, mirrors and magazines. The pictures were blow-ups of models with impossible cheek bones doing mysterious things amid shadows; the magazines were glossy and the mirrors are fine if you're a tall clothes horse with the right angles and planes. When you're a thin, 185cm, 30-ish man with Grace Brothers gear they're not so good. A lacquered, Sassooned brunette pressed a buzzer when I told her who I was and Athol hurried out.

Athol Groom is one of those men in the

50s who plays squash and eats nothing to keep his waist down; he likes a drink though, and that slight thickening won't be denied. He has a glossy moustache and hair and teeth to match but he's not a phoney.

"Good to see you Cliff, how's Cyn?" I took Athol home once and after one look at Cyn he tried to persuade her to take up photo modelling. She laughed at him.

"All right. What's going on?"

The brunette looked at her appointment book and spoke up crisply. "Mr Blake any minute, Mr Groom."

"Right, right. Come on Cliff, you're a bodyguard, come and meet the body."

We went down a corridor past more photographs and into Groom's office. A woman was leaning back against the big desk combing her hair. It was worth combing, a great blue-black mane that rippled and flowed under the comb strokes. Its owner had the standard tall, thin, flat body but a face to haunt your dreams forever. Her skin was darkish, almost olive; she had jet black eyebrows, dark eyes and a wide, wonderful mouth. Her nose was nothing much, just exactly as straight and thin as it needed to be.

"Selina," Athol said, "this is Cliff Hardy. Selina Hope, Cliff." We nodded at each other but I was listening to Groom's voice; this was his handle-with-care, this-side-up voice. I gathered Miss Hope was a hot property.

"We've got a little problem here Cliff. There seems to be some creep hanging around Selina's flat, following her and such. Was he there this morning, love?"

"Yes, I think so." I expected an exotic accent of some kind to accompany the face but there was none, just good, clear educated Australian.

"You think," Athol said sharply.

"Easy," I said. "Miss Hope's said the right thing. When someone's watching you it's a feeling you get more than anything else. Sort of corner of the eye thing. Is that right?"

"Yes, exactly." It's not often I say just the right thing for a beautiful woman, I'm usually considered somewhat blunt, but I did it this time. She smiled at me as if I'd won the pools. But there was some relief in that smile too — she'd been scared.

"Okay," Athol said. "Well we all know about the weirdos in this game, it's probably some freak sho's seen Selina in a bra ad and can't sleep. A few strong, silent looks from cliff and he'll give it away. It's a pity the London job fell through though, that would've been the best cure. Next best thing is to keep busy. I've lined Selina up for two jobs today and I want you to stick close, see her home. Okay?"

I followed Selina to the back exit; she was wearing a black jump suit, caught tight at the ankles and loose pretty well

everywhere else. We walked across to a bright blue Mercedes sports car and she tossed me a set of keys. I threw them back.

"I'm a column gears man," I said.

She laughed and unlocked the car; I couldn't find the seat belt, couldn't fasten it and couldn't push the seat back. She helped me with one hand and put in a cassette with the other — we took off to a roaring of guitars and electric piano.

Over the music and traffic noise I asked her about the London job. She told me that she'd been booked to be snapped outside the Houses of Parliament with a peer of the realm for a scotch whisky advertisement, but the peer had died.

"Would have been a good trip." She dipped a shoulder and flicked the Merc around a bend, changed down and surged up a hill.

"Have you worked in London before?"

"London, Paris, New York."

"Have you been getting any other

I heard a
whooshing noise and
felt one side
of my head tear
itself loose from
the middle.

harassment — phone calls, letters?"

"Not a thing. Just as you said, a glimpse of someone, a feeling . . ."

I didn't like the sound of it; a good tail, one who just leaves that *feeling*, is a professional, not a sex-starved creep. Professionals work for money and the people who pay them have reasons. We drove down to Woolloomooloo near the docks; there was a fair bit of traffic and activity and she glanced around nervously as she locked the car.

"Do you have the feeling now?" I asked.

"Not sure."

"What are you doing here — an ad for overalls?"

She laughed and we walked towards a dingy-looking warehouse. "You'll see."

If the place was a nightmare outside it was a dream within. The carpet was deep, the walls were white and the lighting was costing someone a fortune.

"Not overalls," I said.

"Soft drink I believe, come in." She led me through a maze of equipment and props and we wound up with a photographer named Sam, his assistant and a few cases of soft drink. Sam was

squat and heavy with a floral shirt unbuttoned to show his virile chest and stomach. His offside was an anorectic blonde who whisked Selina away and took me out of camera range. I asked for a sample and got a bottle of Diet Slim cola which tasted like rusty water with saccharine added. Selina came out wearing a super-formal dress and proceeded to drape herself around some Swedish furniture while sipping tall glasses of the beverage.

I got bored with this and wandered off in search of a phone. I found one behind a jungle set which was being sprayed with insect repellent by Living stone and Stanley. I dialled the number of the cottage in Glebe where Cyn and I practice wedded bliss. She answered in a tone that told she was keeping her head of steam up.

"It looks as if I'll be home tonight."

"You'd better be. We really need to talk Cliff. Where are you? In some pub at the Cross I suppose? Pissing on?"

I was still holding the Diet-Slim; I looked across to a set that featured a silver grey Rolls Royce — a woman in a fur coat was getting out of it and smiling up at a guy in a dinner suit.

"Yeah, something like that," I said.

"I'll see you tonight." She hung up, and I skirted the jungle, a schoolroom and a torture chamber back to where Sam had Selina reading while sipping: the book was *The ABZ of Love*.

Sam clicked away and the blonde moved lights, and Selina smiled and smiled until I wondered at her patience. The money would have to be good. Eventually they called it a day and after kisses all round Selina climbed back into her jump suit and we were on our way.

"Lunch?" I said.

Things were quiet outside as we moved towards the car. Suddenly there were hurried sounds behind us and I heard a whooshing noise and felt one side of my head tear itself loose from the middle. I crumpled, heard the sound again and my shoulder caught on fire. I went down further but managed to grab a pair of legs and pull. I looked up and saw a big guy in a blue overall pulling Selina towards a car. She screamed once and he hit her and she was quiet. Then a knee came up into my face and I slammed down hard on to the footpath.

It all took about 15 seconds. I was going to lunch with a beautiful girl and then I had a bleeding face, a dented shoulder and no girl. And I'd be missing lunch. I brushed aside a few people who tried to help me and staggered up to Forbes Street to hail a cab. My ear and nose were bleeding and my clothes were dirty but the Sydney cabbie is a brave soul. I gave the driver Groom's address and mopped at the blood trying to keep it off the vinyl.

My entry at the agency sent people flutering and bells ringing. Athol came out quickly and hustled me off to wet towels

and a large scotch, I told him what had happened while I cleaned up.

"Did he hit her hard?" Groom said.

"I don't think so. Why?"

"That face is just pure gold. I don't like to think of it being knocked about. What should we do now?"

I pulled a bit of loose skin off the ear and started the blood flowing again. "Call the cops," I said.

He shook his head. "I'd rather not. You've got no idea what people are like in this racket. Any police trouble involving Selina and her career could be finished just like that." He snapped his fingers.

"Not to mention your commission."

"Right. There must be something you can do." He was reproachful; I could have said that a bashing and an abduction were very different things from a loitering perv, but I didn't.

"Give me a bit of time on it. If I can't come up with anything pretty quick you'll have to get the cops. Where does she live? Who're her friends?"

He told me that Selina shared a flat in Woollahra with another girl and gave me the address. He didn't know much about friends. I got to the flat quickly; my leg gave me trouble on the stairs but never let it be said that Hardy gives in to pain. I forgot about the leg when I saw the flat door hanging on one hinge inside a shattered frame. I looked straight into the living room — torn paper, ripped and crumpled fabric and carpet made it look as if a small bomb had gone off inside. I took a few steps past the door and stopped when a woman came into the room. She looked at me and screamed.

"Easy, easy," I said. "I'm a friend, you must be Penny."

She nodded, her face was white and her hands were flying about like frightened birds. "Who're you?" she gasped.

"Cliff Hardy." The woman started swearing and I poked around in the debris. I gathered that she'd walked in on the violated flat just before I did; the telephone had been ripped out of the wall — the only departure from a cool and thorough bit of searching. No book, and there were a lot, was undisturbed; all lined clothes had been slashed; drawers had been tipped out and the contents sifted and all edges stuck or otherwise fastened — carpets, furniture, pictures, ornaments — had been lifted and inspected.

She picked things up and dropped them helplessly. "Why?" she said.

"It's to do with Selina. Has she been in trouble lately? Been seeing any strange people?"

"Strange? No, at least she said there was a perv hanging around." Alarm leapt in her voice and eyes. "Is she all right? Where is she?" She seemed to notice my injuries for the first time and to draw the right conclusions. "Something has happened."

"Selina's been grabbed by someone,

not a perv. How close are you to her?"

"Oh, we're . . . friends. I work in TV and I met her while she was doing a commercial. We got along and she needed a flat-mate. Grabbed? What does that mean?"

"I wish I knew." I bent down a picked up a photograph from the floor. The picture was a studio portrait of a self-satisfied looking guy with good teeth and ringletted brown hair.

"Who's this?"

"Colin Smart, Selina's boyfriend."

"Athol Green didn't tell me about a boyfriend."

She began making piles of the dismembered books. "He's a photographer. A model isn't supposed to be on with any one photographer."

"Where does Short live?"

"He's got a sort of studio just around the corner. If I could find the address book . . ." She rummaged and came up with a notebook. She read off the address and I wrote it down. "He phoned this morning as

He lifted
the rifle. "I used
one of these in
Vietnam. You get
the picture?"
They nodded.

a matter of fact."

"What did he want?"

"He just wanted to know if Selina got away okay. She was supposed to go to London the lucky . . ."

"Don't worry," I said. "I know what you meant. How did Short take the news that she wasn't going?"

"Seemed upset. He kept asking me was I sure."

Penny Southwell, which is who she was, told me that Selina had been keeping company with Short for nearly two years, sometimes she spent the night at his place, sometimes he stayed at the flat. I got the door into a position where it would open and close and persuaded Penny not to call the police — Athol Green was handling that end of it I said. She nodded then she dropped to her knees and started rooting urgently through the mess.

"What're you looking for?"

"The dope," she said.

I contemplated walking to Short's place, it was only a step, but the leg was throbbing so I drove. That was lucky as it turned out. I was 50 metres from the ad-

dress when I pulled into the kerb to watch something very interesting. Short, dressed in white overalls and with a pair of heavy industrial goggles pulled up on his head, was loading something into a blue van. He made a trip back into the studio which had a shop front directly on to the street, came out with another bundle and pulled the door closed behind him. He walked past a white Toyota station wagon which had his name and business painted on the side, got into the van and drove off. I followed.

It was a good, clear day and the traffic moved easily; a secret boyfriend seemed like a promising new factor in the situation, especially one behaving as Short was.

I didn't feel confident though. Leaving the city always made me feel uneasy and there was the background buzz of tension from the fight with Cyn. We headed west at an unspectacular pace and the Blue Mountains got closer and the air heated up.

In Emu Plains we turned off the highway down the Old Bathurst Road and past the prison farm. We travelled five kilometres towards the mountains until the van turned off down a bumpy dirt track where I couldn't safely follow. I went on a bit and tucked the Falcon away off the road under some trees. I took the Smith and Wesson .38 out from the dashboard clip, checked it over, and walked back. Half a kilometre along the track dropped sharply. At the foot of the hill there was a tree-fringed clearing and the van was pulled up in the middle of it. Short was mounting a camera in a tree on the left. I watched from cover up above the clearing. He fiddled, went into the clearing, went back and then he got a second camera and stuck that in a tree on the other side. Next he took a stubby carbine from the van, checked its action and hung it over his shoulder. He took out a small box, flicked a switch and counted to 10. His voice boomed out over the grass and set birds fluttering in the trees. He leaned back against the van; he pulled down his goggles and looked at his watch.

Ten minutes later a green Holden came over the hill. It pulled up on the edge of the clearing and two men got out. They wore white shirts and ties and looked bulky and tough. Short's voice crackled out towards them.

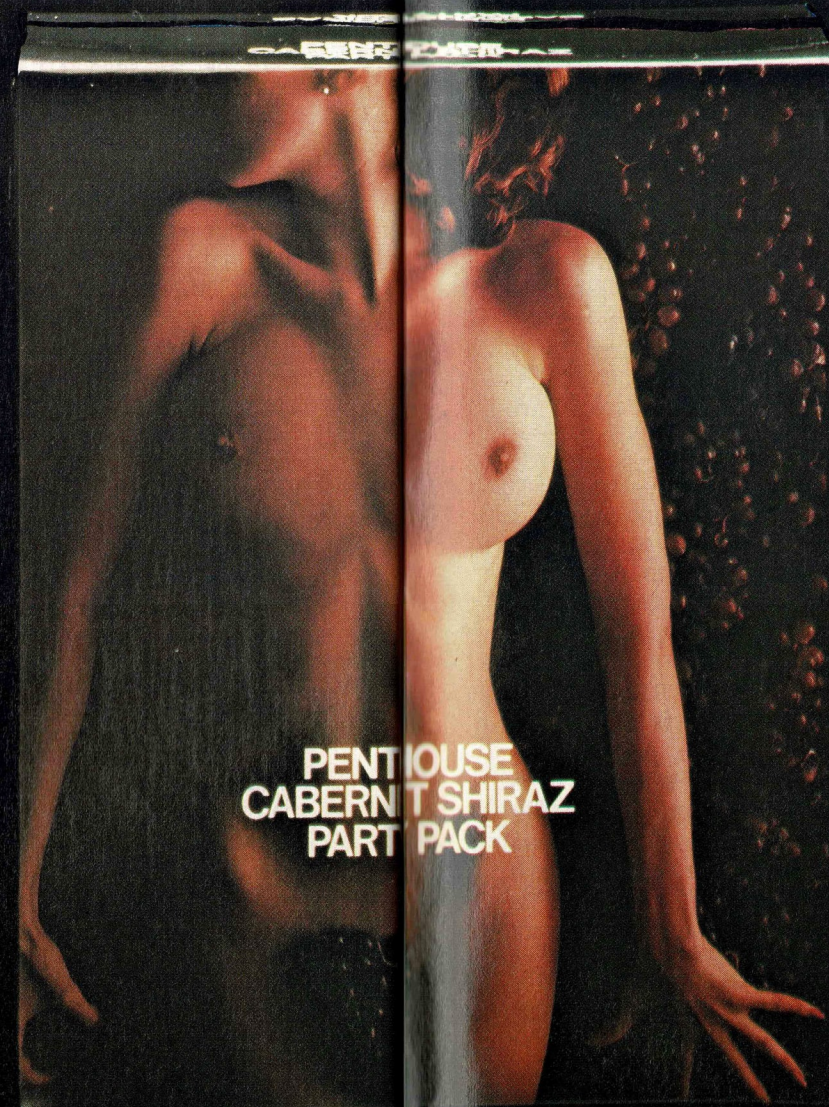
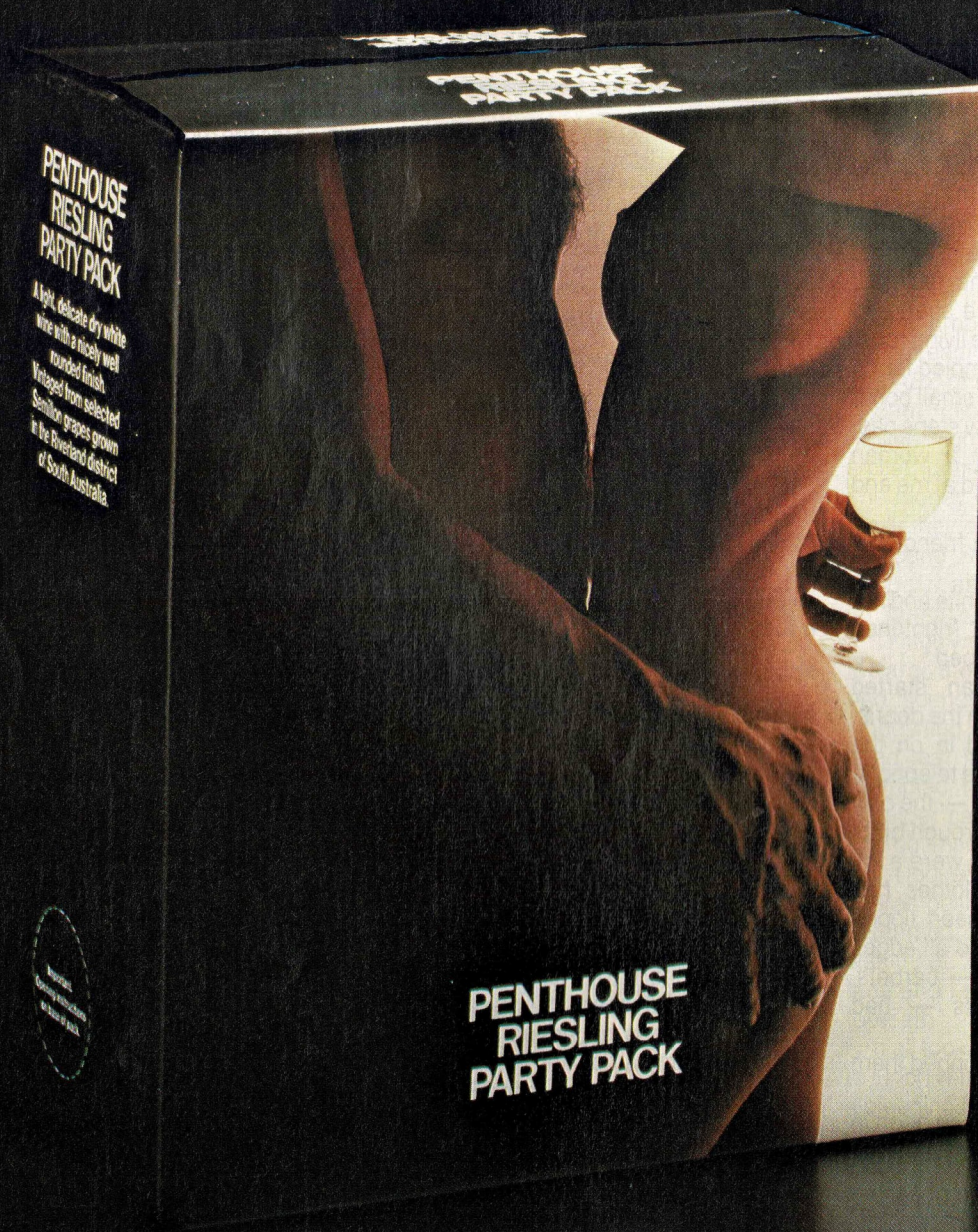
"Stop," he said. "Cameras on the right and left, take a look." Their eyes swung off and Short unslung his carbine.

"The cameras are filming. There's a third one somewhere else." He lifted the rifle. "I used one of these in Vietnam. You get the picture?"

One of the men nodded and held up a manila envelope.

"Right," Short said. "Give it to your mate. You, bring it here." The envelope changed hands and the shorter of the two men came forward. He said something which I couldn't hear. Short spoke into the box: "Back on the right hand side of the road, 300 metres back you'll see a

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kerosene tin. It's in there."

The man shook his head. Short fired a quick burst at his feet. He dropped the envelope and jumped away.

They walked back to the Holden talking intently, got into the car and drove off. Short stayed where he was. He waited 10 minutes then he relaxed, picked up the envelope and opened it. He let the two or three bundles of notes slide out into his hand, slipped them back and stowed them away in a pocket. Then he uncocked the rifle, put it against the wheel of the van and strolled across to the right hand camera.

While he was working, I crept down through the trees and sprinted to the van bent low. He got the first camera down and for an awful second I thought he was going to bring it back to the van, but he put it down and moved across towards the other tree. He was whistling. I reached around for the carbine, worked the action loudly and stood up with it pointing at the middle of his back.

"Short."

He stopped whistling and swung around. I moved towards him keeping the rifle pointed at his belly. There was no self-satisfaction now in his high-colored, handsome face. He lifted the goggles. They pinned back his hair and I could see that it was retreating high on his temples.

"Surprise," I said.

"Smart," he said. "I suppose you want the money?"

"I might," I said. "But I really want the girl."

"What girl?" He took a few steps and I moved the gun.

"What girl?" he shouted.

I said "Selina," and he swerved to one side and swung a long, looping punch at my ribs. A gun you're not going to use is useless, I dropped it and tried to punch him in the belly but he moved and I hit his shoulder. We circled and shaped up like schoolboys. He rushed me and tried to tear my head off with a swinging right. I stepped under that and got him short and hard in the ribs. He tried a kick but then I grabbed his leg and flipped him over. While he was wondering what to try next I got out the .38 and pointed it at his knee.

"Behave yourself or I'll cripple you."

"I 'Don't hurt Selina," he said.

I moved the gun a fraction in conciliation. "Selina was abducted this morning. I've been hired by her agent to find her. Do you know what I'm talking about?"

He sat up a bit straighter but all the combat toughness had left him, he was pale and the hand he put up to pull off the goggles was shaking.

"I don't know," he said.

"You know something sonny. This is a nice, quiet spot, something nasty could happen to you here and there's enough evidence about for me to fix it anyway I

like. D'you see what I mean?"

He nodded.

"Right. Now this was a payoff you set up here. You're a photographer, I assume you were selling pictures, right?"

Another nod.

"You did a good job." I reminded him of the position by squinting along the line of the .38. "Who was in the pictures?"

"Xavier Carlton."

"Jesus Christ!" Carlton was a big-time businessman and sportsman with heavy criminal and political connections which every journalist in Sydney knew about but dared not print. He was also a pillar of the church. "Who else?"

"A girl."

"Selina. You bastard. How much?"

"Thirty thousand."

"For what?"

"Prints, negs, the lot."

I had not time for Carlton, he was a corrupt hypocrite but blackmailers are a low breed too — and this one had put his

Ever hear
of drowning. The
lungs fill up
water and life
stops. Happens
every day.

supposed girlfriend right in the shit.

"How did you set it up?"

He spoke slowly and carefully, editing. "Carlton was celebrating his Golden Slipper win, we latched on to him. He got amorous and I got some pictures."

I was sure he was lying; the careful preparations I'd seen suggested that he would have planned his move in detail — maybe down to dropping Carlton a hint or putting something in his champagne.

"You realise what you've done to the girl don't you?"

He looked away from me. "I put a note in with the film telling him she knew nothing about it. That's the truth."

I snorted. "Carlton wouldn't give a damn. He's grabbed her and he'll break bits off her."

"She was supposed to be going away. I thought . . ."

"That he'd cool off? You picked the wrong boy. Carlton's crazy, he'll grill Selina till she tells him about you and he'll come after you."

"I was planning to get her away somewhere safe when I got through here. I thought she'd be okay at work today."

"You must have sent Carlton a sample. You might just have well cut her throat."

"Oh God, what can I do?"

I was thinking fast. How to get to Carlton? He'd committed himself by taking the girl and his natural inclination would be to clean up. He wouldn't take his money back and go home. What did we have? I looked at my gun and then at his gun and then at the cameras.

"How good will those pictures be?"

"The best."

"Get up." I moved back, took up the carbine and pulled out the magazine while he stood irresolutely brushing dirt off his overall. I tucked the .38 away.

"Do you think you can take me?" I said.

"Maybe, someone did recently. It depends on the circumstances."

"It always does. I don't think you can but we haven't got the time to find out. Do as I say, don't argue, don't think and we might get her back. What do you say?"

He got up smoothly, he moved well. "Yes. I'll do whatever you say."

We drove back to the road and switched to my car. On the drive back to Sydney, Short told me that he'd set up the blackmail because he needed capital for his business and money to cover gambling debts. He said he loved Selina. He could've told me it was raining and I'd still want to check.

I hung around in Short's studio, while he worked in his darkroom. He produced blow-ups of the faces of the two couriers and a couple of full length shorts. He was right, they were good.

Bill Abrahams is an ex-cop who drinks. He got shot and was invalided out of the force on a pension which keeps him alive and drunk in a room in Glebe. When he's not too drunk he can remember the face of every crim he's ever seen and, after 25 years as a cop, that's a lot. I bought a dozen cans and carted them and Short up the stairs to Bill's room. I banged on the door.

"Who is it?" Bill growled. He was capable of not opening the door if he was in the mood.

"Tooheys," I said.

He opened up and I handed the beer. "They're cold," I said.

Bill took the beer and had a finger in the ring pull of a can faster than Griffio catching flies. "C'mon in Cliff. Good to see you. Have one?" We went in and I introduced Short. We sat around the laminex table by the window and opened cans. Short gulped his down and Bill looked keenly at him as he set him up with another.

"You're scared of somethin'," he said.

"He's scared of Xavier Carlton," I said.

"He's gone and got himself in a bit deep and we're looking for a way out. How's the memory, Bill?"

He opened his second can. "Good as ever. It's all I've got left, sometimes I wish it wasn't so bloody good."

"I want you to take a look at these." I

spoke quickly and motioned to Short to pull out the pictures. "Anything you know about these blokes, anything?"

Short spread the prints on the table; Bill hauled out his specs and examined the photo of the taller man who was holding the envelope. He stared at the image and then shook his head. "Don't know him."

I opened another can; Bill looked at the picture of the man who'd jumped back after dropping the envelope.

"Mustard Cleary," he said.

I let out a sour, beery breath. "And what do you know?"

"All bad. Standover man. Did some banks."

"Killer?"

"Could be. Did your mate here back him down?"

"Yeah."

"He won't like that at all. I wouldn't go near him without a gun Cliff, even then . . ." He waved the beer can pessimistically.

"Where can I find him Bill?" I got out a 10 dollar note and put it under one of the empty cans.

Short was looking at the pictures with an expression which was hard to interpret; he certainly didn't look afraid but there was some shame in it.

"Mustard's a Pom originally," Bill said. "There was a pub he used to call his local. Where was it?" He drained his can and pulled another automatically. "Ultimo. The Wattle tree, know it?"

"I know it. A bloodhouse."

"Certainly, that's Mustard's style. 'Course this is a few years back, could be a poofter palace now for all I know."

"I don't think so." I thanked Bill and we left him to the rest of the cans and his memories. On the drive to Ultimo Short said that it was a pity we'd left the M1 in his van and I was inclined to agree.

It was near enough to 7pm, Thursday night, when we got to the pub — pension and pay night and the place was swimming along merrily on a tide of beer. The sight of a couple of women at the bar reminded me that I was going to miss my appointment with Cyn. I told Short to buy us drinks and look out for Cleary while I made a phone call.

"Cyn? I'm sorry, it's unavoidable. I . . ."

"It doesn't matter Cliff." She sounded weary rather than angry and I took heart.

"I should be able to wind it up tonight, or maybe tomorrow. There'll be a good fee." The door to the public bar swung open and a wave of noise flowed out. I kicked it closed. "Cyn . . ."

"It doesn't matter," she said again and hung up.

I dialled again and the phone rang and rang. Back in the bar Short had set up two scotches, doubles, which was all wrong for comradely drinking in this sort of pub. I put the scotch down quickly and ordered a middy. I hadn't eaten all day and the whisky on top of the beer hit me and made

me incautious. I asked the barman if Mustard Cleary had been in lately.

"In earlier," he said. "In a bloody bad mood too."

I forced a laugh. "Well, you know Mustard. Wouldn't know where he is now would you?" The barman looked me over. I'm too thin and my clothes are too cheap to be a policeman and Short was still wearing his overalls. He didn't quite know how to place us so he hedged his bet.

"Marty might know." He jerked his head at a little man who was built like a bull. He had a bristling ginger airforce moutache and was wearing clean, starched and ironed khaki shirt and pants. He looked up when he heard his name and I negotiated the distance between us carrying my beer and fumbling for my makings. I reached him, pulled the tobacco out and rolled one.

"Looking for Mustard Cleary," I said.

"What for?"

Short had come up behind me. "My

They were
experiencing a sort
of danger and
deliverance high
and I felt like
a voyeur.

mate and I have a delivery to make. He said to meet him here, we're a bit late . . ."

He rolled a thin cigarette. "Didn't mention it to me."

"Well, it hasn't gone too smoothly. I understand he's a bit mad about it." Anyway, he'll be happy to see us, but I want to get on with it."

"What is it?"

I shook my head and ordered three beers.

"I can't tell you where Mustard lives because I don't know you. I can tell you where you might find him though."

I drank some beer and tried to keep it casual. "That'll do, where?"

"Said he was going fishing, didn't make much sense to me the mood he was in, but that's what he said. Mustard keeps this boat down off the lighters in Blackwattle Bay. Know the place?"

He turned back to his beer and we walked out. I looked into the bar through a window. Marty was lowering the middy I'd bought him and smoking my tobacco. He looked up at the color TV set and didn't seem to be thinking of going anywhere.

I headed for the car fast and Short

followed me. I gunned the Falcon's engine and swung out into the traffic. "What does the harbor mean to you Short?"

"Shit, I don't know. Boats, the Opera House, the bridge."

"Me too, but to people like Carlton and Cleary it means a good place to put bodies."

"You mean she's dead?" he said quietly.

"Not necessarily."

"Then what's the idea?"

I could smell his sour breath and feel his agitation; the Rafferty's rules style of the real bad men were becoming clear to him and he must have seen his own little coup was a panto by comparison.

"Ever hear of drowning? The lungs fill up with water and life stops. Happens every day and it's hard to prove that one person drowned another."

"Christ," he said. "Hurry."

I turned at the cosmetics factory, cut the engines and the lights and let the car roll down to the back of the blocks of flats near the water. Short was out of the car before me.

"How do we get down to the water?" he asked.

"There's usually a right of way. I pointed to a gap between two blocks of flats. "Have a look along there, I'll look up here." He scooted off and I moved up towards the end of one block. I turned back when I heard a low whistle. He'd found the right of way — an overgrown brick path with a derelict handrail that led down to the water. We stumbled down a path and across a stretch of grass to lighter platforms linked together like chain mail.

An outside light from the flats cut through the gloom but the end of the lighters and their far edges were in darkness. Dark, lumpy shapes stood up here and there, piles of boxes and other debris — cover.

Across the water a container terminal was working, the machinery ground and grated and there was an occasional crash as a heavy load touched down hard.

"We go out to the end," I whispered, "and if there's nothing there we work around the sides. Keep under cover and listen for a boat, could be a motor, oars, anything."

We stepped over the gently lapping edge of the water on to a platform. About half way out we heard noises off to the left. There was a boat in the pool of light and Selina Hope was sitting up in it. Her hands were tied and there was something across the bottom half of her face.

Mustard Cleary was picking up a box a few feet back from the water and the other man was untying a rope that ran from the boat to a cleat on the lighters. Short touched my arm and showed me the iron bar he held ready to hit with or throw. I stepped out and moved up close with the .38 held out police style.

"Police," I yelled. "Don't move!"

Cleary dropped his load, ducked low and rushed the gun. I fired over his head and the sound was cancelled by a metallic crash from the container wharf, but Cleary heard it and stopped. He bent down to grab something and I came forward quickly and crashed the gun butt down on his neck. He crumpled and I nudged him again on the way down.

I saw that Short had moved to the edge of the lighters for a bit of hand-to-hand with the other man. The rope had been untied and the boat had drifted off a little. Selina sat ramrod straight watching the action with terror in her eyes. Short's opponent was swinging a bit of timber and Short was giving ground, then he seemed to lose his footing and he was hit on the shoulder. Some more swings, some more backing from Short, then another stumble. The timber swinger jumped forward to go for the head but Short swayed aside and smashed his elbow with the iron bar. The timber hit the platform and Short put the bar to his knee, guts and elbow again quickly and scientifically. The guy screamed and begged him to stop. I moved in with the gun, feeling superfluous.

We got Selina aboard and free and she babbled and held on to Short as if he were the last sane man in a world gone mad.

"What about them?" Short asked. I was covering Cleary and his mate with my gun in a vague sort of way, Cleary was conscious but he was more in a lying-down than a standing-over mood. I gave Short one of my hard looks and held out my hand.

"Give me the money."

He looked pained but he handed the envelope over. I put the envelope down beside the man who was rubbing his genitals thoughtfully. "Tell Xavier to forget it," I said. "Tell him to go to confession and do the stations of the cross and forget it. It's over. Finished. Got it?"

He nodded and I patted his shoulder. "Wait here a while and then you can go home. Unless you'd like another go at him?"

He shook his head. We left them there with their aches and pains and 30 grand and walked across the lighters to the distant shore.

Back at the car Short made a clean breast of things putting himself in the best possible light. He pleaded necessity, swore he intended to protect her and so on. The girl had been scared witless by Carlton's boys. She said she'd done nothing but scream and cry and hadn't told them anything because she hadn't understood what was happening. She still didn't, properly, but she'd seen Short fight like Lancelot in the lists for her and that was enough. They were both experiencing a sort of danger and deliverance high and I felt like a voyeur just being there with them. I drove them to Selina's place and made her promise to ring Athol Groom

with the good news before she did anything else.

It was after nine on a clear, mild night but I was feeling far from clear and mild myself. There were things about Colin Short that niggled at me, but I had bigger problems. I stopped at the Toxteth and bought whisky for me and gin for Cyn. Maybe we could sit out on the bricks with the insects and take a little tobacco and alcohol and talk things out. The house was dark and the front gate stood open but not unwelcomingly. I went in and found Cyn's note on the kitchen table. It said she was sorry, it said she had left and would collect her things tomorrow, it said good luck.

I poured a big drink, made some cigarettes and sat down to think. Like every married man I'd fantasised about being free, well here it was and how did I like it? I didn't like it much. I drank some whisky and I still didn't like it. I thought that the talk wouldn't have gone well anyway and that it would have come to this and it was better

“
I wanted to
tell her that he was
vermin, that he had
used her to make dirty
money and probably
would again.
”

to have missed that last fight. I drank and got angry and wanted the fight. She had no right to deny me the fight. Upstairs the bed was made, the ashtrays were empty, the books were stacked. She had taken some clothes and things for beautifying herself. I looked around and mentally separated her possessions from mine. It was surprisingly easy to do.

I drank some more and self-pity ran strong and I thought sourly about Selina and Short and trust and love. I poured the rest of the whisky back into the bottle, drank two cups of strong coffee and went out to the car.

Breaking into Short's studio took about two minutes, locating his life's treasures took a little longer. Some marks on the floor and a certain artfulness about the ashes in the grate told me that all was not as it seemed. A section of the brick fireplace had been taken out to accommodate the heavy, brassbound chest. I pulled it out, waited a few minutes to be sure that errant torch beams weren't attracting attention, and tickled it open with a skeleton key.

Colin Short was a great photographer,

he had a particular talent for men in the public eye and attractive young women. I recognised a politician and a radio announcer and could probably have identified a few other faces if I'd tried. A couple of films were in the same mood and looked as if they had a minimum of sound track and plot. One bundle of pictures showed a young, dark woman playing games around a swimming pool with a couple of very interested middle-aged men. The hair was different in style but it was Selina Hope. I took these pictures and a few samples of the rest and put the chest back.

I'd had some more whisky when I reached home so I was feeling rather weathered when I got to Athol Groom's establishment the following mid-morning. He congratulated me and we negotiated a fee. I asked him the dates for Selina's overseas trips and got them. The pool-side pictures had a date on the back which proved to be just two weeks before one of Selina's trips.

"Hang around Cliff," Athol said. "Selina's coming in and I know she'll want to thank you. What d'you make of this bloke of hers?"

I was about to answer when Selina came rushing in with Short tagging behind. She looked tousled and a bit underslept but marvellous. She gave me a peck on the cheek.

"You look tired," she said. "You must have a rest. I don't know how to thank you."

I wanted to tell her that Short was vermin, that he'd used her to make dirty money and probably would again. I wanted to see his sheepish bit of a rascal look drop away and to see her flay him. But I couldn't. She was so purely happy, so forgiving and loving that I couldn't destroy it. I knew why I wanted to destroy it and I knew it had nothing to do with justice or her future happiness.

I shrugged. "Next time you do an ad for scotch make sure you get a bottle for me. Could you excuse me Selina? I want a word with Colin."

I took Short out into the corridor and showed him the pictures I'd souvenired from his collection. He went pale and plucked at a couple of bits of stubble he's missed that morning.

"You're a lying, thieving shit," I said.

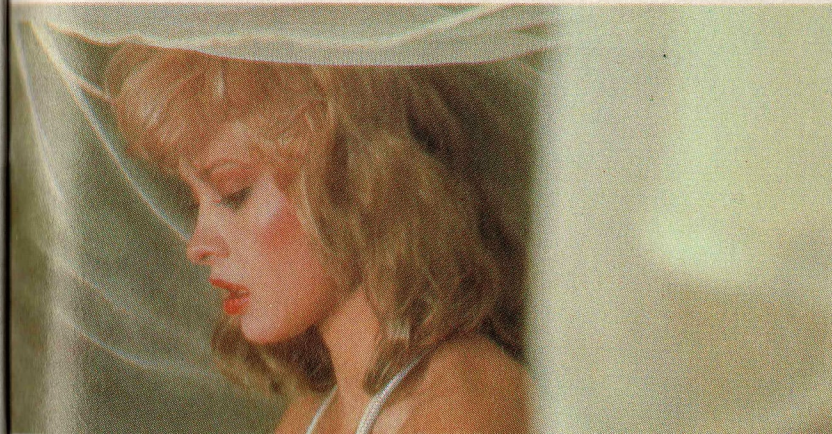
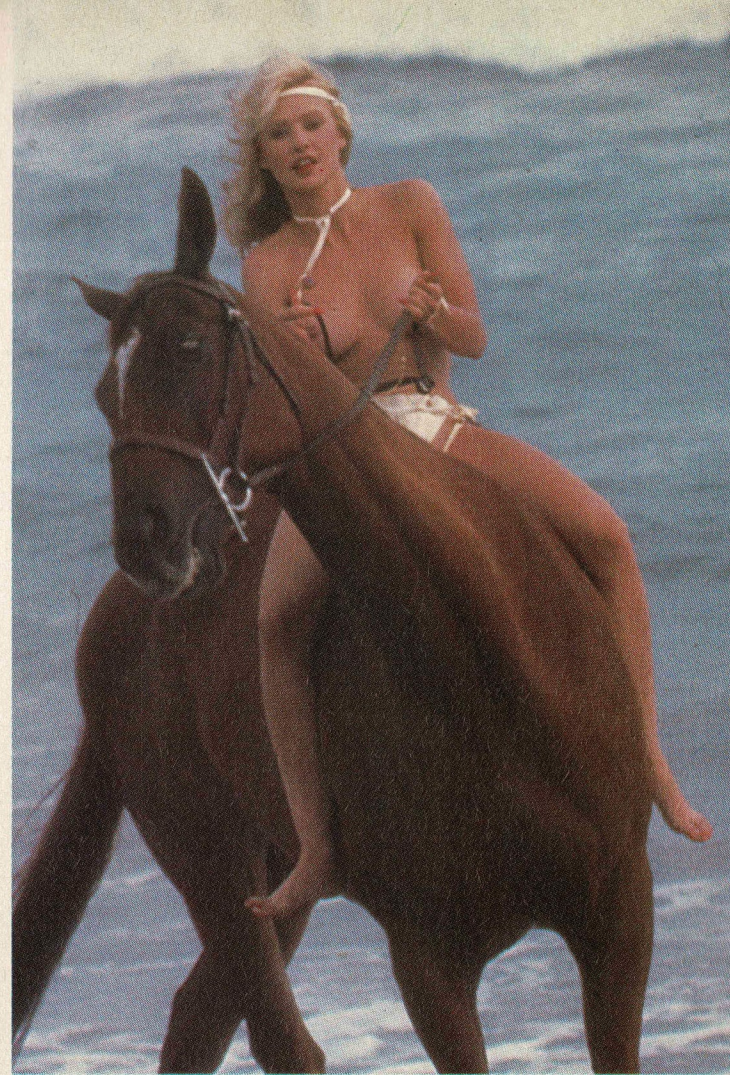
"What are you going to do?"

"You've retired as a blackmailer. If I ever hear you've gone back to it I'll drop these in the mail with a covering note."

"We're going to New York," he said suddenly. "Getting married."

"I'd keep it quiet," I said. "Just a few friends if you have any."

We went back inside and Athol opened some champagne for the occasion. I had a couple of glasses and got a decent kiss off Selina but it didn't do me any good. Later I went back to Glebe. Cyn made a good job of cleaning her stuff out, she even took the bottle of gin. ○+■



TERRY

“ Sex is
best when it's
spontaneous. ”

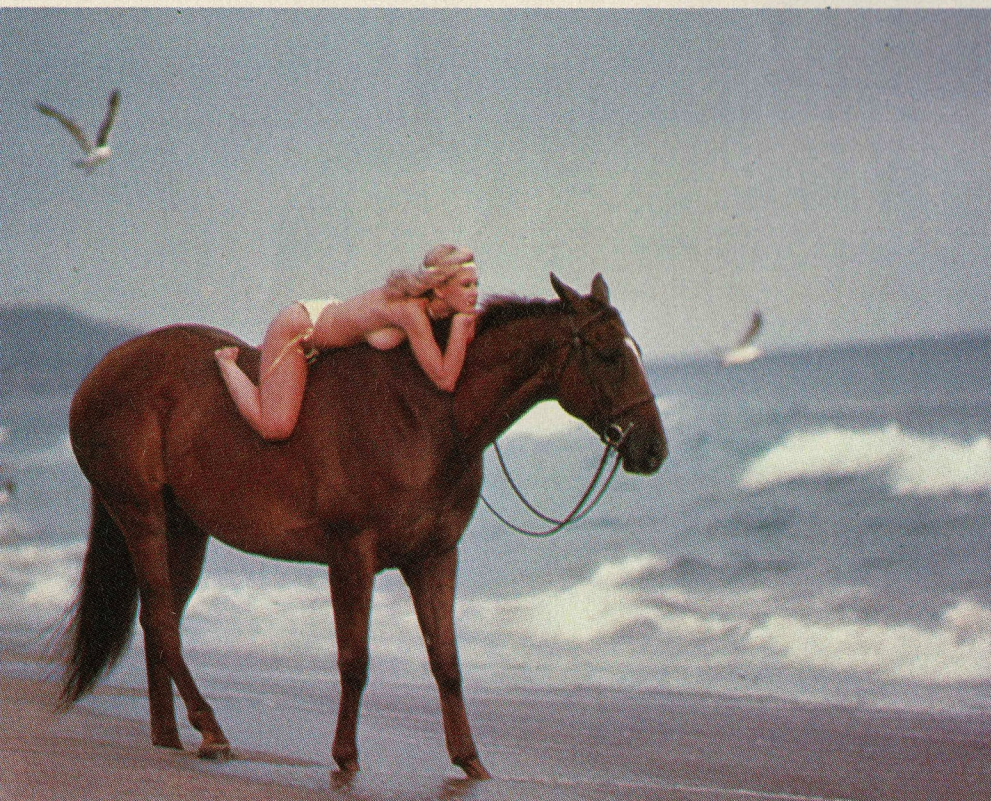




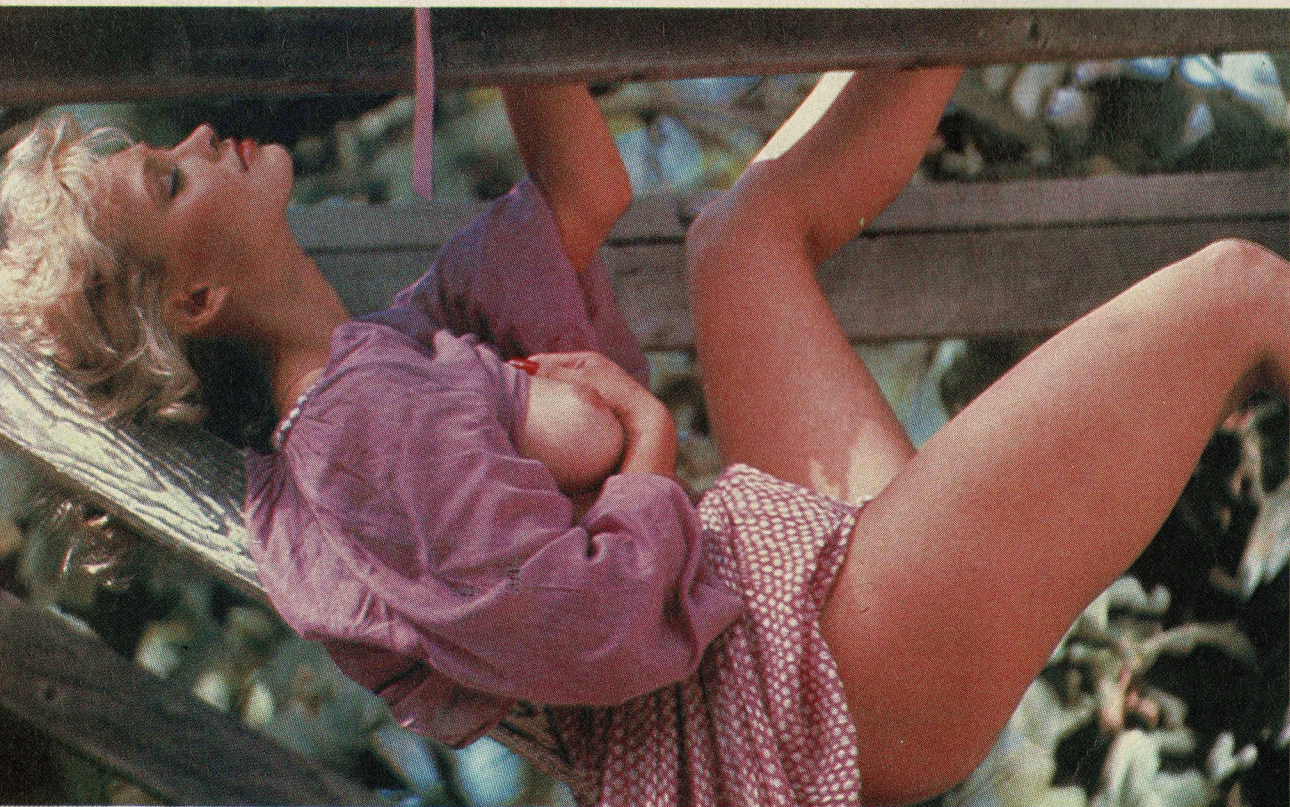
HOT TO TROT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ALLAN J. WASH

Once a week every week Terry Armstrong throws caution to the winds and runs off with her handsome Prince . . . the four-legged kind, Terry explains. Called Prince because "riding him is like being swept off your feet." Saddling up, she and several friends go on an old fashioned trail ride up through the Hollywood Hills over to the Burbank stables. After stopping for "supplies" (Mexican food washed down with margaritas), they start back home again.



Normally she doesn't ride baretopped, as she appears so delectably here, but she does ride *bareback* whenever possible. Despite her sleek, racy 35-23-35 figure and good looks, Terry is basically domestic. She prefers staying home and cooking sumptuous seafood dinners for her man.



Even with a regular partner, our Pet thinks that sex is best when it's spontaneous. Like the time she and her boyfriend

swerved off a busy highway and made love there in the car. No easy feat, since he is six foot and the car was a Mazda . . .





THE IDIOT BOX ANSWERS BACK

Your television
set is changing its image.

BY WAYNE ELMER

Nobody takes television seriously. It's a boring, uncreative medium which is used by the masses for anaesthetic purposes at the end of the working day. Nobody ever gets excited about watching television; in fact we're likely to feel a touch guilty about the amount of television we do watch. To watch television is to admit to a life unfulfilled.

Well, if that's how you feel about television, take a tip: you're out of date. Television has come out of the closet — it's now acceptable.

It all began with the domestic video recorders which effectively freed television from the hegemony of the religiously unadventurous networks. For the first time, the viewer had some real say in what he watched, and when he watched it. The video recorder was, however, merely the first in a number of innovations that will eventually allow the viewer enormous programming freedom. Videodisc, videotext, home computers and cable television will help revolutionise the role of the domestic television. TV is going to be fun again.

The television revolution has not been centred solely on what is to be screened on the TV however. The actual size and shape and format of the television is also in the process of undergoing considerable change. The day of the Dick Tracy-styled wristwatch TV may not be with us yet — but it may not be too far off either, judging by the latest pieces of miniaturisation: televisions the size of pocket calculators are already at the developmental stage in a number of Japanese electronics firms.

We have come a long way since 1975 — the year that the color TV was finally introduced into Australia. And while it took us an inordinately long time in deciding which color system to adopt, it's a fair bet that the newer technologies will be introduced at a far quicker rate. Already we have seen the unchecked introduction of various electronic TV games that convert the television set into battlefields and sporting fields. In the not too distant future the TV screen will be converted into the terminal for the household computer. It's inevitable. The idiot box has gained an intellect.

Along with the newfound and soon-to-be-newfound purposes for the television, there is a newfound look to the TV itself. The 60cm screen does a serviceable job, certainly. But now people are demanding far larger screens. And just to be contrary, they are also demanding with equal vigor, far smaller screens. For the poor, bemused television manufacturer it seems that anything from the size of a matchbox to the side of a house is fair game for a TV screen.

Before the very big or the very small screen becomes commonplace, there are a number of technical barriers to overcome. At 63cm the conventional picture tube has just about reached its maximum limit in size. To have a



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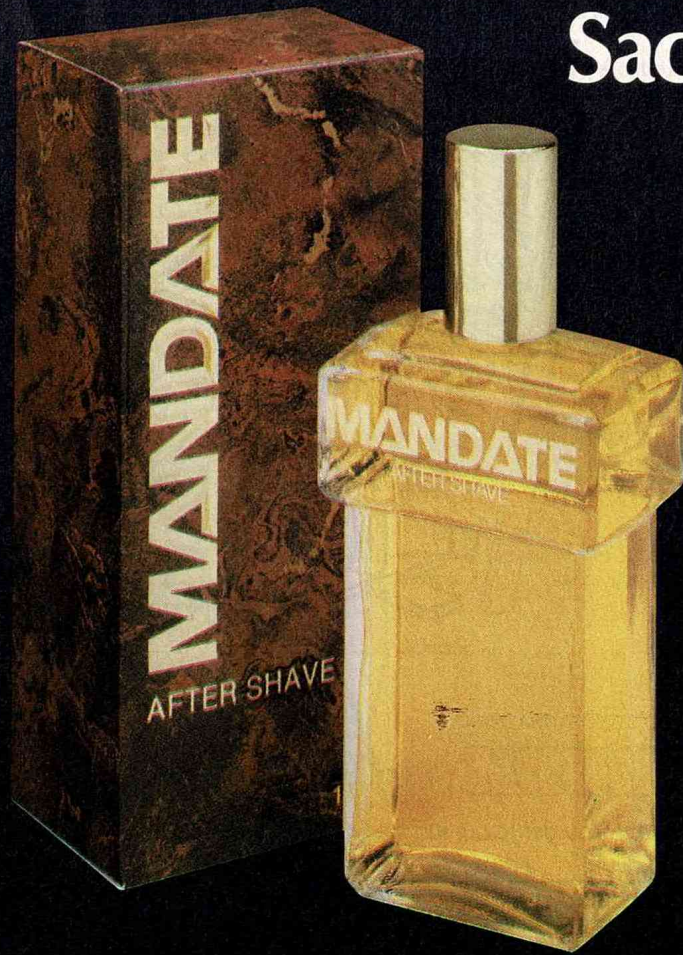
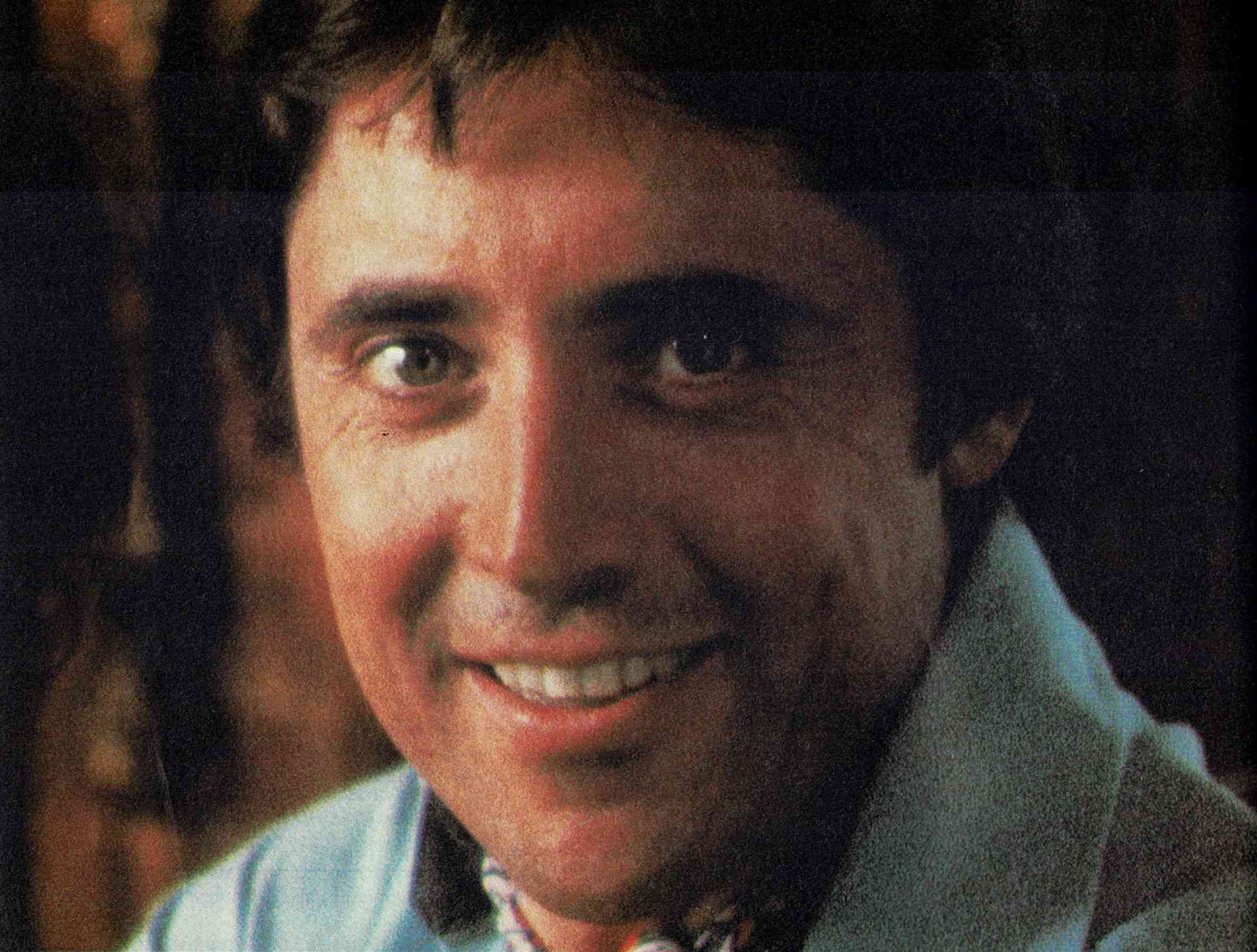
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ADULT MOVIES

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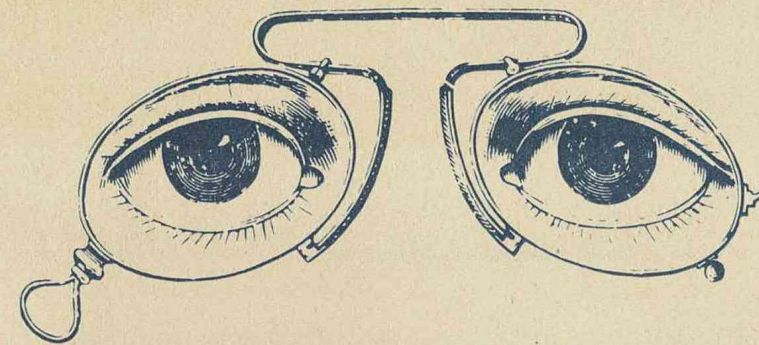


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VIEW FROM THE TOP

BLACK TOPS

BY ERIC MYERS

Have you ever pondered this Australian paradox — that in a stronghold of white culture, our two leading popular singers are black. It is doubtful if Marcia Hines, a black singer from Boston who came to Australia in 1970 for *Hair*, envisaged that within 10 years she would be selling more records as a solo artist than any other female singer in the country.

Today, she has graduated to celebrity status. She can number herself with people like Tony Barber, Mike Walsh, the stars of *The Restless Years*, Don Lane and other icons of music and television. We are so enamored with her that when she makes it with George Negus of *Sixty Minutes*, it hits the front pages of the women's magazines.

A more interesting phenomenon is Kamahl, a man of Indian extraction born in Malaysia. He came from a musical, upper middle class family. A wealthy uncle sent him to school at King's College, Adelaide, in 1953 and he went on to study architecture at the University of Adelaide.

His rise was not as meteoric as Marcia Hines'. He sang at parties and reputedly was a favorite of a then small-time newspaper owner Rupert Murdoch, who invited him to sing for the staff of News Limited in Adelaide. He made unspectacular progress as an entertainer until 1969, when the record producer Gus McNeil heard a little-known American song *Sounds Of Goodbye*, written by a songwriter named Eddie Rabbit. In an inspired moment, McNeil talked Kamahl into recording the song and adding it to an LP that was virtually finished. It was done in one take, and the arranger Laurie Lewis (who is not primarily a pianist) overdubbed the tinkling piano figures which gives the song its special character.

Sounds Of Goodbye became a Number One hit in Australia and sold about 25,000 copies, a considerable figure for 1969. Like so many other popular singers, Kamahl went on to build a splendid career on the chance occurrence of that

seminal first hit. In the promotion of Kamahl, the most has been made of this incident. His publicity material states: "Phonogram were unimpressed by [the song] but the singer had a hunch about it, and convinced them he should record it."

Myth-creation is an essential part of publicity in any entertainment industry. In this case, it is close to the truth: shrewd singer with intuitive feeling for what public wants, records song against wishes of dubious record company; it becomes a hit, and the singer's extraordinary percipience is rewarded. Kamahl reaches out to the people, over the heads of his advisers.

Since then, the promotion of Kamahl over many years has been clever. Undoubtedly, he had appeal; his records have sold well here and overseas and he has appeared a number of times at one of London's top nightclubs The Talk Of The Town.

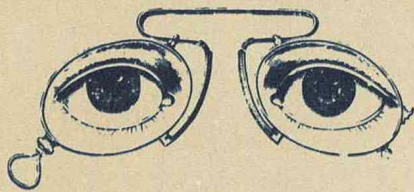
Still, his appearance at New York's Carnegie Hall in 1976 was, if not actually a confidence trick, certainly a smooth operation, breathtaking in its audacity.

In the popular imagination, only artists of real stature appear at Carnegie Hall. The truth is that any promoter can hire the venue for a night, and do with it what he likes. Kamahl's management booked

Carnegie Hall for the night of June 21, 1976, hired a 30-piece orchestra, arranged for the performance to be recorded, and sent out hundreds of complimentary tickets. About half the audience, it is said, were non-paying customers.

Following the event, Kamahl's fans, far away in Australia, were presented with a new myth: our boy (he was now being thought of as an Australian rather than an Indian) had scored a resounding triumph in the leading citadel of New York entertainment. An album *Kamahl Live At Carnegie Hall* was released on November 1, 1976, and went gold three times over in its first week of release. Ultimately, it realized six gold and two platinum records — over 150,000 copies, becoming one of his highest-selling





albums. How was Kamahl received by the critical New York audience? We have only sketchy evidence. Nancy Erlich, in *Billboard*, June 1976, noted that Kamahl was received politely, but doubted that he would have much appeal in the United States.

"He is personable and attractive, and somewhat formal," she wrote in her review. "His onstage philosophy, that we should all love children, animals and each other, is both unchallengeable and banal."

"What is unpleasant is the fact that what must pass for style among Kamahl's fans is simply bad singing. His vocal texture changes from register to register. He circles in on notes rather than hitting them directly, and often misses altogether. His one characteristic technique is to stress the occasional accented vowel with a booming swell in volume, less a style than an affectation."

Still, generating a mass following is not simply a matter of clever promotion, nor even musical talent. If the latter were the major criterion, then someone like Kerrie Biddell would be selling thousands of records in Australia.

A great singer must fulfil needs in the popular imagination. What needs amongst the listening public are fulfilled by Kamahl and Marcia Hines? How much of their appeal is to do with the fact that they are black?

Do they have a novelty status akin to that which Louis Armstrong enjoyed for years in American entertainment? (You will remember that Armstrong was the first genius in the history of jazz but, after about 1930, increasingly became a popular entertainer — a grinning darky with a watermelon smile who clowning and mugged his way through countless films and concerts).

A friend of mine once theorised that Australians idolise black entertainers because, un-



Kamahl

consciously, we are working out our guilt for what our ancestors did to the Aborigines. If that is true, perhaps we should have Aboriginal popular singers.

The only Aboriginal singer to have made a real mark in the entertainment industry is Jimmy Little, who performs gentle ballads and country and western songs. He has a clear, pure voice and presents himself with an air of dignified humility, not unlike that of a parson. Significantly, his greatest hit was *The Royal Telephone*, through which he had God on the line.

The effect that Jimmy Little has on club audiences is compelling; he is widely loved. But, unfortunately, he has little sexuality. On this count, he is beaten down by Kamahl, whose attraction for women is notably stunning. They fall at the big man's feet. Does his success, I wonder, have anything to do with the sexual fantasies of Australian women about black men?

By conventional standards he is tall and good-looking, clean-cut, with nice teeth, wears a kaffan, and is decidedly aloof. He is the antithesis to ocker Australian men — those husbands of the women who buy his records and flock to hear him in the clubs.

Ironically, Kamahl himself has dramatised the issue of his color. His drive to succeed as an entertainer, he says, was moti-

vated by a desire to transcend his color and find acceptance amongst Australians.

"As a child in Malaysia," he has said, "I was taught that because of white supremacy, nothing the blacks did would ever make them equal. That early indoctrination is still with me today."

Presumably Kamahl's single-minded search for acceptance and self-confidence has been an Australian success. He now lives with his wife Sahodra, and two children Rani and Rajah in a North Sydney home which, according to his publicity blurb is "modest by star standards."

Similarly, come to think of it, Marcia Hines now owns a house in one of Sydney's most exclusive residential areas, facing Centennial Park.

In the popular music of this country, black is not only beautiful; black is lucrative as well.

SOUNDS



CREME DE LA CREME

Consequences, Godley and Creme's first effort after leaving 10CC, was a critical success but a financial failure. The combined effects of their guitar/harpichord hybrid the Gizmo, crazy images helped along by narration from the likes of Peter Cook, and a color booklet, put their first triple album beyond popular bounds.

L and *Freeze Frame* were more successful. Their description on *An Englishman in New York* of: "The ultimate kitsch of a crucifix clock ... miniature Romans running on rails, appear every hour and bang in the nails," helped to get the album version of the song on *Freeze Frame* banned.

Godley and Creme's new album *Ismism* (Polydor), once again features provocative lyrics, superb vocals and great playing. But unfortunately it is the sort of album most record buyers will relegate to their to be played once a month section. Why?

Well, for one thing, *Ismism* doesn't feature a Top 40 hit like *An Englishman in New York*, even though the lyrics on many tracks are just as inspired as those on *Freeze Frame*. It is that pre-occupation with word pictures which makes Godley and Creme albums so rewarding, but at the same time tedious to listen too. Stand-out tracks on the album include *Wedding Bells*, with that old 10CC sound (including Gizmo). This is a woeful tale of frustration and if there's a single hit on *Ismism*, this is it. *Snack Attack* is an all out assault on food fetishes, take aways and the diet conscious.

The brightest new element in the sound is the extensive sax work of Bimbo Acock and of course the package is augmented by the production genius of Godley and Creme in their own studios.

Mink Deville's new album *Coup De Grace* (EMI) is an easy listening rock alternative, combining the Sixties rock balladeer sound with the production techniques of the Eighties. The old standard *You Better Move On* is a fine example. Distinctive vocals and saxophone are the hooks in the Mink De Ville sound. It's great to hear bright sax melodies in contrast to the generally flat style of this year's

ska sound. As with their previous efforts, the songs on *Coup De Grace* are timeless. This one would make a great Christmas present for anyone who remembers 24 Hours to Tulsa. It's also a great late-night groppers special.

Robert Fripp combines with Adrian Belew to create a unique two guitar sound on the new King Crimson album *Discipline* (E.G. Records). Bill Dunford's over the top drumming style dominates this new sound.

The diversity of this band's experience is not evident on *Discipline*. One would expect that with their

own individual talents combined with a background which includes sessions with Yes, Brian Eno, Talking Heads etc, that this phoenix might be really different ... but it's not a strain on the eustachians by any stretch of the Eighties.

Considering their success in the US, *Journey* is a bit of a sleeper in Australia. Their latest album *Escape* (CBS) has a heavy sound, but color changes throughout keep you interested. The *Journey* line-up has some impressive credentials. Probable the best known member of the band is Neil Schon, who played guitar with Carlos on *Santana 3* and *Caravanserai*. Steve Perry's tenor vocals are the hallmark of the *Journey* sound, which although a little dated, is still a satisfying product.

The British Climax Blues Band hasn't released a record for a few years but their latest was worth waiting for. *Lucky For Some* (Warner Bros) is a polished mixture of country rock and rhythm and blues. The band has had a big following in the UK for over a decade. This time round, Nicky Hopkins and friends help out with the backing and arrangements. *Lucky For Some* features the bright, driving sounds which characterise their style. Cutting Up

Rough is reminiscent of previous efforts, while tracks like *They'd Never Believe Us* and *Oceans Apart* show a more sophisticated approach to ballads, with greater accent on keyboards and synthesiser techniques. Slick horn and string arrangements add dimension to the softer songs on the album.

Lucky For Some has immediate appeal. — Rip Wellington

Just Arranging (Battyman Records) by the Tony Ansell Orchestra is one of the catalogue of seven impressive LPs now available from the local Batjazz label.

For this session a large studio orchestra was assembled, in order to record Tony Ansell's arrangements of various popular standards and jazz originals. Amongst the musicians were some of the best players in Australian jazz. However, this is not primarily a jazz record. Overall, the LP has a middle-of-the-road aura, as it was designed for a large commercial audience. Thus, there are a number of up-market disco/funk arrangements — *In A Persian Market*, *Dish Rag*, *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise*, *Charade* — which date the LP to some extent (it was recorded in 1977).

These tracks, however, are saved from being forgettable through excellent solo performances by Keith Stirling (trumpet), Kerrie Biddell (vocals), Jim Kelly (guitar) and Ansell himself on keyboards. On the basis of solo performances throughout, the LP can be recommended as a worthwhile addition to an Australian jazz fan's collection.

The best track, *Heading In The Right Direction*, is a lovely version of the song written originally for Renee Geyer by the Australian musician Mark Punch. It employs a nice soft-funk feel, and features some rich string writing by Tony Ansell.

What is distinctive about it is the work of Jim Kelly (guitar) and Don Burrows (flute). Kelly plays some brief figures in the introduction, and Burrows follows Ansell in stating the melody, before Kerrie Biddell's double-tracked voice takes the chorus.

Later, Kelly and Burrows swap two-bar improvised phrases — a short, workmanlike performance, but nonetheless exquisite. These two men epitomise as

much as do any players in Australian jazz, the life-affirming optimism of our sunshine culture.

These are our best studio musicians doing a commercial gig, but nevertheless doing it with professional ease, and effortlessly coming up with the goods.

The one negative aspect of the LP is the fact that many of the solos are, in my view, down too far in the sound mix. As an example, listen to Jim Kelly's solo in *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise*. Is not his beautiful singing guitar stifled by the orchestral background just when it begins to soar?

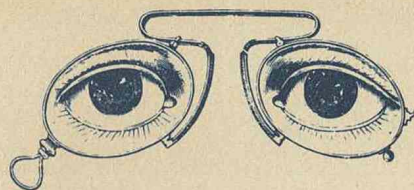
Just Arranging was produced by the ABC's Peter Wall and engineered by Dennis Fox. The same team is responsible for another LP in the Batjazz catalogue *Julian Lee*, which features the arrangements, keyboard and flugelhorn of the brilliant New Zealand musician Julian Lee. This LP has attracted criticism because of its inclusion in the Batjazz Australian Jazz Collectors' Series. Certainly this is, again, an LP of middle-of-the-road music rather than jazz. But still, it could only have been produced by jazz musicians.

The LP *Julian Lee* could well be the best recording of middle-of-the-road music with jazz content that this country has produced. — Eric Myers.

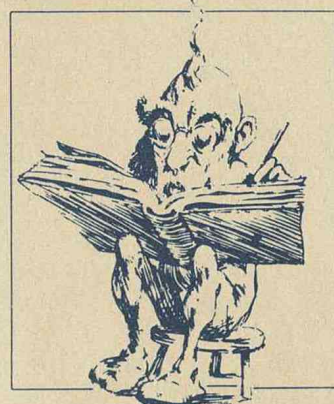
Tony Ansell



Ismism and Discipline — British rock at its best.



WORDS



THE ADMAN COMETH

Some facets of Peter Carey's first novel *Bliss* (Queensland University Press \$12.95) sparkle, but others are flawed. After establishing his talent as a short story writer with two acclaimed collections, Carey probably thought it was time to take up the challenge of writing a lengthy narrative. While *Bliss* includes some brilliant short scenes, they don't add up to a novel.

The story concerns Harry Joy, an advertising executive who suffers a near fatal heart attack and upon recovery believes he is living in hell. After a series of incidents involving his family and business which convince him of the truth of his revelation, he is rescued by the alternative lifestyle lady Honey Barbara and ends his life as a recluse in an idyllic rural setting.

Carey has chosen safe ground, using his own profession as his protagonist's occupation. But *Bliss* tends to suffer from the adman's approach. The problems begin with his characters, who are, without exception, stereotyped devices, caricatures created primarily to fulfil the plot.

Harry Joy is unbelievable. His daughter Lucy is also unreal, a 15-year-old communist who has little purpose in this tale other than sucking her brother David's

cock. David is more interesting, but disappears before he gets a chance to come to life. These people are involved in some clever scenes, like Harry's observations of his family's incest and infidelity, the elephant on the car incident and the wife Bettina's self destruction. These are great short story ideas, but as a whole they are incoherent.

Carey has adopted some annoying mannerisms in this uncomfortable blend of fantasy and realistic fiction. His flash-forwards, irritating predictions about his characters' fate, and the use of phrases like "dear reader" present a godly, omniscient stance which makes you feel you're being manipulated.

The author has an adman's romantic vision of alternative culture. He makes Joy an outlaw when he heads for the country, so there is no way he can return to the city. But if Harry Joy was real, he would have become bored with the bush, written a book on survival and then gone back to town to collect the royalties.

After his heart attack, Joy sud-

denly sees life with the blinkers off. But unfortunately the blinkers are quickly replaced with rose colored glasses. Carey never gets to the heart of his protagonist's dilemma. His slick style delivers only the appearance of truth. That is the achievement of an adman, not a novelist.

Most art books are concerned with works of art, the artists, or art theory, technique or philosophy. Richard Haese's *Rebels and Precursors* (Allen Lane \$39.95) is one of a rarer kind. Its emphasis is on the social and political context in which the work of Australian painters (and writers) of the 1930s and 40s was created.

Rebels and Precursors describes the process which replaced the pastoral vision and landscape tradition of the Heidelberg School of the 1890s with new images based on social realism, primitivism, myths and a modern romantic view of contemporary realities.

Haese writes with clarity and conviction. His book is well

researched and his background in both art and history provide admirable credentials for a difficult task.

Although Sydney and other capitals get an occasional mention, the story is largely acted out in Melbourne. But its significance is national for it illuminates a period of art history of which only a few cognoscenti have been aware. But above all, it celebrates the role of creative endeavor as the perpetual source of cultural renewal.

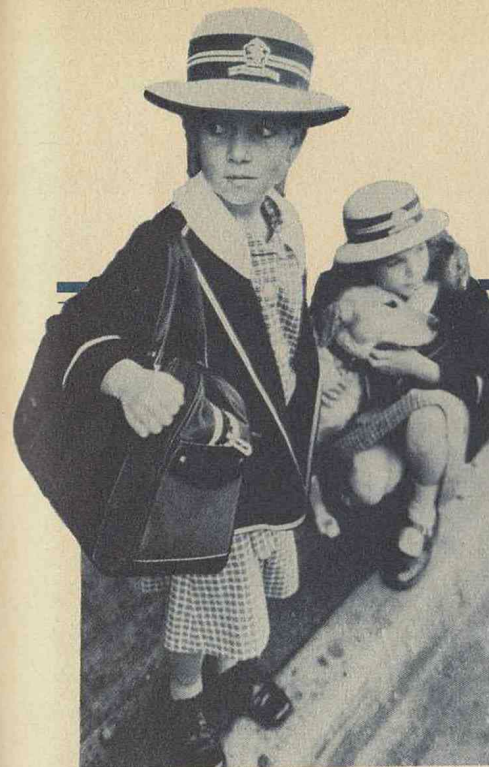
Rebels presents a comprehensive picture of what the creative component in our society produces when challenged by real life rather than when coddled by the beneficence of the academy of the times. It's good to know that only a few decades ago artists were reacting to the realities of life rather than waiting for a hand-out. Who knows, there may even be some doing the same thing today. — *Colin Hinton.*

Sir Richard Burton, like his modern namesake, was not adverse to the pleasures of the flesh. A new edition of his classic translation *The Kama Sutra of Vatsyayana* (George Allen and Unwin \$15.95) is most welcome.

Kama is Sanskrit for love, pleasure and sensual gratification. The *Kama Sutra* is a collection of laws, set down briefly, dictated to sages by the Lord of Beings who created humankind.

Obviously the creator as envisaged by the ancient Sanskrit teachers, was a hedonistic diety who had not wasted his time creating the pleasures of the flesh to be adjured. To the ancient Indian way of thinking, sex was not just a means of generation or a pastime to be enjoyed: it was an art to be perfected.

As far as the new edition is concerned, you can take or leave the lengthy and largely irrelevant preface and the introduction. It's the sexual poetry in prose which



Stephanie Maze shot these schoolgirls as her contribution to *Didla*.

counts, the metaphors, at once ingenious, romantic and highly erotic. Some are merely charming: are you for example a horse, and your lady a deer? Then you're a great couple, especially when coupling. Some of the *Kama Sutra's* descriptions are sexual detonators. This would make a wonderful bedside book for the woman who is, or ought to be, in your life. — *Richard Deutch.*

A Day In The Life of Australia (Griffin Press \$25.95) (or *Didla* as it has become known) was a brilliant piece of organisation. Photographers from all over the world were posted all over Australia and told to shoot pictures all day: That day was Friday March 6 1981. The result was 96,000 photographs, which were edited down to produce this large format coffee table book. Unfortunately, it is not a true reflection of either the good work put into it or of Australia. The reason it went slightly astray must rest squarely on the heads of the editors; had a team of Australian editors been allowed to do the job we might have ended up with a more accurate feel. But, it still contains some amazing pictures and is well worth a look. — *Andrew Cowell.*

The style of veteran humorist Ross Campbell's autobiography

An Urge to Laugh (Wildcat Press, \$14.95) is so subtle, expert and seamless it threatens to undervalue itself. But rest assured that it brings his character to life, a sensibility developed in bygone times when the Australian middle-class had more on its mind than jacuzies and swimming pools. The spirit could be called ur-

bane — perhaps even sururbane — but the spirit on display is a good one. As well as being funny, the book is also an unusual picture of a man who refused to assert himself through the chauvinist avenues available to him. The times were mild and so was Melbourne. Campbell was apolitical, and his youth presents him as a misfit with nothing to rebel against. The point I took here was that without conflict, the emergence of one's true character can be a slow process. Campbell went with the tide and became an expert swot, a Rhodes-Scholar at Oxford. But none of it seemed real to him.

Levity was Ross Campbell's problem: he couldn't take anything seriously. Certainly not the characters of the novels he sat down to write. And how could he undertake an academic career when he attached as much meaning to an advertising slogan as he did to a quote from Plato?

Trade phrases would swim in his brain. He would daydream about Coca Cola ads, then paraphrase them as "the menopause that refreshes". He was a pre-Warhol modern outside his times.

The serious business of ritual surrounding sex also eluded him. "We never seem to talk about the serious things," one madonna sighed before depart-

ing. Even the Great Depression of the 30's denied him its drama. "I suffered only one blow in the early stages of the economic crisis," Campbell writes. "Someone broke into my room at Ormond College and stole my dinner suit."

It was the 50's before he "broke into the small time" as he called it, "writing funnies" for various Packer publications. "Trivia had come to the fore and I could be as trivial as the next man." He wrote of domestic horrors, such as owning a superceded fridge; he became famous in Sydney as the man who met Annette Funicello.

Privately, though, he was still probably something of a misfit, leaning towards the Left in an organisation propagating the Right. And excelling in the "trivial" art of humor brings few accolades in Australia. Some readers even resented this. "Prominent among them were virile sporty men who thought it unmanly of me to take an interest in the affairs of women and children. They wrote me insulting letters."

But, generally speaking, he had the only audience worth having: the people. All those Dagwood Bumsteads who, like Ross Campbell, felt humiliated when their children demanded to know why they didn't have a fridge with a light in it.

In this nation of suburbs, Ross Campbell's *An Urge To Laugh* has an intensely Australian present.

This book has style. It's intimate, funny, philosophic and utterly delightful. — *Stephen MacLean.*

At last, *The Australian Music Directory*, an admirable attempt at a comprehensive perspective on the Australian music scene. The editors have been motivated by the rapid growth in rock and popular music over the last five years whereby "at home and internationally, performances and recordings by local artists now

command greater attention than ever before".

Its omissions are both obvious and subtle. There is nothing in the editorial section on jazz and classical music, though the relevant locally produced albums are listed in the directories. Also, in terms of fine detail, there is no way such a compendium would be 100 percent accurate once it hit the streets as publications go under, firms change premises, venues close, bands break up...

The publishers claim the book "is indispensable to anyone with a personal, artistic or business interest in the development of music in this country". It certainly belongs in every road managers briefcase (despite its bulk) alongside such life support systems as Steven Scheur's *Movies on TV*.

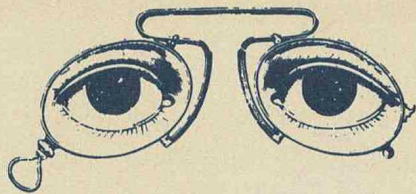
The Directory is to be a permanent fixture of the local music



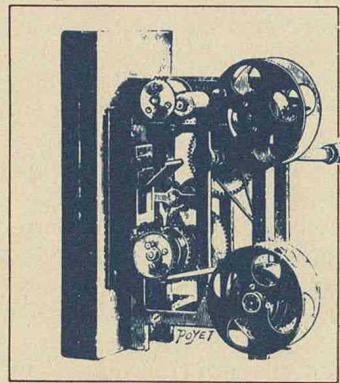
At last... the music guide.

scene. "Expanded and updated editions will appear annually" threaten the authors.

One problem to be tackled is the slightly schizoid nature of the publication which juxtaposes a fan magazine approach to local music history for half of its 520 pages with an encyclopedic listing of relevant firms, venues, services and statistics. However, sales of this and subsequent editions will possibly vindicate the first version's format, which is informative and entertaining. — *Jeremy Cook.*



FILMS



ARTHUR'S A DUD

As much as *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* or a *Star Wars* can delight the cinemaphile, "regeneration" does have its limitations. Spielberg and Lucas manage to do their bit in keeping the spirit of yesterday's Saturday matinee alive with panache to the extent that today's audience (even those weaned on Buster Crabbe and Republic Serials) believe they are being exposed to original minds at play. Steve Gordon, writer/director of another cinema era transplant, *Arthur*, is not similarly blessed. And neither is his audience.

Vehicle for the twitching, mugging "not only but also" ran performance of aging university revue artist, Dudley Moore, this pastiche of Hollywood wild and wacky repartee peaks just after the opening credits and stumbles downwards in step with Moore's broad dipsomania through numerous contrivances rudely fobbed off by Gordon as plot and genuine humor.

Arthur Bach (Moore) is a problem child walking around in a state of stunted adulthood. Heir to a \$750 million fortune, he fills in time riding around New York in a chauffeur driven Rolls Royce swilling whisky, cackling inanities and picking up \$100 a night hookers to take off to dinner amongst the elite at The

Plaza. ("Why am I a hooker? My mother died when I was six. My father raped me when I was twelve," she explains. "At least you have six good years," Arthur shrieks in reply). Enough is enough. Arthur's family decide the time has come for him to settle down and take a responsible role. If he does not agree to his father's demands — take the hand of a business acquaintance's daughter in marriage — then he is to be cut off from his money. To face life as a poor, rather than rich, drunk.

With only his snobbish, unsympathetic man servant-come-father-figure, Hobson (played with suitable theatrical aplomb-in-the-mouth by Sir John Gielgud) to turn to, Arthur faces the inevitable. But not before meeting life's one true love, Liza Minnelli, daughter of a dirt poor out of work dolt who believes all his Christmases have come at once when she announces her new beau. It is one thing to face a life of booze on the dole — but to expect the love of your life to accompany you...

Arthur's dilemma, how to face life with his fortune and arranged marriage, minus Ms Minnelli is the stuff of fantasy. And *Arthur* has been hailed Stateside as a return to those Depression films so popular in the Thirties where those eking out a living while Wall Street crashed could lose themselves in the fantasies of the super rich spurning their wealth and turning to the honesty to be found in working class integrity. Then it was pure escapism. Today, in this time of the invisible depression (or low profile depression), the genre suffers through the base influence of recent American film "comedy". The style of *Animal House*, Cheech & Chong, *Flying High* has taken its toll on audience sensibilities.

Steve Gordon is no Frank Capra and Dudley Moore little more than a Muppet lacking the input of a Jim Henson to round out an acceptable screen per-



Dudley Moore gets into hot water in *Arthur*.

sona. Gordon's humor rarely rises above the level of the hooker — Arthur rejoines or Hobson enquiring of Arthur, "Would you like me to come and wash your dick" while his "ward" baths. The line in itself is not funny. Coming from Gielgud, it has a fascination. Rare moments do bring accidental humor to the enterprise. The dolt of a father eavesdropping as his daughter turns down a cheque for \$100,000 from Arthur trying to buy forgiveness from Ms Minnelli after agreeing to the arranged marriage. A *whimper* from the other side of the door as the father realises there will be no multitude of Christmas goodies.

Sigmund Freud commented to the effect that by dissecting a joke, it eventually ceases to exist. American cinema has been expertly dissecting screen humor for years on end, each new effort a peeling back of the banana skin until the point has been arrived at where it is thrown to the ground and there is nothing there for the stooge to slip on. So audiences react to the *memory*, no matter how dim or faded, of the classic routine rather than some new arrangement of it. The ghost of routines past haunt *Arthur*, a film that is

neither escapist or, in the final analysis, humorous. Funny, yes. Humorous, no. — *Denis Whitburn*

The opening shots tell it all. The clack, clack, clack of a typewriter over-rides the delivery of a monologue in a syncopatic tone. The close-ups are of pictures adorning the walls. Glamorous shots each and every one... and all of the same women. She's a star, you can tell. And at the typewriter sits a clean cut, young man. "I am your greatest fan. Unlike the others, all I want is your happiness," he writes, adding, "PS: Could you please send me your most recent photograph?"

It's a fan, writing to his favorite actress. And that's the name of the film, *The Fan*, fresh off the Robert Stigwood assembly line. It's a tense and intensive study of obsession, and to its credit, it's believable. Parallels have already been drawn to the recent Lennon murder, and *The Fan*, which completed production months before that tragic event, bears a disclaimer denying any intentional allegory.

The best thing about the film is the fact that audiences get the chance to watch a consummate actress making a return to the

screen in a starring role. Lauren Bacall makes the premise work, from scene one which is played quite straight, right through to her musical song and dance routines in later stages of the production.

Bacall fills perfectly the principal role of Sally Ross, a famous stage actress who's been in the hearts and minds of the theatre public for many years. And her fans adore her, stopping her in the street, at the stage door, anywhere, for her autograph. Her biggest fan is Douglas Breen (Michael Biehn, making an impressive, if chilling, film debut), the young man with the typewriter. He likes to pretend a lot, does our Douglas, and many an intimate supper for two he's shared in his flat. Just Douglas, the wine and candlelight and Sally... in his very fertile imagination. But the trouble is that fantasy or not, his letters are real, and Sally's cleverly amusing, and a touch over-protective, secretary has been intercepting his correspondence.

And Douglas is not amused as his "please send me a picture" letters move to "why is that rude bitch of a secretary not giving me a chance to write to you directly". Trouble escalates as does Douglas' fantasy life. He decides to become Sally Ross' lover, writing her smugly, "I've got all the right equipment to

make you happy." What follows — somewhat predictably, but credibly — is a series of razor slashing attacks, first on the secretary, then on others who figure prominently in Sally's life.

It's gripping and chilling all the way, for director Edward Bianchi has filled his thriller with meaningful closeups, from something as simple as a stack of books, a pen, a knife on a plate in the killer's room, to closeups of his face as he transforms his deadly fantasies into gruesome realities in his confrontations with his victims.

To help all of this along, tight editing by Alan Heim pits the famous lifestyle of star Sally against the grim backdrop of the fan's dismal existence. Musical score by Academy Award winning Marvin Hamlisch incorporates a few contemporary disco hits with a stylish Broadway musical tune or two, all to the marrying threat of Hamlisch's distinctive film score sounds.

Also not to be forgotten are Bacall's supporting players, Hector Elizondo as a sympathetic copper, and Kurt Johnson as dancer, David. James Garner takes the role of ex-husband, but he's limited to merely putting his arm around Bacall for comfort now and again. More could have been made of his presence.



Jan Capelja and Nell Schofield toast each other in *Puberty Blues*

The Fan has more than a few squeamish sequences, but they definitely add to the film's impact. If a thriller's what you're after, *The Fan* promises to send more than just a chill up your spine.

Remember the Gidget movies, or even the beach flicks of the '60s? Choice little items like *Beach Blanket Bingo*, starring Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. They were sweet and wholesome, crammed frame to frame with bright and pretty American kids frolicking along the seaside sands. Silly — and so dated now. To bridge the gap, we have Bruce Beresford's rendition of the Salami Sisters tale of adolescent morals set in the beachside suburbs of Sydney, *Puberty Blues*. But it's just a bit more than just a beach/surfie epic; it is in fact, an apt allegory for the mental and physical strains teenage standards undergo in order to conform with peer values. And the allegory is succinctly played out with a surfboard as the catalyst. Only someone with the directional ability of Beresford, who steered *Breaker Morant* in the winning direction could have so successfully carried off the allegory without losing sight of his goal in this intricately woven piece.

Based on the bestselling book, *Puberty Blues*, written by the Salami Sisters Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Cary, the film relies on an intermittent female voice-over stating the thoughts and feelings of the two female leads, Sue (Jad Capelja) and Debbie (Nell Schofield). As they struggle through high school, they deal with parental concern and peer acceptance, soon realising that you have to belong to a group, preferably the most popular. And in their seaside locality, it's the surfers to which they are attracted.

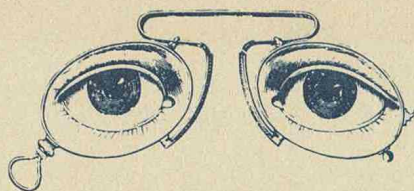
The action centres on the beach with their boyfriends catching wave after wave, as we

learn that a girl never eats in front of her man, she starved while he satisfied his hunger. "Our stomachs rumbled and our bladders burst," we're told as they trot off into the sun's light in search of a Chiko Roll or two for the boys.

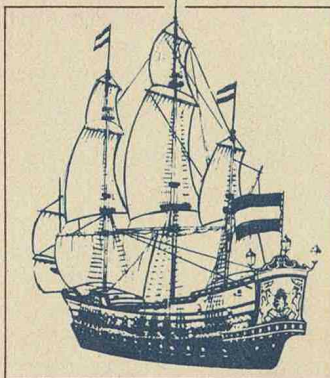
Dialogue is delivered in the vernacular of youth, and therein lies its market. Full of slang and "How are ya," "Gettin heaps", "mates" and "I reckons", Margaret Kelley's script looks at Australian youth in a very open and uncompromising manner. And in Debbie's and Sue's pubescent journey, they go through the entire gamut of youthful folly, smoking in the school toilets, sneaking off in the night to meet their boyfriends, getting drunk for the first time, and even a suspected pregnancy. And it's not all slanted to the pros of these pastimes, but the cons as well. The realisation that not everything's right just because someone says it's so comes to the fore in the final sequences. It's a "Who cares?" and a freeze frame as they set off for the future. A touch optimistic, but still credible within the film's strong framework.

To help get the message across, Tim Finn of Split Enz, composed the musical score and it's one with a nice contemporary beat, filled in with touches of suitable lyrics to underscore any emotionally demanding moments. The newcomers to the acting scene do justice to their gutsy roles, especially the strong performance of Nell Schofield as Sue and Jad Capelja as her friend Debbie, the two work well individually and in tandem. They create a true-to-life vitality that keeps things moving along. Standout in the male department was Ned Lander.

Certainly *Puberty Blues* is not a film which everyone will enjoy. But the messages are there, delivered with careful thought: it's not easy being young in today's world. — *Alex Anthony*



TRAVEL



LEAPFROGGING THE PACIFIC

For the jetlagged Pacific Ocean commuter, Honolulu has long been the traditional stop-over or transit port of call. But it's boring grey airport building, the bleak industrial landscape adjoining, and the high-rise building tide mark of the beaches (a Surfers carbon copy) did little to encourage lengthy stays.

Wise travellers, however, are increasingly using the slightly longer Tahiti route. And it's a spectacular payoff, because Tahiti — the biggest island of French Polynesia — overlord a cluster of islands covering an ocean area the size of Europe. More than 130 islands and atolls, in five archipelagoes, dot the sparkling waters.

The charm and easygoing hospitality of the indigenous Maori peoples and the flair of the French (who've had a 100-year link with the islands) mix well to create an exotic atmosphere.

French efficiency and style shows in the smooth running of local transport systems (such as the inter-island airways system), the sympathetic architecture of the resort areas and the cuisine. Unfortunately the French influence also extends to their hard-nosed attitude to money, and some of the most oft-touted top restaurants can be hard on the travellers cheques. But if

you're hungry there are many attractive and cheaper alternatives — Polynesian, Vietnamese, Chinese, even Italian and "American".

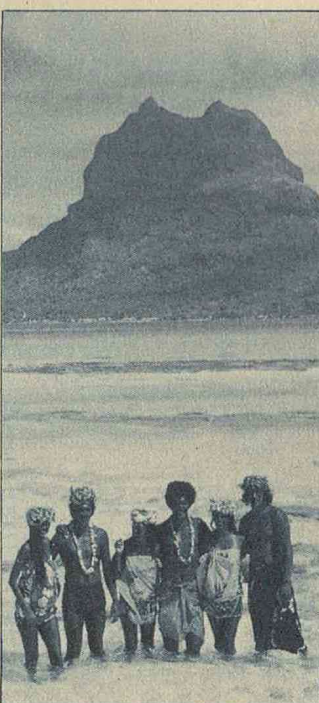
A tantalising variety considering the small population — half of whom (70,000) live in Tahiti itself. After the jostling experience of much travel in the Pacific and Asia, the lack of crowds and the vastness of the oceans is welcome. But be warned: a suntanned colleague just recently returned from this island paradise has some sound advice.

"Book into a Papeete hotel initially," she advises, "then phone around the islands to check on the proximity of the United States tour package groups. Avoid them and you'll be able to relax.

"When these groups, two to three bus-loads at a time, converge on a hotel they strain the services to the limit. It's mass mania, and terrifying at close quarters."

"I escaped," she added, "to Huahine Island and the secluded delights of the Bali Hai Hotel.

Tahiti's tropical splendor.



The bungalows are built on stilts over a freshwater lagoon covered in water lilies. With a tropical sunset, swaying palms and haunting Tahitian music hanging in the air it can be — and sure was in my case — seductive terrain."

Its charms were certainly not lost on the crew of the Bounty either, and ever since Tahiti has served as a refuge for those seeking exotic tranquility and more...

And here's a brief guide to some of the charms of the relatively unknown islands of French Polynesia:

Moorea — is the closest island to Tahiti and is dominated by spectacular mountains with deep, narrow gorges. Seven tourist hotels and Club Mediterranee provide accommodation.

Bora Bora — another volcanic island easily identified by its towering twin peaks — Paihia and Otemanu. The island is almost completely encircled by coral reefs which contain one of the Pacific Ocean's most stunning lagoons.

Raiatea — this is the ancient centre of Polynesian civilisation and culture and is rich in artifacts and archaeological sites.

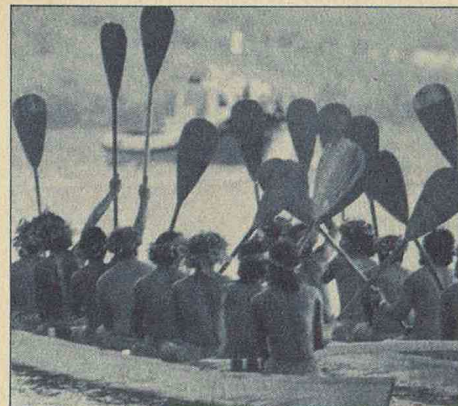
Maupiti — This neglected island, retains its exclusive air. Although no hotel accommodation is available, it's easily arranged in private homes.

Manihi — is a small atoll 500km north east of Tahiti which supports its 300-odd people through pearl farming. Accommodation is available at Kaina Village Hotel, a thatched-roof bungalow complex nestling on an inner-lagoon beach.

Tetiaroa — this idyllic atoll, just 50km north of Tahiti was in ancient times the summer residence of Tahitian royalty. It's currently owned by aging Marlon

Brando, but visitors are welcome to enjoy the rafting, sailing and fishing. There's no guarantee that the 'Godfather' will be in residence though.

Tubuai — is the island chosen by the Bounty mutineers as



Tahitian oarsmen take a break.

home in 1789. There are no hotels but accommodation can be arranged with local families.

The Marquesas — a dramatic mountainous group of islands noted for crystal-clear waters, superb fishing, peaceful anchorages and fine accommodation with local families. It is the burial site of Paul Gauguin and Jacques Brel.

Margareva — is a long way (nearly 1500km) south east of Papeete and enjoys a temperate climate. The local church is entirely decorated with valuable mother-of-pearl shells.

It is the main island of the rarely visited Gambier Archipelago — and magnificently unspoilt!

That's for starters, there's still another 120 sunspots to explore.

Getting there:

Tahiti is a regular stop-over for Qantas flights on the Pacific run. Airfares vary from a low \$498 return (off peak group tour) to \$2004 (first class). In between there are a mass of options to suit all pockets.

For further information (and a delightful series of full-color brochures) contact your nearest travel agent or Qantas office. — Allan Moul.



"Say, that sure was some fancy dress party, wasn't it?"



OLD MAN EMU

BY P.D. JACK

Churning up guts, dust
and dollars in the latest off-road monsters.

It is like any garage. The walls are covered with calendars celebrating mammaries and toothy smiles, gaskets, rags and shelves stuffed with greasy boxes. You could find the bell-housing for a Roman chariot if you looked long enough. The monster lies limbless amid the junk. Its owner/Frankenstein, John Chapman explains it is basically a cockpit so suspended that it will remain steady while the wheels go everywhere. The suspension looks like an acid-dropped scaffolder went mad with a box of off-cuts and shock absorbers. The engine is where engines end up after you drive into a brick wall: 30cm or so behind where it should be. For balance I'm told. The radiators are still where they ought to be, so to hook the fan to the motor there's this gimpy connector that looks too much like a double-ended socket spanner to be taken seriously.

"How's it going?" Chapman asks one of his minions.

"These rear axle bearings. They're an eighth too wide," a gangling hulk, introduced as John Hogg, the driver, replies.

I inspect the bearings. Beautiful chromed pieces of high tech. Twenty dollars each, fifty dollars? Useless, except for?

"The kid's billycart," and Hogg chuckles it on the floor.

I inspect the rear axle. It seems little more than a piece of pipe with a couple of flanges running along it and a big lump of plastic in the middle. It has been X-rayed and pronounced perfect.

There's no diff. Which means both rear wheels will be going at the same speed all the time. Which is all right on the straight, but what happens when you go round corners? That, of course, is the purpose of the differential. When a car goes round a bend the outside wheel, which travels farther than the inside wheel, must therefore be going faster than the inside wheel. Thus, to turn the monster, driver Hogg will just have to put the car sideways, into a

controlled skid. Seems a little raunchy, but it's all a matter of unsprung weight. If it has a diff then there's too much hanging out of the truck, destabilising it.

There's no windscreen either.

"The air is scooped off the bonnet into these two ducts, and then channelled up through these two slices of perspex to form a windscreen out of wind," Chapman explains.

Well how about that, a real windscreen.

A week later we are at Oran Park, waiting in the dusk for the demons to bring the monster from the laboratory.

The surgeons arrive with their patient. Hoggy the driver, Alan Moloney the chief mechanic, and Keith Simmons, the other chief mechanic. Dave McDonald, from Riley Street Diffs (in reality Diff Trans Spares, but Riley Street Diffs to me), cracks a few atrocious jokes. A couple of sponsors look pleased. John Chapman, the chief demon, is incongruous in pin-striped trousers and shirt.

"Hoggy, put on your driving suit. Phil, you put on mine."

What's this? I meekly acquiesce, and crawl into the cockpit to be strapped in. A big belt comes up between my legs, two straps from over my shoulders, and two more big thick ones over my ribs. They all meet over my navel, and are then tightened. I can just breathe. Then he takes off.

Within one breath — admittedly, held — we are hurtling towards a dead Ford Cortina sitting forlorn and rejected in the middle of our path. I am fully conscious that this is the first time John Hogg has ever driven this beast, and also fully conscious of the apparent lack of control he seems to have over the beast.

Chapman came up with the appropriate simile: it was like a penny on a piece of dry ice. It's a hovercraft, not a car.

Actually, it's not even a car. It's a truck, of sorts.

The latest in the Old Man Emu stable of offroad racers was designed by a yank called Parnelli Jones, of whom you would have heard if ever you took any interest in the Indianapolis 500. Mr Jones was barred from offroad racing because, it was claimed, he tried to pass a smaller buggy in front of him — over the top. So he sold the vehicle to Frank Vessels and Bobby Gordon. They won a handful of races with it, and sold it to Chapman after they'd thrashed it to what the yanks call death, which is really but a milestone on the long road of life.

It is a two-thirds scaled down version of a GM utility (except they call them pickups over there) brand-named "Blazer". At least, that's what its body panels are. The rest is pure fantasy. A couple of pipes, the amazing suspension set up, a 350 cubic inch (that's a bit over 5½ litres) Chev motor with various tricky bits, the diffless straight-through axle, and all sorts of other flash stuff that you can read about in the motor mags.

It was bought by Chapman for no reason that I can see other than to impress the girls, although he puts forward many others, some to do with selling shock absorbers and tyres, and chiefly to do with "improving the sport". You see, Chapman is one of those blokes for whom interest becomes obsession, hobby — business. Simply, he's a car nut. He scraped through his law exams while spending most of his time building fibreglass sports cars, and after a couple of years practice snatched the law and became Old Man Emu, purveyor of accessories to the four wheel drive carriage trade.

There are about 150,000 registered 4WDs in Australia, and not much more than half of these are owned by farmers, surveyors, miners or similar. The rest are owned by suburban family folk, so they can go on picnics to Cape York or beach-fishing without walking.

And many 4WD owners are realising

It's a
tent and van city
where the whine
of racing motors
is a constant sweet
throbbing.

that while their cars may be tough, they are not tough enough. Besides accessories such as long-range tanks, roll-bars, night-lights, winches and so on, there are steering dampeners, shock absorbers and other mechanical improvements.

Old Man Emu, alias OME, alias John Chapman, is one of many suppliers to this market, though he is now refining the business to just shock absorbers, which he has made by Monroe-Wylie, an Adelaide mob who make something like 20,000 shockies a day.

OME sponsors the most successful offroad racing team in Australia, and the Blazer is to be the new champion, replacing his OME Jeep, which Chapman says was so successful as to be positively discouraging to other participants.

So while the General, the oil companies, and Enzo Ferrari are withdrawing from motor racing because it is an expensive waste of time and money, John Chapman, working out of an old brick shed in East Sydney district imports a yank tank and hires a full-time driver to race it. Unbelievable.

One month after the Blazer is picked up

off the wharf it is wheeled out of the pantehnicon at the BP garage in Goondiwindi, in Queensland. It's there for scrutineering by — and here come the guys paying the bread — the BP Monroe-Wylie 400: four laps of a 110 kilometre course round this huge wheat farm, out on the road to Milmerran. Across the paddocks, through the creeks, whump into a quarry, down the fencelines, through the brigalow and wilga. If they call Bathurst gruelling what can I say about this little torture rack?

Not many times a year these lunatics gather to shake their livers out of their arse over similarly rugged tracts of bush. Such contests are the four-wheel drivers' apotheosis, wherein they can hoon around the scrub in full knowledge that some prick of a grazier isn't going to have them arrested by some park ranger have their fanbelts for garters. There are also big meetings in Victoria's western desert, out of Griffith, and in West Australia.

It's like a big corroboree, with tribes and sub-tribes, along with their kids, from towns all over eastern Australia: Ballarat, Tamworth, Maitland, Toowoomba, Werribee, a few in South Australia. They set up a tent and van city. And the whine of racing motors is a constant sweet throbbing that rings until midnight.

Offroad racing is done by time trials, the cars leaving within 30 seconds — or so — of each other. There are six classes. The most popular classes are the buggies: simple contraptions not much bigger than a bathtub, but a good deal faster. Bajas form another class: these are Volkswagens with cut-off nose and tail. There's a four wheel drive class, a sedan class, and an open class.

At noon the dance of the demons begins. It is the prologue: 10 or 11 clicks over a skerrick of the terrain, a quick sorting out of who is who. Fastest through gets to go off first, and so on. One by one the racers growl to the mysterious bora ground where it begins.

All over the yard there is the chilling air of controlled panic, wilful insouciance and manic wit. In the OME camp Chapman is being strapped into the navigator's seat. "Where's the fire extinguisher?" "Don't worry about *that*." "The goggles?" And they're away, down the track to the the demon's test. Simmo and AM follow it down to the grid that separates the track from the road in to the paddock.

I join the crowd at the creek bed, where the prologue finishes. The cars scream out of the scrub, round a tree and down to the creek, through it, up one bank through some river gums, around a sharp left-hander and back through the creek, up to the main track and through the time check. There's another dry creek bed for them to slow down in.

As part of his orchestration Chapman has organised a helicopter and film crew to record his car's first race in its new

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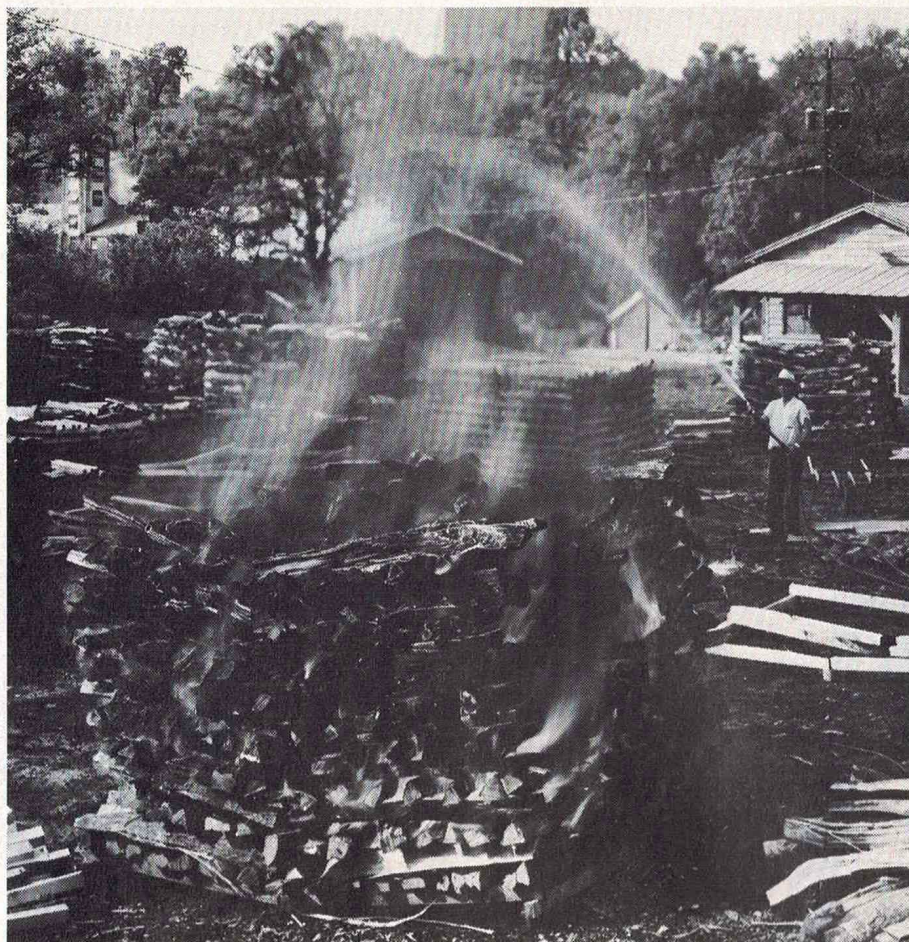


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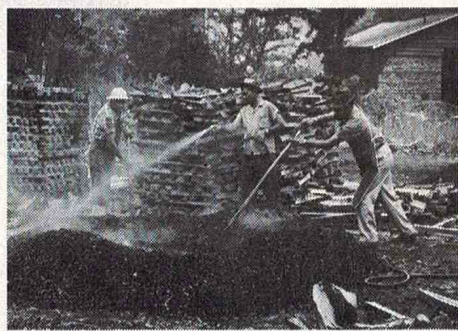


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colors. The crowd surges expectantly when the chopper hovers into sight above the trees, and the dust spume signals a big car tearing up the ground.

"There it is!" The square shape of the Blazer appeared out of the dark green, dust billowing out like giant tresses.

"Something's wrong." He's right. It's no longer moving. There are figures around it. The helicopter is landing. The pit crew stare earnestly across the paddock. The chopper returns to refuel, and we run up to find out. Nobody wants to ask, but the film crew blithely mention something about a wheel being off.

We wander back to the timing check, and the Blazer churns down the track, eschewing the creek bends for the more direct route home. They have blown the first test. A grim-faced John Chapman scowls down from the passenger's seat. One front tyre is flat and the spare on the boot is also shredded.

Back at the pits Hogg barks out his complaints: the fuel pumps aren't able to keep up enough petrol for high speed running, and the brakes aren't real good either.

A winner at his last seven starts, Hogg doesn't say something unless it has to be said. As a winner he's used to things working. They have to work: that's what winning's about.

But the Blazer is not called "Murphy's Corollary" for nothing. You know Murphy's Law, right? What can go wrong does go wrong. Well there are corollaries. Like: engineer out the four stress areas and reality will discover a fifth; and nine more of equal pessimism.

A Swiss auto electrician discovers the fault with the electric fuel pump. Simmons and Maloney are doing the brake and the mechanical fuel pumps. The culprit brake calipers turn out to be a pair they "forgot" to grind in during the preparation. The spare pump turns out to require the fittings mounted differently. Minor problems, but they take most of the available time to rectify.

Although not having an official time by which to be judged the event organisers allot the Blazer 10th position for the first loop. As there are 130 entries this speaks highly of the respect the officials have for the Chapman marque.

But no more than can be expected. The Old Man Emu team buggy has turned in the fastest time so far, and thus takes number one position for the start. And the other OME entrant, a full-on beast — a Holden no less, driven by an Army sergeant and pitted by his Army apprentices — turned in a time not much less than the leaders! So the Blazer is slotted in just before the OME Holden.

The Blazer's main rival, a big Dodge pick-up driven by American Rod Hall, and sponsored by an opposition shock absorber company and B.F. Goodrich (OME flies under Goodyear colors), dropped a

valve soon after the start and is out for good.

The first loop is held at night, and the buggies and cars, festooned with headlights, take off one by one into the dusty haze.

First off the mark is the OME team buggy, driven by Adelaide VW dealer Keith Poole and navigated by his son Mark. Thirty seconds later 22-year-old Craig Martin, favored to win the drivers' championship, takes off in his Datsun powered buggy. He beat Poole last time out, so Poole has since installed a bigger motor. This motor, which powers Poole around the track at an average speed of close to 110km/h, is just a donk from an old Kombi campervan.

First of the big cars off is a Stingray from Port Macquarie, followed soon after by the Blazer, and the other OME vehicle, Sgt. Bob Stansfield's Holden beast.

Poole quickly picks up a couple of minutes on Martin, while Hogg hammers

tion. Whammo! Scratch one gate. And scratch one two and a half grand paint job, not to mention body panels, front wheel, steering rod, and Hogg's record.

Later, a very dark Hogg is saying very little. The gloom within the camp is only a little relieved when Keith Poole returns with yet again the fastest time, and determined driving, and a couple of withdrawals, has put Sgt Bilko and boys from the motor pool in the lead of the hoon-mobile class.

"What a stupid business. What a bloody stupid business," Henri is saying.

"All that money. For what?"

Keith Poole will win the race outright for OME the next day, and Bob Stansfield will take out first position in his class, his first win in many starts. But these are consolation prizes only, for the flagship is sinking.

It is freezing beneath the stars out at the gate, where there are a couple of other cars that have come to grief. Silent men glumly loading wrecks on trailers, or gal-



Chewing up the dirt, the Old Man Emu Blazer struts its stuff.

the Blazer through the donga. Within the first 20 clicks he has passed two cars, and changed a tyre! That Blazer can hoot.

Chapman is later to suggest that at this point he should have begun to take things easy. But Hogg doesn't know about taking things easy.

Besides, the unit in which Hogg won race after race just couldn't be taken easy. This was the OME Jeep, which was in fact a GTHO Falcon in disguise, and which could be thrashed to its limits without ill effect. But the Blazer, a little bit lighter, and a whole lot faster, is a much trickier proposition. One slight deviation and you're off through the firewood for 50 metres: it takes a lot longer to slow down.

That night, running down a fenceline at a good yoick over the ton, Hogg and Maloney see the small square warning sign tacked to a tree: right-hander just ahead. Hogg sees the gateway and heads for it, not suspecting that through a hole in the fence just to its right is where the track leads. Too late he sees the gate still in posi-

tion. Whammo! Scratch one gate. And scratch one two and a half grand paint job, not to mention body panels, front wheel, steering rod, and Hogg's record.

lantly setting off back to camp on only three wheels. Other maimed buggies and trucks loom out of the gloom and trundle past.

The stump of the front wheel is cleaned up of hanging bits of flesh. Simmo, who put the thing together, eventually remembers how it was put together, but by that time AM had splattered it apart with an Indy hammer. The wheel is refitted and the truck loaded on a trailer for the trip home. It was a quiet trip back to the pits.

Of course the biggest damage was to people's heads — a few ego biffs, but nothing serious. There's been some rebuilding of the front end, but that needed it anyway. The pain is in the new paint job on the new body panels — ouch.

The truck will be racing in the BP 300 at Griffith in early April, and maybe earlier for a race in the Hutt River Province in WA on March 1. Whatever, owner John Chapman is sure the go slow button in the truck will be working next time out — himself, with a tyre lever to make his point. ○

OLD MAN EMU

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BY MIRANDA BROWN

MATINEE MAN

Not even Hollywood's temptations could distort Bruce Beresford's sense of direction.

While the majority of current Australian film-makers were still gazing at acne in their bathroom mirrors, Bruce Beresford was staring into a viewfinder. But today, his appearance belies his experience. Bruce is wandering up the beach at Cronulla, south of Sydney, looking like a beach bum, with his sun-tanned legs sticking out of a pair of baggy shorts. An old straw hat is perched on his head, and the sunglasses shielding his eyes from the glare are the only hint of his true vocation.

The sun-tan is a fringe-benefit from the movie he's been working on. Beresford's latest film is based on Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Hartley's book, *Puberty Blues*, a bawdy expose of the sex, drugs and emptiness of teen existence in Sydney's southern beach suburbs. *Puberty Blues* has little in common with *Breaker Morant*, Bruce Beresford's most acclaimed film. And it's different again from *The Club*, the one he whipped off after *Breaker Morant*.

Beresford's output is the most varied and prolific of any Australian film-maker. In the nine years since his return from Britain, he's completed eight feature films. And at last count, there's one more in production, another ready to go and he's gearing up for other projects.

Bruce Beresford was born in Sydney's western suburbs in 1940 and from the very beginning was a perverse lad whose hobbies were obsessions and who never accepted the word 'no'. He was a kid who loved stories. He discovered books in kindergarten, then in school he quickly progressed from *Biggles* to the harder stuff. When a teacher deemed *For Whom The Bell Tolls* unfit for a 12-year-old, Beresford went to the headmaster and obtained written permission to keep the book. But books were not enough to quench his appetite for fantasy. And after taking in the Saturday matinee, he'd drag his reluctant dad — "But you've already seen one movie this week!" — to features at neighboring suburbs.

From a childhood spent avoiding the realities of life in the "bloody horrible" suburbs, Beresford escaped to Sydney University. His classmates included everyone who's "anyone" in the artistic world — John Bell, Bob Ellis, Germaine Greer... the list goes on.

But for all its insularity, university life could not shut out the quiet and reserved atmosphere of Australia in the early Sixties. There was no headmaster to complain to when a movie Beresford made for the university review was banned by the censors.

But censors are like back-aches. You try to ignore them when they get in your

way. Beresford had decided that film-making was to be his career.

Several university performances were enough to convince audiences and the aspiring actor that his skills were a joy to be realised on stage; his tonsils weren't up to opera, his other true love (one of Beresford's most treasured possessions is the autograph of his favorite composer, the late Benjamin Britten). The fact that he was ignorant about the practicalities of film didn't matter, because so was everybody else. On graduation day, the young adventurer was on a boat to London in search of a film industry. Ironically it wasn't until his return to the antipodes 10 years later that he found what he was looking for.

On arrival in England, he discovered a major obstacle to his aspiration. No one can work in the film industry unless they belong to the union and the union is a closed shop. For 18 months the university graduate supported himself laboring, cleaning and working in a factory of which only the name, *Cornwall Erections*, is a fond memory.

Desperate measures were needed and a job with the Nigerian Film Unit seemed desperate enough. When he landed the position, Beresford didn't know where Nigeria was, nor that he was the only person in Great Britain crazy enough to apply.

Five hundred miles from the Nigerian capital, in a small town called Enugu, the film unit was under the control of "a lunatic Englishman who later committed suicide and was replaced by a lunatic Swiss". The lunatic Aussie occupied his time with local theatre companies, directing and acting any parts that required a white skin. He became quite accomplished at playing missionaries.

He also made the odd film, one of which caught the eye of Sir Michael Balcon, one of the great men of the British Film Industry of the 1940's. Sir Michael was impressed with the young Aussie; so impressed he recommended Beresford for a position as Head of Production for the British Film Institute Board.

Beresford returned to Britain to take up the appointment and worked there for the next five years. He was in the thick of not only film-making, but film production and administration.

He produced 86 films, including three features. One hard-earned skill he acquired after years of script assessment was how to pick the good apple from a bag of bad ones. That skill is as useful now as it was then.

The heyday of British film was over by the Sixties and the Institute was struggling under a tiny budget. As a figure-head of the

government, Beresford was the scapegoat for the industry's frustrations. He remained in that uncomfortable position for half a decade.

Another friend and ally of the time was the Australian author Patrick White, who'd seen several of his films and told the Australian comic Barry Humphries he thought Beresford was "tremendously gifted". Humphries had just invented a new character, an underground film-maker called Martin Agrippa, and the author decided the comic and film-maker should meet.

"I rang up this Beresford person," says Humphries, casting his mind back 20 years. "Then I went around to the flat that he and his wife were living in. It was rather dimly lit as I recall, but there was music playing that I liked very much."

The two quickly became friends. "We discovered that in most musical fields our tastes completely coincided. He's the only person I know who can laugh at jokes about obscure Scandinavian composers."

Humphries was returning to Sydney for a season of shows at the Tivoli and was keen to take Martin Agrippa along with him. But to do so, he would have to have an example of Agrippa's filmic art. So Humphries and Beresford collaborated on a short film titled *The End*.

Says Humphries: "I imagine that in '68, the Australian public had never seen an underground film, but Bruce managed to make it very funny. *The End* was a parody of underground films, but it wasn't necessary to know what the joke was particularly about. It was a joke about pretentiousness, a joke about rather solemn obscurantism... Of course, if Martin were alive today he'd probably be on enormous grants and own a little house in Lane Cove."

After the success of their first collaboration, Beresford was keen to make another, this time a film version of Humphries' cartoon character, Barry McKenzie, but Humphries wasn't too keen on the idea. The project sat on the shelf for several years until film-maker and columnist Phillip Adams arrived on the scene, this time introduced by Humphries. Adams jumped at the idea and was the principal mover in acquiring finance from the Australian Film Development Corporation. So Beresford was homeward bound.

The Adventures of Barry McKenzie, made in 1972, spearheaded an avalanche of ocker characters. As well as dear Barry, there was Alvin Purple and Stork. But of the three, Bazza was arguably the crudest and certainly the most financially successful. The English loved the jug-chinned imbecile and kept the film running for

almost a year in a major West London cinema.

But back home, things were not so hunky-dory. Many believed Barry McKenzie was casting a blight on the Australian character, both here and abroad that he and everyone associated with him were a loathsome and money-hungry crew.

Beresford was again under attack. To survive five years of castigation by foreigners, then come home to receive even worse treatment, resulted in a persecution complex from which he's never fully recovered.

"Back in Australia, we've got Kultcha up to our arseholes now, mate!"

That's the way Bazza McKenzie summed up the Australian film revival in *Barry McKenzie Holds His Own*, the sequel to *The Adventures*. The film was another example of the strange situations Beresford was entangled in during those early years. Bitter and unhappy about the reception given to *The Adventures*, he had no desire to become involved in a sequel but found himself doing that. The bait was an opportunity; "as soon as I finished this... to make a film of Henry Handel Richardson's novel, *The Getting Of Wisdom*."

Several films later, Beresford got to



make his movie which finally provided the fulfilment he'd been looking for.

Bruce Beresford is definitely a craftsman, not an arts man, although a close friend admits, "He talks about the language of films, though only in a mutter, not aloud to anyone else."

Ask him what common threads run through his films, and he'll cringe and say he hasn't noticed any. Comment on the common Anglo/Australian element and he'll deny he's noticed it. Use Bazza McKenzie as an example and he'll sigh and say, "I was wondering when you'd bring that up."

As well as interviews, Beresford dislikes people dictating what he can and can't do, where and with whom he should make movies.

"They can stick their fingers up their bums for all I care," he says of those who suggest Australians have an obligation to

MATINEE MAN

make films here. "So long as there's no law against it, I'll make movies wherever I want to." Not that he's keen to dash into the American sunset.

"If it had been a question of money, I would have been there long ago, but a lot of what the Americans promise is just hot air. You spend months talking deals and the money disappears. Like Peter Weir went over there and got buggered around for two years, during which time I'd made three films!

The director's dislike of the media stems perhaps from his early experiences in their hands. That *The Getting Of Wisdom* was praised by certain critics, that he's now the Golden Boy of Australian Film, has not altered his attitude.

Australian critic Keith Connolly said of *The Getting Of Wisdom*, "It is as removed from Beresford's first features as Brett Whitely is from Larry Pickering."

Set in the early 1900s, *The Getting Of Wisdom* was a lyrical, perhaps even frothy film. Australian critics treated it with caution. Certainly the film was beautiful, but was it not a little empty? But the English critics greeted it with accolades.

After *The Getting Of Wisdom* came *The Money Movers*, which Beresford scripted as well as directed. "Well, who wouldn't want to make a blood and guts thriller after *The Getting Of Wisdom*!"

Breaker Morant was made in 1978. It is a cleverly crafted, but traditional courtroom drama that relies on flash-backs to tell its story. The film succeeds because it captures the enormous complexity of the true-life character, Morant (played by Edward Woodward), who is neither a "goodie" nor a "baddie". It is perhaps the most ideologically sophisticated Beresford film to date.

Breaker Morant cleaned up the 1980 Australian Film Institute Awards. It also prompted an eminent American movie maker to declare, "Bruce really is the flavor of the year!"

While the world was busily applauding, the director was working hard on his next film, *The Club*, a tale of football and its politics based on David Williamson's play of the same name.

"I loved its up-beat quality," Beresford explains as his attraction to the play, "The fact that the good guys won."

It's true that Beresford's films ricochet; each contrasting with its predecessor. Yet, there is a recognisable and common "feel" to all of Bruce Beresford's works. They share a sense of realism. *The Getting Of Wisdom*, *Puberty Blues* and the book on which *The Money Movers* is based are all semi-autobiographical, whilst *Breaker Morant* came from Kenneth Ross' play based on a true story researched meticulously by the director. His next film, *Fortress*, is based on the kidnapping

of a schoolteacher and her pupils which occurred in Melbourne several years ago.

Perhaps another explanation of the common "feel" is the director's involvement in the screenplay, something which according to friends he often doesn't receive due credit for. Says Humphries, "Bruce really is unkind to those writers. People say, 'oh that was fantastic, that film of Beresford's. We must get the scriptwriter to write our new film', so Miss Bloggs or Mr Phipps turns up and of course they can't put one word next to another. 'I don't know why the magic isn't there', they all lament."

Before writing the screen play for *The Money Movers*, Beresford held a job in the Metropolitan Security Services to find out for himself what it was like. It's usually actors, not directors who go to such lengths.

He tells with excitement of the time he saw his 'first foreign film' screening at

Films don't get easier to make. There are no easy shots and there are no easy scenes.

Sydney's old Savoy Theatre. "*The Wages Of Fear* staggered me. It was free of all those Hollywood stigmas. I discovered there could be movies founded in realism. Hollywood always offered you idealised views of relationships between males and females that were founded in realism."

Puberty Blues is another real account of relationships. Two inseparable girl friends are growing up and encountering for the first time, sex and all that goes with it. Peer acceptance is vital. You have to wear the right clothes, say the right words, take the right drugs and have the right boy-friends. It doesn't matter if you're too scared to say a word to them.

A large number of the Cronulla Beach locals have roles in the film. During lunch-break, the boys grab their boards and head for the surf, while the girls, their hair bleached to a common denominator and their bodies draped in tiny slivers of bikinis, hang around waiting and looking pretty. It could be another scene from the book.

Many of the characters in *Puberty Blues* still live in Cronulla and have turned up to watch the filming. According to lead

actress, Jad Capelja, an attractive and vivacious 16-year-old, the locals recognise and remember many of the scenes. "It's funny," she says, "usually, films are made about people and places when they are dead and gone."

The Club opened in Melbourne at the height of the football season and as in the film, Collingwood had made it to the grand finals. The theatre was packed with supporters who "saw it as a prophecy of Collingwood glory" (Williamson). Decked out in the Magpies black and white, they clapped at the slightest provocation and cheered their heroes.

It was however, a disastrous night, for both the fans and the movie, when Collingwood lost the match. From then on, attendances dropped dramatically. Perhaps *The Club* was a little too close to reality for its own good.

Says Beresford: "People make too much out of settings; the settings are almost irrelevant. What attracts me to a film is a good story and characters that I can relate to, can respond to."

Beresford has never shied away from the bawdy, a direction in which his sense of humor naturally leans. In his university days, he co-directed with Albie Thoms, *It Droppeth As The Gentle Rain*, inspired by a ballet by Samuel Beckett and Jacques Prevert in which the world is smothered in excrement. The film was banned under the censorship laws of the day. Under the newly introduced R certificate ratings, Barry McKenzie revelled in excesses of bad taste, as did the "liberated" guests at *Don's Party*. If the film *Puberty Blues* sticks closely to the book's descriptions, it could be Beresford's most explicit film to date. But whether they are chundering from the Eiffel Tower, screwing in the back-room, brawling in the bedroom or fighting tooth and nail for their convictions his characters are a very alive and very Australian collection. Bruce Beresford has developed into a man who knows his medium.

Now the director is sitting in the shade of a van, answering questions between mouthfuls of food. "Film," he explains, "is a director's medium."

"The director's job is to get the best out of everybody, help them over-reach their capabilities. And the more films you make the more technical knowledge you gain to help achieve that. Now, I'm very specific. I tell the cameraman to use a certain lens and I spend a lot of time studying other director's work."

"Just before I made *Breaker Morant*, there was a William Wyler film called *The Heiress* on TV which had a very similar courtroom scene in it. I just ran that scene back and forth, back and forth, through my video machine until I understood it."

"But films don't get easier to make. There are no easy shots and there are no easy scenes." 



Put a normal station wagon in a spot like this and you'd have to pull it out again.

The elegance of the Subaru station wagon gives no clue to its remarkable dexterity.

It looks to be designed for miles of comfortable, economical motoring, as indeed it is.*

Yet it can also cope with the most rugged road conditions, taking water crossings, slippery slopes, sand and other obstacles in its stride. That's because at the flick of a lever (and without stopping) it converts to four-wheel-drive.

This added traction, powered by its 1800 cc engine, allows it to go where the normal station wagon fears to tread.

It's well equipped for the job, too.

A rugged underguard plate protects the

engine when the going gets rough, the suspension adjusts to give extra ground clearance, and it's fitted with steel-belted radial mud/snow tyres.

In addition to the standard 4WD there is also a dual range model. This has a second set of gear ratios, 46% lower than standard, giving a total of eight forward gears.

Whichever you choose, you will be driving the only make of station wagon that can honestly claim to be as much at home in the country as it is in the town.

SUBARU 4WD

Takes the rough with the smooth

*FUEL CONSUMPTION FIGURES TESTED ACCORDING TO AUSTRALIAN STANDARD 2077: CITY CYCLE — 9.5 l/100 KM (29.7 MPG) HIGHWAY CYCLE — 7.5 l/100 KM (37.7 MPG).

Sweet Chastity

BY RON EMBLETON
AND BOB GUCCIONE

VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN HAS
SECRETLY REPROGRAMMED
SWEET CHASTITY— WITH
DISASTROUS RESULTS!

YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE THIS, CHIEF—
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF INTER-
STATE 13— THE BIGGEST ORGY
YOU EVER SAW! CARS AND PEOPLE
STREWN ALL OVER THE PLACE—
TRAFFIC ALREADY BACKED UP
8-10 MILES!

YEAH! THEY SAY SOME
WOMAN WITH PINK HAIR
RAN AMOK!

GET A GRIP,
KOWALSKY—
HELP IS ON
THE WAY!

15 YEARS ON THE
FORCE! NOW I REALLY
HAVE SEEN IT ALL!

IT'S LIKE SOMETHING
OUT OF HIERONYMUS
BOSCH!

SO OKAY—YOU
WENT TO
COLLEGE!



AND IN HIS LONELY PENTHOUSE
PAD, HOWARD HUGE, A BROKEN
MAN, CONTEMPLATES HIS
SHATTERED DREAM WORLD

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT
— SHE JUST TOOK OFF!

SOMETHING
TERRIBLE HAS
HAPPENED
TO HER!

AND THERE'S
NO SIGN OF
ODDBALL!

TRY NOT TO
WORRY, MR.
HUGE. IF SHE'S
IN NEW YORK
WE'LL FIND HER!

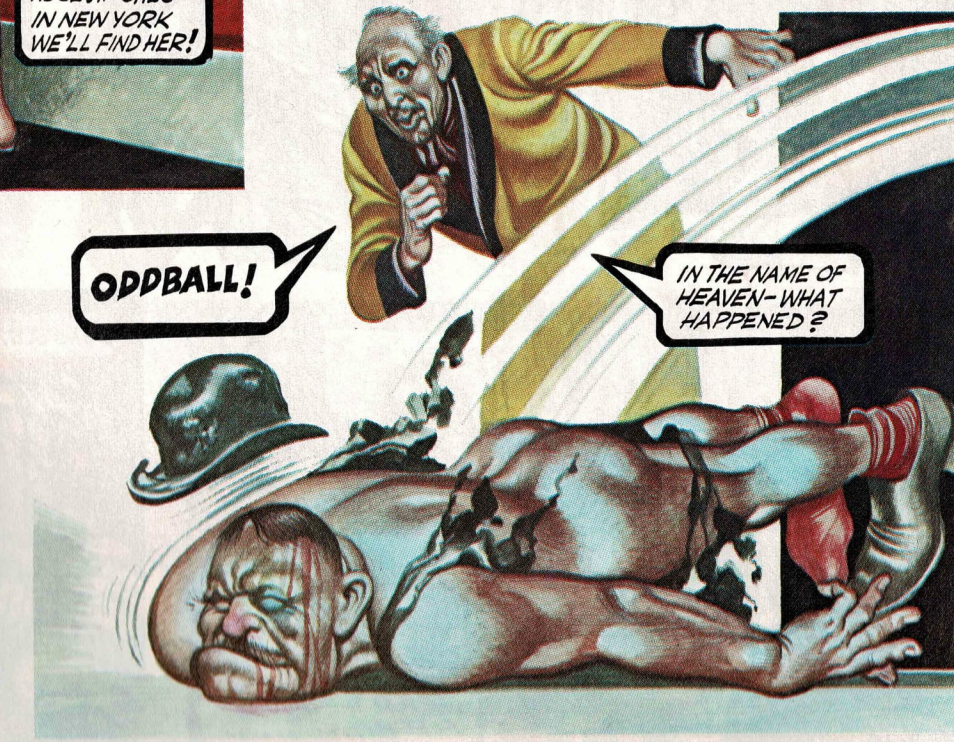


..... AND DRAGS ITSELF
PAINFULLY ALONG THE
STREET TO THE HOWARD
HUGE RESIDENCE....



ODDBALL!

IN THE NAME OF
HEAVEN— WHAT
HAPPENED?



WHO DID THIS TO
YOU? WHERE'S
CHASTITY?

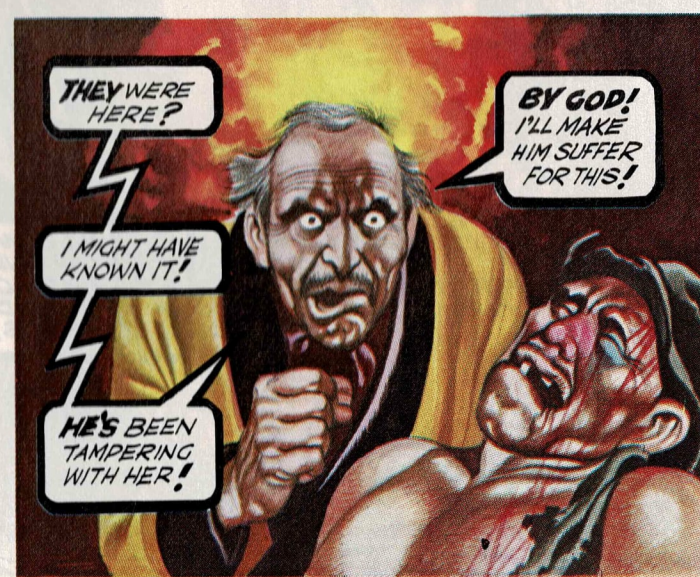
IGOR.....
FRANKENSTEIN!

THEY WERE
HERE?

I MIGHT HAVE
KNOWN IT!

HE'S BEEN
TAMPERING
WITH HER!

BY GOD!
I'LL MAKE
HIM SUFFER
FOR THIS!

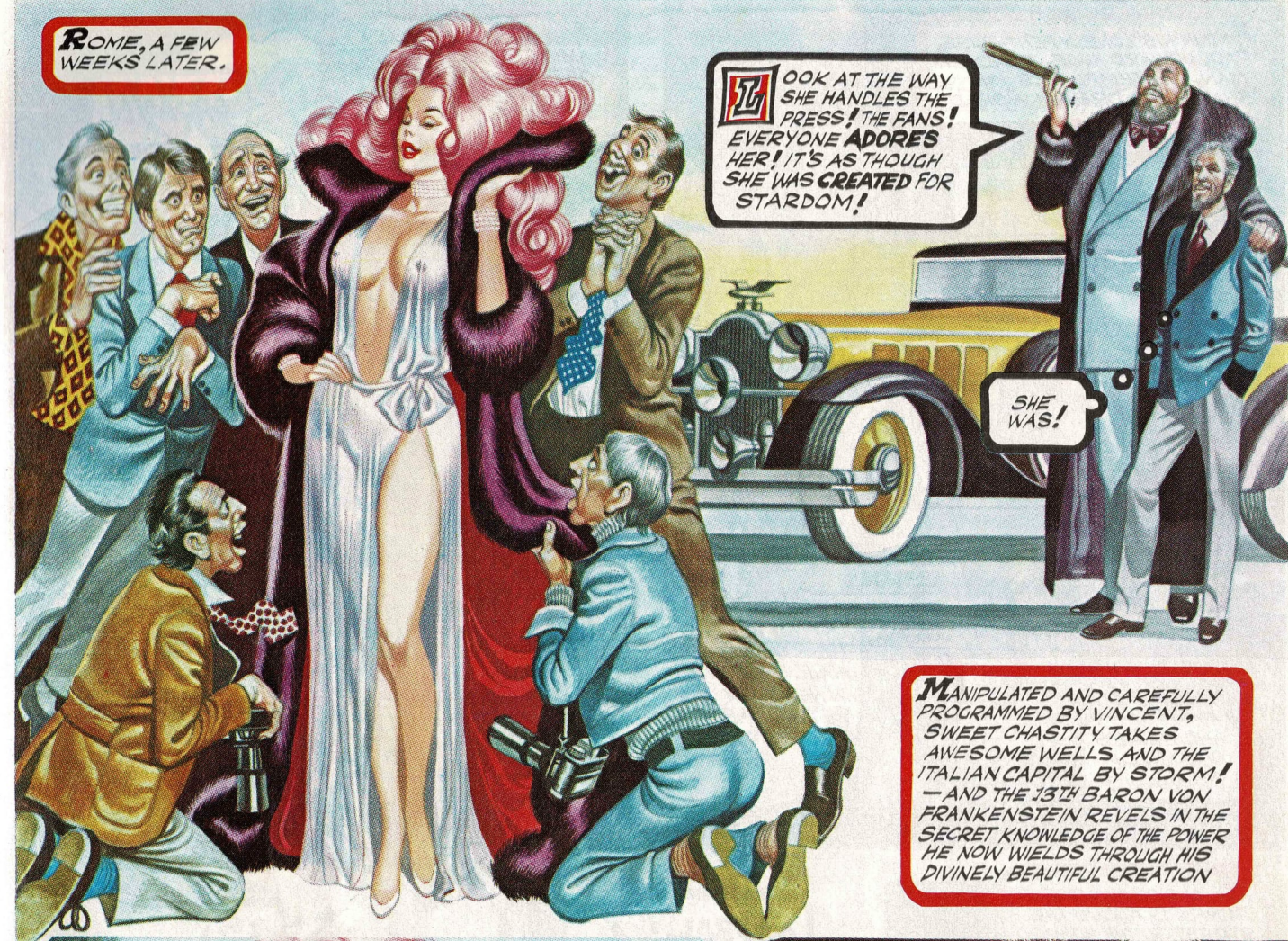


IN A DESERTED ALLEY
AMIDST THE DETRITUS
OF THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY,
A BATTERED FIGURE
STIRS.....

GROAN!



ROME, A FEW WEEKS LATER.



LOOK AT THE WAY SHE HANDLES THE PRESS! THE FANS! EVERYONE ADORES HER! IT'S AS THOUGH SHE WAS CREATED FOR STARDOM!

SHE WAS!

MANIPULATED AND CAREFULLY PROGRAMMED BY VINCENT, SWEET CHASTITY TAKES AWESOME WELLS AND THE ITALIAN CAPITAL BY STORM! — AND THE 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN REVELS IN THE SECRET KNOWLEDGE OF THE POWER HE NOW WIELDS THROUGH HIS DIVINELY BEAUTIFUL CREATION



SUCH POISE! SUCH ANIMAL MAGNETISM! IF THE SCREEN TESTS ARE ANYTHING NEAR THE LIVING FLESH.....

WHAT WOMAN CAN HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD SHE DESIRES!



AND SO....

IT'S ELECTRIFYING! PURE MAGIC!

THIS IS THE BIGGEST SENSATION TO HIT THE SCREEN IN THE HISTORY OF MOTION PICTURES!



I WANT THE BIGGEST PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN EVER MOUNTED! I WANT SATURATION PRESS COVERAGE! SPARE NO EXPENSE — GIVE ME MAXIMUM MEDIA EXPOSURE!



WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH VINCENT HAS MADE IT. BUSINESS MANAGER TO CHASTITY! IT'S LIKE BEING GIVEN THE KEYS TO A BANK!

THIS IS HEADY WINE! POWER, PRESTIGE, MONEY — I LIKE IT!

FABERGÉ ON THE PHONE, SIR — AND ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE WAITING TO SEE YOU!



AND BATHING IN THE LIGHT OF REFLECTED GLORY, VINCENT'S TWO ASSISTANTS ARE RIDING HIGH.....

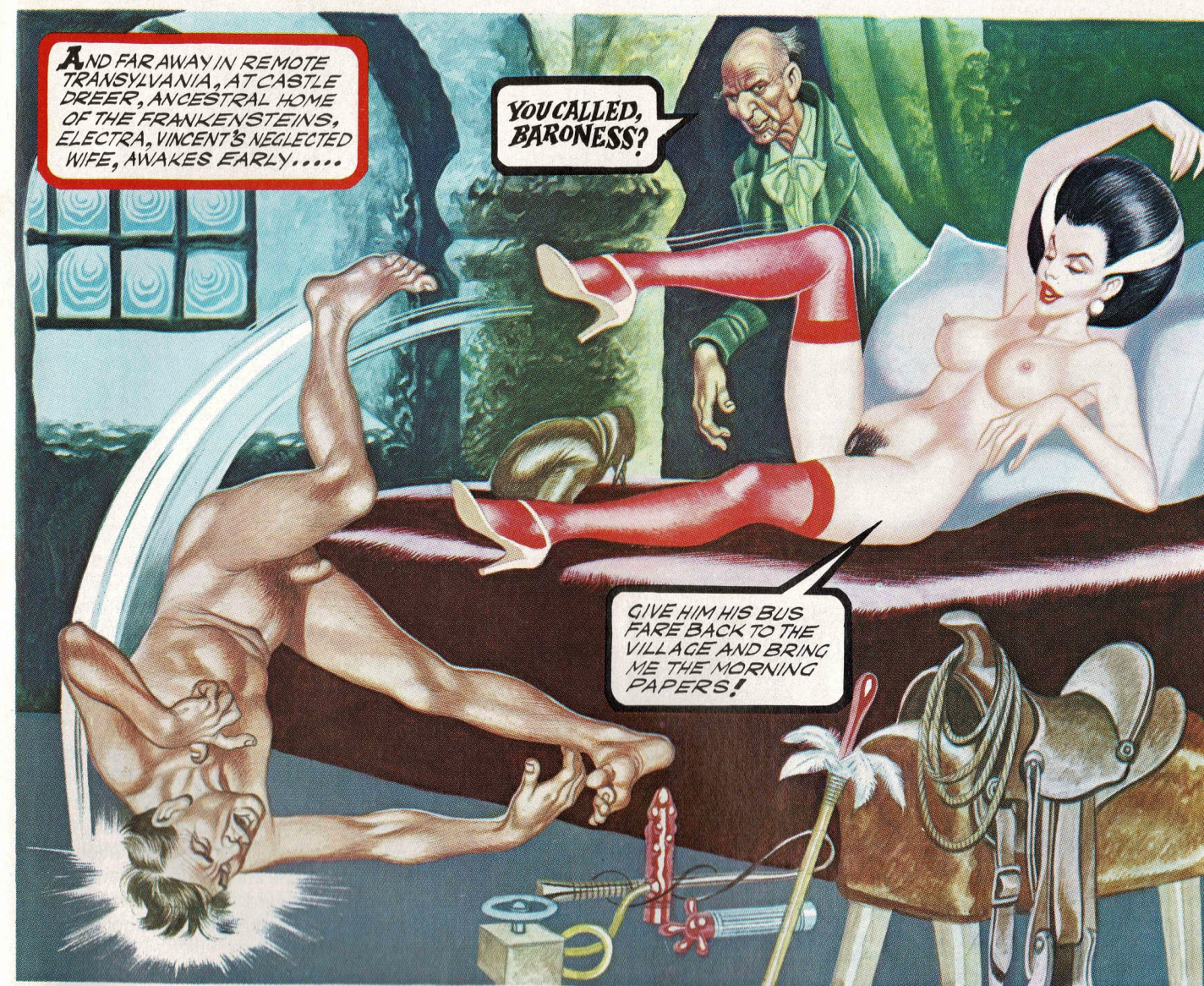
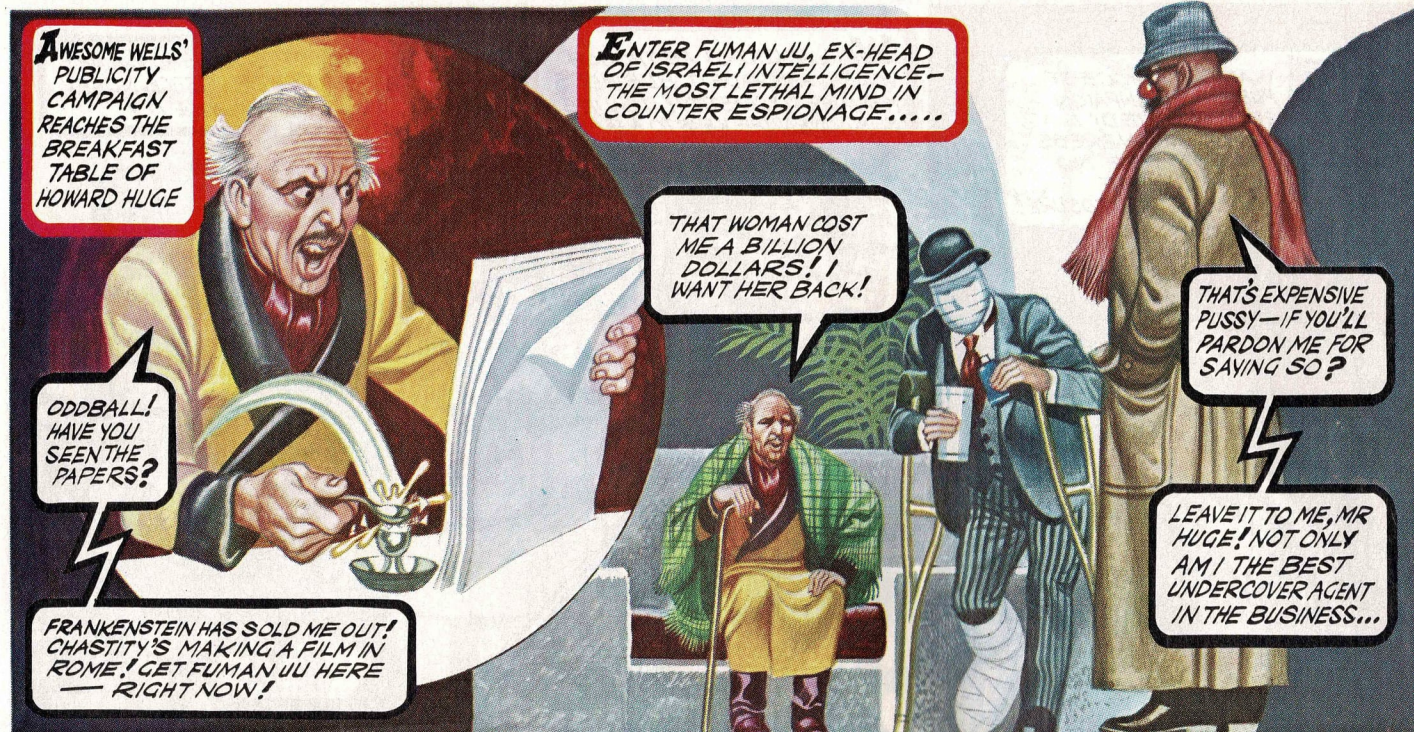
COULD YOU REALLY GET ME INTO FILMS, MR VAIN?

I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH BERTOLUCCI, COPPOLA AND PERHAPS KUBRICK! COME UP TO MY ROOM TONIGHT AND WE'LL DISCUSS IT FURTHER!



IGOR, YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW, IS WELL ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY AFTER HIS TITANIC CLASH WITH ODDBALL

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! THE ONLY THING THAT TURNS HIM ON IS BUGS BUNNY!



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY BEN BOVA

The author is the editorial director and vice-president of Omni magazine. His latest book is *The High Road*, from which this essay was adapted. He has written more than 50 books of both fiction and nonfiction. Among his novels are *Kinsman*, *Millennium*, and *Colony*.

THE NEW SPACE RACE

A new space race has begun, and most people are not even aware of it. This race is not merely between two nations jockeying for political prestige or military power. This new race involves the whole human species in a contest against time. All the people of Earth are in a desperate race against global disaster.

The end of civilisation is in sight, now, in the smoking streets of Belfast and Tehran and Miami. In the assassins and terrorists who haunt Washington, Rome, San Salvador, West Germany. In the starving masses of the Sahel and Cambodia. In the nuclear arsenals and imperial ambitions of many nations.

Only by raising our sights above the immediate problems of the moment, only by reaching outward to orbital and interplanetary space, can we avert the coming worldwide collapse and the deaths of billions.

To save the Earth, we must look beyond it to interplanetary space. We must understand that our planet does not exist in isolation but is part of a solar system that is incredibly rich in energy, in natural resources, in the wealth and raw materials that we need to build a flourishing, fair, and free global society.

Some Americans understand that space can be used to solve economic, social, and political problems. Across the nation, they are forming space-activist organisations. There are hundreds of such groups: the L-5 Society, the National Space Institute, the Planetary Society, the World Space Federation, and many others. Like the earliest stirrings of the environmental movement, the space movement has started at the grassroots level. It is growing and seeking to make an impact on the Washington establishment.

Spurred by the picture-perfect first flight of the space shuttle *Columbia*, space activists are drawing up plans, operating think tanks, drafting position papers. Late last January, even before *Columbia* flew, the American Astronautical Society and the L-5 Society jointly hosted a meeting of some three dozen aerospace executives, consultants, writers, and space activists in California. Calling itself the Citizens Advisory Council on National Space Policy, the group produced a plan for US space activities for the next two decades and later presented the plan to the new administrators of NASA and to top advisers in the White House.

Meanwhile, another citizens' group composed of scientists, environmentalists, businessmen, and writers, met in New York under the auspices of *Omni* magazine and the Omni Foundation. They drafted a "Prospectus for Space Development". More of a summary of the benefits to be obtained in space than

a detailed policy plan, the Prospectus shows the impact that space developments can have on national prestige, education, defence, the economy, foreign trade, the environment, and scientific knowledge.

The Prospectus is being endorsed by individuals and organisations from all parts of American life, from space activists to environmentalists, from business organisations to engineering societies, from educators to political leaders. It will be presented to the President in the White House, its thousands of endorsements showing that there is a large and growing constituency of citizens who want a stronger, more effective space program.

Space enthusiasts feel that it is particularly important to convince environmentalists that the long-range goals of the space movement are essentially the same as those of the environmental movement. Both groups want a clean, green planet Earth, a safe and fitting home world for humankind.

By seeking extraterrestrial raw materials for industry and eventually moving factories into space, space technology can help to transform the Earth into a strictly residential zone, safe from industrial pollution, strip-mining, seabed mining, and other forms of environmental degradation. The environmentalists, whose hard-earned political clout is diminishing in the face of the Reagan administration's emphasis on supply-side economics, can help their own cause by joining forces with the space advocates.

If we expect to see the next century, we must adjust our vision for the long view. We must begin building the 21st Century now. We must join the thousands who are already at work, striving to win this new space race.

This new space race is, in reality, a crucial struggle against our most ancient and remorseless enemies: hunger, poverty, ignorance, and death. We must win this race, for one brutally simple reason: survival.

Other nations understand this and are acting on it. In Western Europe the European Space Agency is building its own rocket booster, *Ariane*, which will loft payloads into orbit in competition with the US shuttle. ESA is also constructing Spacelab, an orbiting research facility that will be carried aboard the shuttle. Japan has a strong and growing space program, while China and India have both launched their own satellites with their own boosters.

In Soviet Russia it is fashionable to quote the words of the late Sergei Korolev, who was the shadowy "master designer" behind the early Russian space triumphs. Korolev once said:

“It would be the cruelest irony in human history if the Russians find prosperity and freedom in space, while “the land of the free” ignores the opportunities that space offers and sinks deeper into poverty, despotism, and despair.”

“The Soviet Union has become the seacoast of the universe.” Think about the significance of that statement. Think of the psychology behind the metaphor. Since the time of Peter the Great the Russians have sought warm-water ports to link their landlocked, backward country with the rest of the world. Korolev revealed an important subconscious component of the Russian emphasis on space exploration when he spoke those words.

In 1977 the Soviet Union launched its 20-tonne Salyut 6 space station into orbit. Over the next four years hardly a day went by when Salyut 6 was not occupied by at least two cosmonauts. Many of the missions lasted for months at a time; Valeri Ryumin has spent almost a full year in space, on two missions of 175- and 185-day duration. “Guest cosmonauts” from Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany, Hungary, Vietnam, Cuba, and Mongolia have served aboard Salyut 6.

In May 1981 the Russians announced that they were “retiring” Salyut 6. As you read these words, they are probably constructing a new, permanent space station in orbit, capable of housing at least 12 people at a time.

Kremlin watchers claim that part of the Soviet Union's long-range plans for political and economic domination of the West include cornering the world's supplies of strategic minerals, such as cobalt, chromium, and manganese. For years the Russians have worked hard to penetrate the Middle East and the Horn of Africa in an apparent attempt to cut off the vital petroleum supplies on which Western industry depends so heavily. Surely the Soviet leaders understand that energy and key raw materials for industry can be obtained from space. Every indication is that they are now moving calculatedly to obtain access to these resources — and perhaps deny access, if they can, to the West.

The Russian civilian space centre at Tyuratam (near Baikonur) has an estimated 80 to 85 working launchpads. By comparison, the Kennedy Space Centre at Cape Canaveral is a ghost town, even with its two shuttle pads active. And the Soviet military space base, at Plesetsk, has still more working launchpads.

The future belongs to those who build it. Neither Americans nor any other people have an assured birthright to tomorrow. It would be the cruelest irony in human history if the Russians, of all the tyrannised people on the face of this Earth, find prosperity and freedom in space, while we in “the land of the free” ignore the opportunities that space offers us and sink deeper into poverty, despotism, and despair.

Loose Ends

A glittering end to months of speculation when Helen Brown was announced Pet of the Year at a party hosted by *Penthouse* at Sydney's Rogues restaurant. Helen wins \$76,000 in fabulous prizes and now heads our Pet Power team.

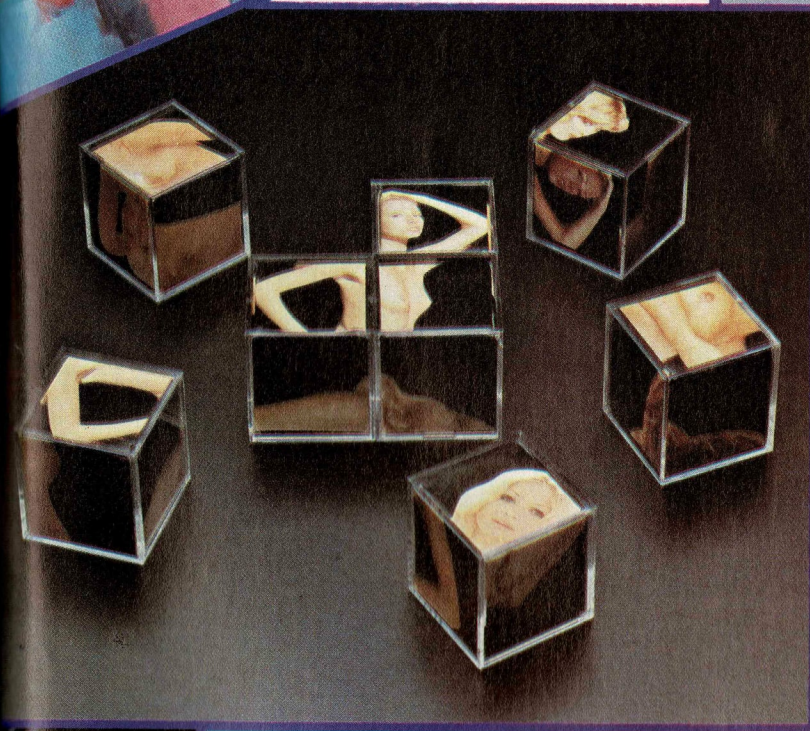


The famed Parisian strippers of the Crazy Horse Salon rendered by Italian artist, Nicole Simbari. Erotic prints available through Rex Features Ltd, 4/9 East Harding St, London, EC4A3AS.



Cardin's hallmark of casual elegance in sweater and short-sleeved top available in a wide range of new season colors at leading men's stores in all states.

Helen Brown and runner up, Amanda Mactaggart collect their Pet-mobiles from P.N.C. For Helen, a Lancia Coupe and for Amanda, a Fiat X1-9.



A novel and titillating way to work out the many facets of women, the Pussy Sliding Puzzle makes Rubik look like an old square.



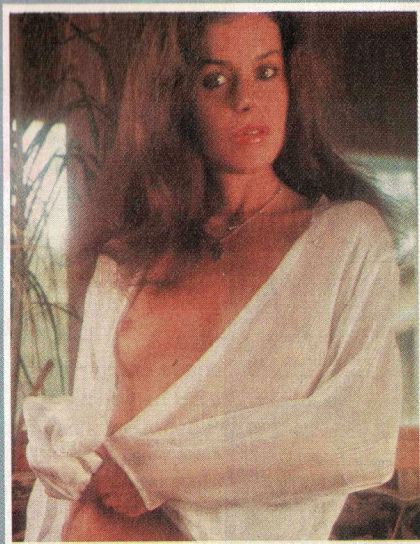
The allure of Tahiti... QANTAS now flies there three times a week.



Bring your own Pet to your next party with a *Penthouse* Party Pack of riesling, moselle or cabernet shiraz. Cheeky, well-rounded, delightful wine in packaging to match is now available at liquor stores.

Images for sale at **Facelift**, a group which aims to spruce up the presentation of businessmen and women, politicians and anyone who thinks a new look will boost them up the ladder of success. More information from Brian Perrow on (02) 264-2547.





AMANDA MACTAGGART



STEVE J. SPEARS



SNOWY MOUNTAINS COWBOYS

The Dick Hamer Interview — Renowned for his coolness and restraint, the former Victorian Premier forgets his reservations and reflects on his years as leader of the Victorian Liberal Party with Peter Olszowski. Their conversation covers Hamer's political opponents, the casino issue, land deals and the furore surrounding his retirement.

Snowy Mountain Man — Who is the first person to come to mind when you think of cowboys? Probably John Wayne. It is unfortunate that Australians know little about their own real life hard-riding heroes, of which there have been many. Ken Connolly, who tracks wild brumbies in the Snowy region is one. Denis Whitburn's fascinating profile of Connolly's lifestyle describes one of the last of a dying breed.

Pilgrim's Progress — Steve J. Spears, acclaimed playwright, star of the Rocky Horror Show and raging raconteur, travelled Australia with the cast of the play Celluloid Heroes. Next month he describes his hilariously debauched adventures on the road to stardom and sexual fulfilment, in a story guaranteed to red-line your laugh meter.

Fiction by Morris Lurie — The wealthy father dies, leaving four wives and four sons. The youngest sibling is convinced he has inherited his father's unruly genes. He seeks out his brothers to see if they share his problem, but discovers they have inherited far more serious dilemmas.

Pet of the Year Runner Up — Petite Amanda Mactaggart has taken out the *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year Runner Up title and we present a stunning 10-page pictorial of this delightful Queensland lady as a New Year bonus. And of course, there's another riveting Pet of the Month. 

TENDER CUT

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from the wells of heart-felt philosophy. I throw the thong away and drop to the floor in a sincere rendition of Buddha beneath the Bo tree. Exuding love. I hope.

"Here Edith . . . good girl . . . like to exchange licks . . .?"

"Sic 'im Edith, the bloody coward!"

"Don't listen to her Edith. I'm your friend. Just a touch or early morning calisthenics. You misunderstand. I've been told I'm a lovely tender gentle nice man. By someone you and I both know and love. We could all be a great little family. Together. At Christmas. Must keep up the Old Traditions. Would you like that Edith? Hey? Nice Edith . . ."

"Don't listen to him Edith. Get the bugger. He's trying to put one over on us."

Oh listen to her. Drowning and choking in her bedevilled laughter. Betrayal everywhere. Is there no love in the world? Is everyone just a bit light on memory? Four hours ago she was screaming and moaning into the void that it had never been so good.

Little Edith is clawing at the carpet now. Eyes like knives.

"I know a little boy with a white mouse Edith. Just like me but twice as tasty. Should I go get him?"

"You skinny quisling! You'll never get out of here alive!"

Oh. The director of operations is crouching on the edge of the bed now, her eyes agleam with excitement, her sheeny breasts swaying in the heat of battle. But she's fighting a general's battle. Out of the shit that the combatants are in.

Finally it dawns on me. A tactician's masterpiece all my very own: The safest place in a battle is in the lap of the general.

I abandon my Buddhistic piety with all the alacrity of a turning worm and anchor myself like a leech to this delectable belly and breasts. Tarzan's grip.

"Let me go!" she yelps. I sense a trace of laughter in there. In fact within seconds she's biting my neck. Wow. Now I've done it. A bloody vampire. Out of the frying pan. A bit of the old momentary panic.

Suddenly there's a tongue in my ear. And a murmur, "Happy Christmas." Never look a gift horse in the mouth. Particularly when under attack. I flee the battle to gratefully acknowledge my rescuer. We explore one another with the avidity of slum children chasing coins out of a Christmas pudding. Sheer delight!

Thank you Edith. When you die, if I don't smash you up with a thong first, I'll have you bronzed.

Oh Edith I'm in fine voice. Are you? If so sing me a song. That is if you think you can make yourself heard above me right now because it's beginning to feel like all my Christmases are coming at once . . .



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